

CAROLINA QUARTERLY

Volume 10

1957-1958

Copyright, 1957-58, by the Carolina Quarterly

Printed in U.S.A.

Contents

Fall, 1957

Vol. X, No. 1

STORIES

CHRISTMAS JOURNEY	Lucy Daniels	9
LILLIBETH AND THE LIZARD	D. H. Bankson	30
WINGNAC	Fanny Ventadour	35
A NEW HOUSE	James Collier	54

ARTICLES

APPREHENSION OF THE POETIC IMAGE IN CONTEMPORARY SOCIETY	Roy MacGregor-Hastie	22
TODAY'S UN-SHAVIAN WHAT'S WHAT	James Boyer May	47

POEMS

TWO AGAINST THE SILL	Emilie Glen	20
THESE FIELDS ARE INVERSES	R. G. Vliet	21
AUTUMN SONG	Roy MacGregor-Hastie	29
GRIEF	Dure Jo Gilliken	46
THE GREEN WIND	J. Phoenixe	52
IN THANKS FOR A LETTER	J. Phoenixe	53
MR. HAT	Robert S. Sward	64
THE SOLITARY	Charles Black	66

PLATES

NOTES ON ARTISTS		8
I. THE GORING	Gus Baker.....	Facing Page 16
II. MUFFLED FLIGHT	Dale Joe.....	Facing Page 32
III. A CHARCOAL DRAWING	Georgia Kyser.....	Facing Page 48

REVIEWS

BRIDGE TO THE SUN, by Terasaki.....	Warner Wells	67
BY LOVE POSSESSED, by Cozzens.....	Jerab Johnson	68
LAST RECOLLECTIONS OF MY UNCLE CHARLES, by Balchin; REVOLUTION AND ROSES, by Newby;		
THE ORDEAL OF GILBERT PINFOLD, by Waugh.....	Max Cosman	69
MAN IN HIS THEATRE, by Selden.....	Ralph Black	72

HOMESTEAD MOTEL

3 Miles South of Durham on Chapel Hill-Durham Highway

Catering Especially To College
Students and Their Parents

NEW BRICK LUXURY MOTEL • AIR-CONDITIONED
STEAM HEAT • TELEPHONES AND RADIOS IN
ALL ROOMS • SOME WITH TV
NEAR NEW MODERN RESTAURANT

*Wall-to-Wall Carpeting — Tub and Shower
Combination Baths*

Telephone Durham 2-2129

Post Office Box 218 — Durham, North Carolina

Danziger's
of
Chapel Hill

presents

THE MOST OUTSTANDING
COLLECTION OF
INTERNATIONAL GIFTS

From All Over the World



The Carolina Quarterly

*Continuing the tradition established with the
University Magazine in 1844*

Editor

CHRISTIAN LEFEBURE

Associate Editors

Articles and Reviews

JERAH JOHNSON

Poetry

ALMA GRAHAM

Poetry Assistants

LYNWOOD THOMPSON

MARTHA MOORE

BETTY YORK

Fiction Board

CHARLES WESTBROOK

ROBERT ROBINSON

TOM BYRON SAUNDERS

AMORET BELL

JOHN COGSWELL

JOHN UNDERWOOD

J. P. BOISSAVIT

ERNEST BARKER

Business Manager

LOUISE NELSON

Advertising Manager

MORRIS GODFREY

Circulation Manager

HARRY KOTSIONIS

Advisory Board

JESSIE REHDER

LAMBERT DAVIS

H. K. RUSSELL

THOMAS PATTERSON

NOEL HOUSTON

Cover Design by JOHN SNEDEN

Copyright 1957 by THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY

THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY is published three times annually at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Subscription Rates are \$1.25 per year. Foreign Subscription are \$1.75 per year. Printed and bound by Colonial Press, Inc., Chapel Hill, N. C.

THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY publishes short fiction, poetry, reviews, criticism and articles of general interest. Manuscripts and communications to the editors should be addressed to THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY, Box 1117, Chapel Hill, N. C. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope.

BULLS HEAD BOOK SHOP



- BROWSE
- BORROW
- BUY

TODAY!!

PHONE 8-2041

WILSON LIBRARY Ground Floor

Colonial Press

CHAPEL HILL



"Good Printing—
A Trade and A Trait"

Stationery — Business Forms
Advertising — Publications

CAROLINA'S FINEST

UNIVERSITY MOTEL

RALEIGH ROAD
OPPOSITE GLEN LENNOX

Museum Prints
& Reproductions

Fine Scandinavian Furniture,
Crystal & Accessories

Unusual Foreign Playing Cards

Music Boxes

Gifts of every type

Custom Framing

PACE & THE CHRISTMAS SHOP

Glen Lennox Shopping Center

Editorial

The cover design of this issue is after a fifteenth century manuscript illumination. It is a representation of *Melancholia*, one of the four humors which were believed in the Middle Ages to determine a person's health and temperament. In the active, healthy man, the four humors were equally balanced; however, when one of these humors overbalanced the others, the personality and attitude of the person changed accordingly—too much yellow bile and he became hot tempered, too much blood, he was over-passionate, too much phlegm, listless, and too much black bile made him melancholic.

Anyone who was disillusioned, gloomy, pensive or lethargic was said to be affected with *Melancholia*. Although this quaint medical theory died with the Middle Ages, the disease itself is still much with us. It is the malady that a large part of the world has fallen victim to during the 1950's. We have become complacent and too content with ourselves. Bad enough to hold such an attitude for a day, but we go a dangerous step further and assume that it is going to last forever, and rest, looking with the dreamy eyes of Melancholy at our laurels and pay no heed to the future.

But, alas, it does not work that way. The future will crowd in on us uninvited, and it will be carried by the one able to support the burden that it brings.

This magazine is now ten years old. In these ten years it has set and reached a certain standard, but now it is met with new needs, and to properly meet these the magazine must broaden its scope. So, we take the occasion of our tenth birthday to open our pages to include not only the creative writing and literary criticism that we have always printed, but also contributions from all fields that may have something to say of interest and value to the active, awake and thinking man. In this issue James Boyer May and Roy MacGregor-Hastie join in a call for action to shake us from our black bile lethargy and prepare us to examine our prospects in a realistic way.

C. L.

IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO ADD RARE BOOKS TO YOUR SHELF

Your bookshelf is the best mirror of your mind. A bookshelf full of run-of-the-mill books reflects a run-of-the-mill mentality. A collection, chosen with care, and built around a special interest, gains respect for its owner. But the spot on your shelves most often noticed, and most admired, is the occasional well-chosen rare book. In fact, the idea of book collecting is viewed with so much respect that many a chap who should be enjoying rare books has been frightened off by the thought that it must be expensive.

It needn't be.

The books listed here, most of which cost less than modern non-fiction books, were chosen from our Old Book Corner to tempt you into the most delightful and distinguished of hobbies!

CIVIL WAR BOOKS

- The Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis** (Richmond, 1890) A nice item of Confederate interest. **\$4.95**
- America Before Europe**, by de Gasparin. (New York, 1862) A European correspondent comments on the opening of the Civil War. **\$5.00**
- The Impeachment of Andrew Jackson**, (Washington, 1868) A somewhat worn 3 volume set. **\$7.75**
- General Lee**, by Fitzhugh Lee (New York, 1895). **\$3.50**
- Messages and Papers of the Confederacy**, edited by Richardson. (Nashville, 1904) A nice 2 volume set. **\$10.00**
- The Second Year of the War**, by Pollard. (New York, 1864) A Southern view. Worn copy. **\$4.95**
- The War Between the States** by Alexander Stephens. (Philadelphia, etc., nd but 1868) 2 volume set. Confederate view. **\$5.00**

The Southern Part of Heaven

William Meade Prince's warm and frankly sentimental story of his boyhood in Chapel Hill has delighted thousands of readers. You'll enjoy it, too!

**OUR SPECIAL
\$1.98**

OLD ANNUALS . . .

Our backlog of the early Hellenian, and the later Yackety Yack is almost complete. For the sports collector, or for the Fraternity that wants to boast a little at rushing, they are wonderful.

And by the way, the most unique Christmas present you'll ever give Dad is a copy of his old annual!

The Hellenian			\$8.50
1890	1893	1896	
1891	1894	1897	
1892	1895	1898	
	1900		
Yackety Yack			\$5.00
1901	1905	1915	
1902	1906	1919	
1903	1909	1921	
1904	1911	1923	
	1924	1926	
Yackety Yack			\$6.00
1929	1934	1939	
1930	1935	1940	
1931	1936	1941	
1932	1937	1942	
1933	1938	1944	
All later Yackety Yacks			\$4.00

**ASK ABOUT OLD U.N.C.
MAGAZINES!**

NORTH CAROLINA BOOKS

- Affairs in the Late Insurrectionary States**
North Carolina Volume. (Washington, 1872) A nice copy in old leather. **\$5.00**
- Tributes to My Father and My Mother** by Jesse Mercer Battle. (St Louis, 1911) An inscribed copy of this tribute to a great U.N.C. President. **\$2.00**
- Public Letters and Papers of Thomas Walter Bickett**, edited by R. B. House. (Raleigh, 1923) **\$5.00**
- Economic and Social History of Chowan County, N. C.** (New York, 1917) The paper-bound edition. **\$2.00**
- Some Eighteenth Century Tracts Concerning North Carolina**, by William K. Boyd. (Raleigh, 1927) **\$5.00**
- This Was Home**, by Hope Chamberlain. (Chapel Hill, 1938) **\$3.50**
- North Carolina Guyed**, by Irwin S. Cobb. (New York, 1924) **\$3.50**
- North Carolina: Rebuilding an Ancient Commonwealth**, by R. D. W. Connor. (4 volumes, Chicago, 1929) We put this one in to show that all rare books aren't cheap. Probably your grandfather's picture is in it. **\$50.00**
- Life and Speeches of Charles Brantley Aycock**, by Connor and Poe. (New York, 1912) **\$3.00**
- Papers and Letters of O. Max Gardner**, edited by Corbitt. **\$3.95**
- History of North Carolina Women's Clubs**, by Sallie Cotten. (Raleigh, 1925) **\$2.50**
- Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains**, by Charles Egbert Craddock. (Boston, 1885). **\$4.50**

LITERARY BOOKS

- Clemens (Mark Twain): Extract from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven** (New York, 1909) **\$4.95**
- William Dean Howells: Literary Friends and Acquaintance** (New York, 1900) A nice picture of the era when New York was replacing Boston as the literary capital. 1st. ed. **\$4.50**
- Lamb—Literary Sketches and Letters.** (New York, 1849) 2nd edition of this "Final Memorial." **\$1.25**
- Miscellany—A binding up of the New Monthly Magazine, July to Dec. 1822, The New York Review, and The Portfolio for 1810.** One article (9 pages) has been cut out. **\$2.50**
- Moses — Famous Actor Families of America.** (New York nd but c 1906) A nice theatrical collector's piece. **\$2.50**
- Longfellow—The Courtship of Miles Standish** (Boston, 1858). 1st edition, 1st state. A nice bit. **\$6.95**

ABOUT OLD BOOKS . . .

Any listing of rare books is necessarily subject to prior sale. When one of these books sells, it is a matter of luck when another copy will turn up—and it is seldom in the same condition (and hence price) as the first.

But along the busy highway of our old book shelves, there is a constant procession of interesting titles. Let us know your interest, and we'll tip you off when something good shows up.

We will pay the postage on mail orders, but please don't forget to add the 3% North Carolina sales tax.

THE INTIMATE BOOK SHOP

205 E. Franklin St.

. Chapel Hill, N. C.

Art Work in this Issue

"The Goring" by GUS BAKER. Engraving. The artist is a native of Tennessee and a graduate of The University of the South. He held a Fellowship to the Cranbrook Academy and has studied under Avery Hanley and Otis Dozier. He is now in Atlanta Georgia. Opposite page 16.

"Muffled Flight" by DALE JOE. Ink on cloth. The artist is a native of San Francisco and now lives in New York City. He held a John Hay Whitney Fellowship, 1953-54, and a Fulbright Scholarship (Paris), 1956-57. His work has been exhibited in the San Francisco Museum, The Chicago Institute of Art, the International Calligraphy Exhibit in Tokyo and Kyoto (Japan), the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and others. Opposite page 32.

A charcoal drawing by GEORGIA KYSER, a native of Texas, who is a special student in art in the University of North Carolina. Opposite page 48.

The Carolina Quarterly's EIGHTH ANNUAL FICTION CONTEST

Continuing its tradition of rewarding and encouraging literary excellence, THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY holds each year a Fiction Contest and offers cash awards.

Details of the CONTEST will be announced in the next issue of the QUARTERLY.

LUCY DANIELS

Christmas Journey

Jill stood behind her mother — at a slight distance, but leaning forward with an anxious, listening look on her face. She held Paul's hand firmly in her own, and every time her mother spoke, she gave the hand a squeeze.

The boy himself — a square, curly-headed five-year-old — made no complaint. A frown clouded his sallow round face each time his fingers were pinched together, but that was all. Mostly, he just gazed up bewildered at his half-sister or twisted around uneasily to be sure David, his tall, blond half-brother, was still with them. Or sometimes his eyes followed theirs in a troubled study of their mother.

"Well, where are they?" she was saying now. "Where?" Her cultured voice was high-pitched, rasping with indignation. And with each word, the sickening, musty odor of whiskey went out to those nearby.

The conductor took off his hat and shook it emphatically as he spoke. "But, madam, I've already told you. . . . You don't have reservations."

"I do, too. . . . Of course I do!" Her face flushed crimson and she put a hand on the back of one of the seats to steady herself. "See for yourself." She thrust a red and white envelope into his hand.

It was the seventeenth of December, and already the trains were crowded with people going home for Christmas. Pimplly-faced teenagers fresh out of boarding school. Weary young mothers soothing querulous babies. Businessmen smoking cigarette after cigarette over their copies of *Time Magazine*.

They were tired people and few without their troubles. Still, a light flickered in the eyes of most of them, and smiles sprang easily to their lips. It was Christmas time, and they were prepared for gladness. Outside, shadows were lengthening over the snow. But inside, the little lamps were clicked on one by one. And a sense of peace and closeness permeated the car.

Therefore, this indignant voice broke like a flood of icy water upon the ears of the other passengers. It blotted out all

LUCY DANIELS is a resident of Raleigh, N. C. where she has worked as a reporter for the Raleigh Times. Her first novel, *Caleb, My Son*, was published by J. B. Lippincott in 1956. She was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for creative writing in April of 1957 and is currently at work on that project.

thoughts of home and bursting turkeys and shining Christmas trees. It left instead the cold numbness of horror.

The owner of the voice, a tall attractive blonde in her late thirties, was well groomed but grossly overdressed for a train trip. A diamond butterfly glittered on the bosom of her low-necked black taffeta dress. Her spike-heeled sandals were also black. And her only protection against the cold was the mink stole thrown casually across her straight, thin shoulders.

Her voice, despite its harshness, seemed to hint of breeding; but it was thick and slurring now. And the stale whiskey smell grew stronger with each attempt to speak. Her face — a delicate, doll-like face — was flushed, and from time to time twisted in exaggerated grimaces. Her watery blue eyes struggled again and again to focus and always failed.

She and the three children with her had dashed aboard breathless just as the train was pulling out of Philadelphia. She had charged ahead, intent upon finding their accommodations. But the children had traipsed hesitantly behind, maintaining always a small distance between themselves and their mother, as if uncertain whether to follow or not.

And now, as she beleaguered the conductor, they still stood some distance behind — close together in a silent knot. The girl and the little boy whose hand she held stared intently at the raving woman; the older boy kept his eyes on the floor.

"Well," she snapped again, after waiting for the conductor to examine their tickets. "Well, what do you have to say now?"

He looked up slowly, a faint smile playing about his lips. "Yes, madam," he said. "You do have reservations. But they're for the nineteenth, not the seventeenth." He squinted at the ticket envelope again before returning it to her. "We'll take care of you, Madam," he said with a trace of annoyance behind his forced politeness. "You'll have your adjoining compartments from Richmond to Miami. But all's I can do for now is give you those four seats there."

Her eyes followed his hand as it pointed to a section of seats in one corner of the car. She was not long distracted though. "This is outrageous!" her slurring screech began again. "I shall . . . I shall write a letter to the company. If my husband knew about this . . ." Then a fit of laughter took over — a wild, mirthless cackle.

There was bitterness about that laughter, bitterness and a suggestion of pain. A glimmer of frightened confusion crept into her vacant eyes; her forehead puckered slightly. And though she giggled on determinedly, though she clung more desperately to the drunken numbness, she could not escape the emotions fighting within her.

Her mind had strayed to thoughts of Simon and of his anger

when he got home tomorrow night to find the house locked up and empty. She remembered, too, with a yet uncertain satisfaction, the note she had left him tied to the knob of the liquor closet door. "Merry Christmas, Simon," it read. "The children and I have gone to Florida after all. Too bad about your 'business' engagements." She knew his face would turn red over that — all the way up to the spot where his hair was growing thin. He would kick his foot against the wall and shout all the words which he found so "obscene" coming from her.

"Yeah, if he only knew," she repeated now, turning to Jill and cackling again.

The girl compressed her lips and looked at the floor.

"Oh, stop being so pious! You know you hate the old bastard."

"Please, Mama." Jill hissed softly, and her blue eyes shot an icy glance in her mother's direction. She was a pretty child. Sixteen, if you judged by her face. Her body, however — slender and underdeveloped — looked much younger.

The word "bastard" had sent a burning flush of humiliation to her pale face. She did not hate Simon. Perhaps he was not the perfect husband. Perhaps there was some foundation of truth to what Mama was always saying about his "girls." But then, she asked herself, who could satisfy Mama? Who had ever been able to give her all the pampering and petting she demanded? Simon had certainly managed better than any of the others. And Jill felt he had been as decent to her and David as any stepfather could have been. Even sending them away to boarding school had been kind in a way; it had offered them their first escape from the chaos of home. And Jill wondered now if that was what made Mama seem so much worse this time than ever before.

Already her mother had turned back to the conductor. He listened a moment longer to her ravings, but then told her she could either wait quietly in these seats or get off the train. "And, madam," he added irritably, turning his head slightly to avoid her sour breath, "In your condition, you could easily be put off anyway."

She told him again that he was "outrageously impertinent," but finally agreed to take the seats until she could do better. Then, as he turned to go, she called after him, "Hey, where d' you get a drink on this thing?"

David turned quickly to the window. Jill began unbuttoning Paul's coat, while the little boy neither aided nor resisted her, but, alone among them, stared solemnly up at his mother.

When the conductor, unhearing, continued down the aisle, she made an ugly, almost comic face in his direction and turned back to the children. "That's what I need," she announced with a giggle, "Good stiff drink. Jill, what you do with my bottle?"

But Jill did not hear. It had been the same thing about the bottle all day. In fact, if you came right down to it, it had been the same always. Whenever things weren't going Mama's way or whenever Mama thought they weren't, there was the bottle. Jill could remember hotel rooms and men. All kinds of men — tall, short, grizzly-faced, patent-leather-haired; curt, clear voices; guttural foreign accents; soft mumblings from behind a closed door. Each had been nice for a time — to Mama at least. But no one could be nice enough. Sooner or later Mama became suspicious. Then there were loud cursing scenes. And finally the bottle and no voice at all from behind the closed door.

So Jill did not hear her mother now. Instead, she hung Paul's coat and her own across the back of the seat — all the time with tight lips, all the time looking at the floor. Then she sat down on the aisle seat beside the little boy. "Look, Paul," she said. "See all the snow? See how deep it is around the fences?" And he turned eagerly to see.

"Jill, answer me! What've you done with my bottle?"

"I haven't seen it, Mama. I thought you had it." Her voice sounded meek and calm, but the fist in her lap opened and closed spasmodically with each word. She continued to look out the window.

"Stop lying. You know you had it!"

David pulled a paper-bound book out of his coat pocket and began to look at it — upside down — his eyes so carefully guarded that the pale lashes brushed his cheeks.

"No, Mama," Jill soothed. "I think you decided to leave it home. I never had the bottle."

"Where we goin'?" Paul interrupted. "Dave, where we goin'?"

The older boy did not answer at first; nor did he look up. Then the single word "Florida" blurted bitterly from where he sat.

"Where's Florida? Is Daddy in Florida?"

"Florida's in the south."

"Is Daddy there?"

No answer.

"Dave, where's Daddy?"

"I'll tell you where 'Dad-dy' is," his mother snapped. She straightened up from the suitcase she had opened in the middle of the aisle and leaned back with her hands on her hips. "He's in Washington, sleeping with a little hussy," she hiccupped. "Or maybe with three or four little hussies! The bastard!" Then, weeping softly, she went back to emptying the bag of its contents.

Several businessmen glanced up curiously from their magazines, and an elderly woman further back in the car craned her neck to get a better view of the scene. David could feel their eyes on his face, and he stared intently into the darkness outside.

Jill put her hand on top of Paul's small round one. He looked up at her, and there was real fear in his brown eyes now. "What's a bastard?" he whispered.

But Jill had let go of his hand and was trying to attract David's attention. She coughed. She cleared her throat. She reached one foot across and tapped him on the leg. But still he would not turn, still he stared mutely at his own reflection in the dark window.

Not until Jill spoke out did he turn. "Dave," she whispered, "Dave, could you get him? Was he at the Washington office?"

The boy leaned forward quickly then, but cautiously as if he had something to tell her and was afraid. And before he found the nerve to speak, the opportunity was lost.

"Hurrah!" their mother exploded with delight. "You little prude! I fooled you. See? I did bring it after all!" She stood amidst the debris of the unpacked suitcase and triumphantly held up a pint of whiskey.

The children said nothing, but all of them — even David — stared at her in awe.

"Whatever ails you," she continued to scold exuberantly, "I wish you'd snap out of it! . . . Never seen such a pair of sad sacks. Wha'd' they do t' you at that boarding school?"

David turned determinedly back to the window, anger and humiliation fighting in his face. "She has no right!" he was saying to himself. "She has no right!" What had she ever given them — Jill and him — except disgrace? And now to ditch Simon. After seven whole years and when they were just beginning to forget the dingy hotel rooms. Worse still, to take the kid, the poor little kid, who knew nothing about things like this. "She has no right!" he told himself again. And he had to bite his lips to keep those words from blurting out.

"Hell, it's Christmas!" she was saying now. "I'll give y' a drink." She sat down on the seat and passed the opened bottle under David's mouth.

His hand slapped it away quickly, angrily, but his face did not turn from the window.

"What a sissy!" she sneered. "You'll not be going back to that school." Then she offered the bottle to Paul whose head edged slowly backward against the seat as he saw it coming towards him. She pressed it to his lips, but still he did not drink. He only stared into her face, entranced, wide-eyed with fear.

There was still Jill, of course. But she only whispered, "Please, Mama!" and looked down at her gloves.

"That's what's wrong with the whole lot of you . . . just like your father!" She stopped and giggled before she went on. "Well, Paul's like Simon, anyway, and you other two like George. They 're both the same. Both of 'em scared t' death t' have a little

fun." Her face grew redder then, and her forehead puckered. "Or so busy having their own fun they can't think of anybody else. I say 'good riddance' to both of 'em!" But her lips quivered even as she spoke. Great tears welled up in her eyes, and in another moment she was sobbing as loudly as she had laughed before.

David's face flushed, and he glanced at her out of the corners of his downcast eyes. Paul pushed his fists into the green plush of the seat and kicked his short legs up and down.

Jill straightened her gloves and clicked the clasp of her pocket-book open and shut. And only when the sobbing seemed to be getting worse instead of better did she at last lean forward and whisper urgently, "Don't cry, Mama. Please don't cry. If you have to cry, come with me to the Ladies Room."

The words had no effect. The woman continued to sob and slumped forward in such a way that her bottle dripped a little on the floor.

"Watch out, Mama. You're spilling it. Give it to me."

"No, no." Her hand tightened around the bottle. She straightened up, and the sobbing stopped. "No, I'll take a drink. That's what I need — good stiff drink!" She raised the bottle to her lips and took two deep swallows. "I'll show that Simon!" she added then. "Has a business engagement. Can't get away to Florida after all. Some 'business' engagement! Thinks he can leave me home to twiddle my thumbs while he's in Washington dancing and drinking champagne. Well, he'll find out! I'd like to see his face when he gets home tomorrow!" She laughed hysterically and took another swallow.

Jill leaned further forward, and her voice was even more urgent than before. "Mama, put it away," she said. "People are looking."

"Let 'em look. Since when do you tell me what t' do?"

"Mama, please."

"Well," she hiccupped, "Certainly no pleasure sitting here. I'll drink all I want, thank you. But I'll go t' the Ladies Room where I can drink it in peace!" She bolted up and, bottle in hand, flaunted off down the aisle.

Jill hesitated for a moment and then tried to follow, stumbling over the contents of the suitcase. "Mama," she called in a hissing whisper. "Mama, please wait."

"Leave me alone!" came the harsh reply. The woman did not glance backwards or even pause before she continued to weave her way down the aisle.

Jill returned wearily to the others and began to pile the debris back into the suitcase. David helped her, and when they were finished, he pushed the bag under the seat. "D' you think there's anybody on here knows us?" he asked in an undertone. "Any of the kids from school?"

"I hope not, but . . . Dave, I don't think she was ever this bad before, do you?"

"No." He frowned and shook his head.

"Where's Daddy?" Paul asked. "Jill, when is Daddy coming?"

But Jill would not hear. Her face was eager and afraid, and she was speaking to David in a very low voice. "Did you make the phone call?" she asked. "Did you get through to the Washington office?"

"Yeah, I did. But I didn't get t' speak t' Simon. He was in a meeting, an' I couldn't wait."

"Oh." The word was a sigh, and the eagerness on Jill's face faded suddenly into a look of tired defeat.

"But it's all right," David added quickly. "I talked to Mrs. Yarrow, and it's all right."

"What 'id she say?"

"Is he comin'? When's Daddy comin', Jill?"

"I don' know. Maybe when we get to Washington. Be quiet so David can tell us. . . . What did Mrs. Yarrow say, Dave?"

"She was very nice. And, of course, I didn't mind talkin' to her so much, because of the other times."

"Yes, she's terrific. What 'id she say?"

"Mrs. Yarrow's Steve is a jet pilot. I met him once, and he said he'd take me up when I got big. Jets fly very fast."

"Yes, Paul, they do. . . . Dave, what 'id she say?" There was anxiety in Jill's voice now, and a pucker between her eyes.

"She said go on like we were an' she'd be sure Simon met the train in Washington. She said she'd call him out of the meeting to tell him."

"Did you tell her seven o'clock?"

"Yeah, an' she said not to worry. She said she'd take care of everything."

The puckers in Jill's forehead slowly disappeared, and a half smile flickered around her mouth. "I'm sure he'll be there then," she sighed softly. "I'm sure he will."

"Who, Jill? Daddy? Is Daddy coming?"

"Yes, he's coming. When we get to Washington."

"Is it far?"

"Not too far."

"She's mad with Daddy, isn't she? She called him a 'bastard.' Jill, what's a bastard?"

"I don't know."

"Is it like 'stink pot'?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Sh-h. . . ." David warned them. "Sh-h-h. Here she comes again. . . . She looks even worse than before, Jill. She's sort of

wobbling." He opened his book again — right side up this time — but in his lap so that he had to bend double to see it.

Paul leaned over the back of the seat, watching his mother's approach with open-mouthed awe. His hands were curled into tiny fists, and there was a grey cast to his round face.

She was somewhat quieter than before and in lower spirits. The bottle in her hand was almost empty now, and she walked slowly, cautiously, with a steadying hand on the back of each seat.

Once she reached the children, however, part of her old self returned. "God damn it!" she snapped foggily. "Still out here in the middle of everything? I'll — I'll — It's outrageous!"

Then, when they offered no comment, she continued, "The one thing I never wanted, and the only thing I ever got. A bunch of kids. Damn the lot of you!" Large tears, but silent ones this time, trickled through the thick powder on her face.

She sat down in the seat beside David and looked wearily at her bottle. "Now my bottle is empty—empty—empty," she moaned. "My bottle is empty. And it's all that Simon's fault."

Paul edged a little closer to Jill who in turn frowned at her finger nails. But neither of them spoke.

For a moment the woman gnashed her teeth like a child in a temper tantrum. Then, suddenly, her face went dead, and she announced coldly, calmly, "I'm going to sleep." Immediately she leaned back against the seat and stretched her legs out so that her feet were partially in the aisle. Then she hugged the precious bottle to her and shut her eyes.

The three children watched all this in silence and listened anxiously as her breathing became slow and measured. Even Paul did not dare to speak until he had heard the first feeble snores. And then he whispered. "Jill, I'm hungry."

"I am too, Paul. But let's wait till Washington. Wait for Simon. Mama's got all the money."

"You know, I was wondering," David said. "I was wondering what'll we do if he doesn't come."

"Oh, he'll come. Didn't Mrs. Yarrow say he would?"

"Yeah, but — but suppose he's sick of her scenes? Suppose he's had enough?"

Jill had no argument for that.

"Or suppose he does come and can't find us? We're in the wrong seats, you know."

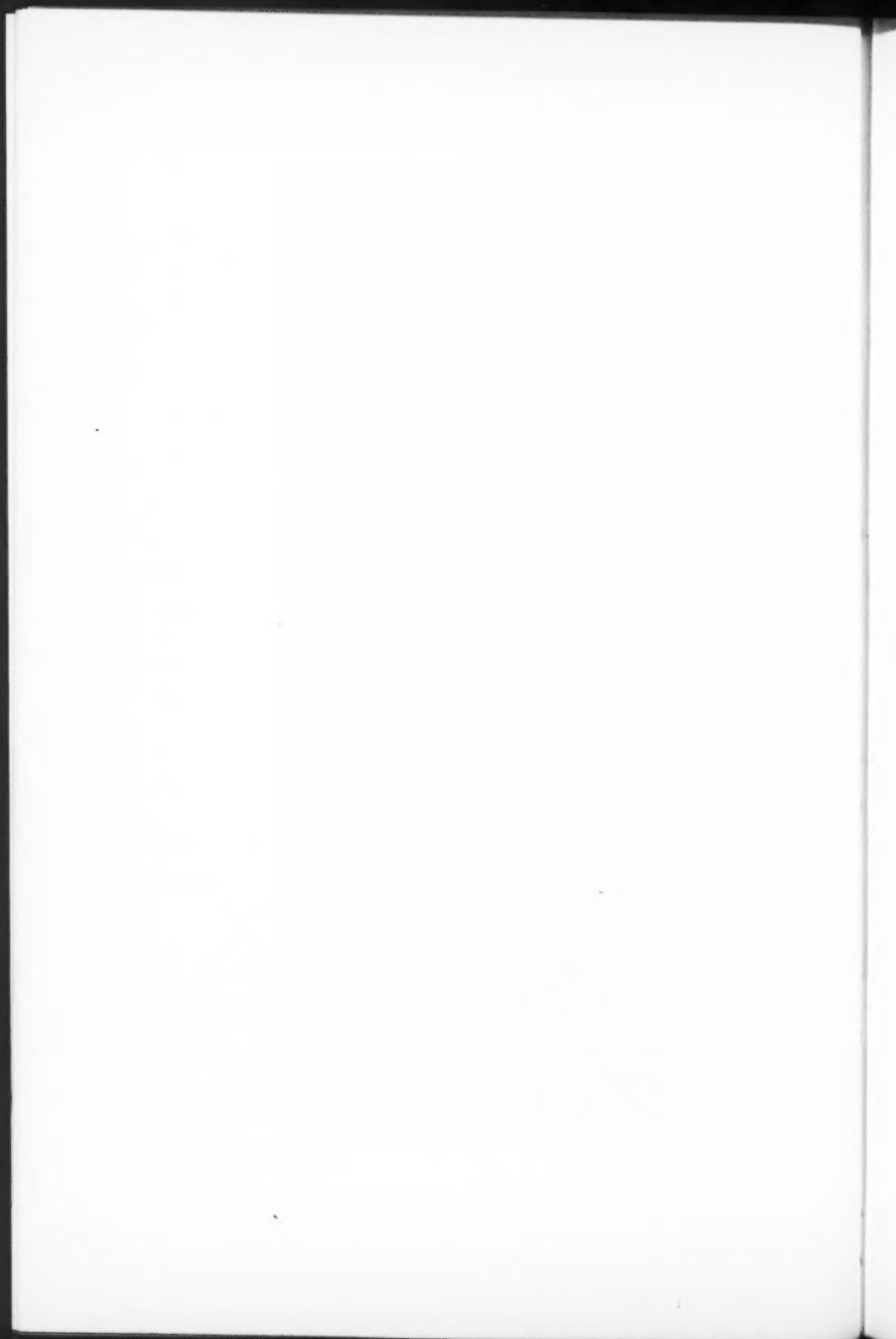
"Yes, but we'll see him from the window. Besides, if Mrs. Yarrow said she'd handle everything, she will. She'll tell 'im the right thing to do. . . . And he'll come."

"How far is it to Washington?" Paul pressed his forehead against the window and breathed hard on it so that the glass clouded with mist.



THE GORING

Gus Baker



"I don't know. . . . Dave, ask somebody how far it is to Washington."

"No. S'pose they say something? You ask."

"You'll look like an awful sissy if I do."

David glanced hesitantly at his mother. Her face had gone white now, and the wrinkles in her forehead had smoothed out. Her right hand hung limply over the side of the seat, and a steady faint snoring escaped her half-open lips. Except for the bottle in her lap, she might have been any woman napping on the train. But David could not see it that way at all. As he stood up and stepped cautiously over her outstretched legs, a shudder of revulsion crossed his face.

"Ex—excuse me, sir," he stammered to the man across the aisle. "Excuse me, sir, but could you tell me how far we are from Washington?" A pinkness had risen to his ears, and he looked at the floor the whole time he spoke. Jill and Paul watched from their seats.

The man put down his magazine and pulled a watch from his vest pocket. "It's the next stop," he said. "If we're on time, shouldn't be more than ten minutes. . . . You getting off there?"

"N-n-no," David stammered again. "We were just wondering how far it was."

"Well, it's pretty close now."

"Th-thank you, sir." He turned abruptly and, in his haste to get back to his seat, stumbled over his mother's legs.

The three of them watched fearfully for a moment to see if she would awaken, but she did not. She moaned and shifted her position, but that was all.

Paul leaned against the window again.

"It's just a few minutes," David said. "It's the next stop."

"I know." Jill spoke absent-mindedly. She was leaning over a little toward Paul so that she, too, could look out.

"I hope we recognize him in the crowd. There'll be a lot of people."

"We will. Besides, he'll be looking for us too."

"I'm gonna knock when I see 'im." Paul said.

But no one answered. The train was slowing down now. Not much, just a little, as if it were tired or out of breath. It no longer swerved around bends in the track, but took them cautiously, as if afraid of what lay ahead. The little red lights along the side came closer and closer together. Then the wheels whirled ineffectually for a moment, and the train bolted to a stop.

Not one of the children spoke. All three sat in breathless silence with their faces close to the glass and with their fists clinched so that the knuckles showed white through the thin skin.

Their mother stirred when the train came to its final stop,

and, afraid, Jill glanced at her. But again she did not waken. Instead, her snoring, which had been so soft before, seemed louder now and more vulgar without the clanging of the wheels to smother it.

Outside, travelers and redcaps ran wildly up and down beside the track. A few boarded the train. But mostly there were people getting off — teenagers, soldiers, businessmen welcomed noisily by those who had come to meet them. And above it all, even inside the train, could be heard the dim echo of a loud speaker.

At the window, the children, each in his own way, searched eagerly, then carefully, then frantically for the prayed for black hat and grey tweed coat. Paul pressed his nose and hands flat against the cold glass. His eyelids flickered, and his cheeks were pink with excitement.

Jill's hand was on his shoulder, and she was leaning close to him in an effort to see out. Her face was white and still; her lips bitten into a bluish line. Once she jerked up abruptly as if her eyes had met success. But in the next moment she relaxed again into anxious watching.

Then, suddenly, Paul began to jump up and down on his seat and to beat upon the glass. "He's there!" he cried. "He's there! See? See?"

Jill leaned closer to the window; her body stiffened and her eyes froze with cautious hope. She did not speak.

Eagerly, if skeptically, David pressed against the glass to follow Paul's pointing finger. Earlier in the search his jaw had been locked hard and white, but now he kept asking, "Where? Where, Paul?"

Then, just as David caught sight of the black hat and grey coat, Paul stopped waving. The man had taken off his hat, and the hair beneath was thick and white, not black and balding like Simon's. In one hand he held a cane, and beside him stood an old woman in a fur coat.

Silence came again after that, and then, as the station began to empty, still more desperate searching.

"He's late," Paul said at last. "S'pose he misses the train?"

"He won't," Jill replied softly. "He won't."

But almost immediately there was a screeching, then a loud clanging sound, and finally the familiar rumbling. Workmen stepped back wearily from the track and mopped their faces with large dirty handkerchiefs. A whistle blew loud and sharp against the cold night, and, with a last-minute scurry, the people outside stood back to watch the train roll out of the station.

The group huddled at the window, however, scarcely breathed. Paul's face had faded from pink to grey. One of Jill's arms was placed protectively around his body. And occasionally David's hard jaw quivered under too much pressure.

Nevertheless, they had not given up. Their backs remained

straight and stiff; the tendons in their necks showed taut; their fists were still braced tensely against the green plush of the seats. At first the train moved very slowly. You could see the faces of the people in the station and read the signs and count the cold, round circles of lamplight. A man could almost have jumped aboard at that speed. And the children watched.

But then the wheels whirled faster, faster, faster. The station was gone and the signs and the people. The lights were only streaks in a bottomless night. Until at last there were no longer even the streaks. Only a cold and empty darkness; only a world without people; only mocking loneliness.

EMILIE GLEN

Two Against the Sill

Two in a window square on a brownstone street,
Two leaning out to the going of friends just met,
Pressing against the new world sill,
Goodbye goodbye goodbye
The night an iron door clanging shut
Ledge frail ledge perilous
Like eidelweiss rooting on a precipice

Two leaning against a window ledge,
Two from across a sea of wars,
Two who fled Prague two olding,
Looking back in the looking out
To stone of Praha
Red tiled roofs Apostles' clock Charles bridge
Lost mansions walls of books
Two who dreamed of no streets of gold,
Their streets were gold,
Salons palaces a Proustian way,
Daughter of a King's Councilor,
Brother of a Countess whose fur lined coat
Bought the funeral of a Princess,
Egrets leaning out to sparrows

Loss of things, they will talk about,
His grandfather's goldheaded cane from Franz Joseph,
Her mother's ceremonial silver,
Not of the loved lost
Words of gulls' wings grounded by the oil of wreckage,
Of baby seals smothering in the war thickened sea,
Said with more feeling than word of the human dead
Bloated eyeless to shore,
They lean against the new world, no world ledge
To someone anyone out there,
The woman, her hand never stops shaking,
The man, his ears ripped by concussion,
They steady against the ledge

EMILIE GLEN *has had poems in* The Beloit Poetry Journal, New Orleans Poetry Journal, The Colorado Review, The Southwest Review, *and others.* New Directions is including one of her poems in a forthcoming anthology, and her short stories have been published in various reviews, including several in this magazine.

Two leaning against the sill,
Two encased in stone,
Frail as rose mallow to the dark,
The leaning, the waving, a try to reach hands,
Outclasp the night,
All the *goodbyes* on station platforms,
Barbed wire, bombardments,
Each *goodbye* forever forever
Reach a ladder
Reach a ladder to their receding sill

R. G. VLIET

These Fields are Inverses

of heavens these corn fields
these rolling green clouds
hiding their millions golden
suns: walking them
one acts as gods,
treading along these skies
feels planets at his heels
meteors past his thighs.

(And breaking from this corn
sounding through the cracks
cumulonimbus these crows
fall like thick black drops
toward that earth
far bluely rotating below.)

R. G. VLIET, a resident of Branford, Connecticut, has had poems published in *Accent* and *The Saturday Review*.

ROY MacGREGOR-HASTIE

Apprehension of the Poetic Image in Contemporary Society

It seems probable that the latter half of the twentieth century will be described, wherever such wide, descriptive generalizations are permissible, as the Era of Redefinition and Reintegration; already there are signs that in the universities, more especially in the faculties of Natural and Moral Philosophy, a whole program of study and research aimed at redefining with greater precision the external observable world, is leading to the creation of a new School of Linguistic Philosophers, (a School which owes as much to Hobbes as to any of his successors); in the institutes of Economic and Political affairs an attempt is being made to overcome the disadvantage from which our politicians of every color have suffered, the imprecision with which the words capital, profit and interest have until now been defined. It is only recently that some of the world's most persistently political economists realised that capitalism as a socio-economic category transcends all definitions of a technical and psychological order; those who tried to label this or that 'capital' by looking at its technical properties lost sight of the social and property relations at a non-economic structure and another, and those who tried to allot psychological characteristics to 'capitalism', commonly those of the 'personal interest of the profit motive', the desire to exploit, forget conveniently perhaps that these motives and desires are of a very respectable antiquity. Indeed, it is only recently that it has been, reluctantly, admitted that capitalism is as old as human society itself, that the dynamic of civilisation has always proceeded from the differing degrees to which capitalism was present in society, from the internal conflicts which it enjoyed with other forms of economic organisation.

In the new economic society, whose existence is being recognised through the process of redefinition, it is becoming quite clear that a form of reintegration is taking place which will reassemble the human component parts of the community, and the feeling of community, so long fragmented. The ownership of 'capital' has passed to the state, or to the joint stock company in all its many and varied forms; the direction of the economy is in the hands of quite

ROY MacGREGOR-HASTIE is Vice-President of the Poetry Society of Australia, former Poetry Critic for the Australian Broadcasting Commission, and Editor of The New Nation.

a different group, recruited now from every social sector; both the owners and controllers are in one way or another beholden to the organizers of mass labor, mass land, and mass capital, and to the technicians, scientists and inventors who must devise new materials, new methods of production and new demands.

It would seem then that the old cry "Specialization divides," is no longer true; there was never a greater dependency of man on man than there is today, not even in the days of primitive economic and social groupings of men and women. Even the word "specialization" is being freed from its narrow economic context, and properly used to describe a not necessarily economic expertise; the concepts of value are becoming as diverse as those of utility. And no group of persons is likely to benefit more from this rethinking and reintegration than the painters, poets, sculptors and musicians who have long protested that their value, having no utility, made them inevitably detached from the everyday concerns of their fellow members of society.

The first step in the bridging of the gulf between artist and society must be the one of redefining Art; what is its function, how can it best discharge this function, and why has it hitherto been unable to do so? Now I do not think that it is disputed that the role of the artist in society is that of interpreter, the expositor, even the predictor; to continue the mana of the race, to establish the truth in face of the falsity of misunderstanding tradition, to point to the nodal points of human existence so that they may be properly given their true significance, to provide an intellectual-emotional formula for the resolving and exploring of the hypermental dimensions of our universe. Art is a way to understanding; just as the Natural Sciences explore, define and predict the future behavior of the external material, so does the artist command a knowledge of states of thought and feeling which he resolves into his own concretion of change.

Now this concretion can take one of two forms. The sense data which provide the mind with the primary apparatus of thought differ from artist to artist in specific nature and quality; the one mind will be receptive to and capable of stimulating receptivity with a type of idea (to use the word in its philosophical sense) which will be alien to another—differences between person and person may derive from either physiological or psychological dissimilarities, but soon from distinct constellations which are virtually unalterable. The common nature of artists is discernable quantitatively in their emotional receptivity—in the first instance in the degree to which their synapses are less resistant to impulse than those of the layman. It is for this reason that there are what we call "artforms"—the plastic arts, poetry and music and their subsidiary forms; it is for this reason, too, that a synthesis of the impacts of the different art-

forms is an ideal, if the multisensual impact of Art is to be as really apprehensible as that of Pure Reason.

An artist works either in the world of the spatial image, or in that of the temporal image. We are all familiar with the four dimensions of the spatial universe of the painter and sculptor, with its length, breadth, depth and time dimension; until recently we lived in a complex of universes of which we knew only one, the visual, spatial, really well, and all our efforts in the disciplines of the Natural Sciences have been concentrated on the exploration and explication of it. We are now in a better position to understand something of the sound, temporal universe, for the simple reason that we have been able to enter that universe, where the visual is secondary to the aural, as a result of the engineering skills of our technological experts in aeronautics.* Perhaps now we shall be able to be as precise in our appreciation and criticism of poetry and music as we have been of painting and sculpture; the relationship between the visual and the aural, the fact of the tangential nature of Time as a dimension in both universes, is something else our redefinition will enable us to explore.

The poetic image is, of course, an aural, temporal one. During the past thousand years, and more particularly during the past hundred and fifty years, this has been forgotten in the rush of volumes of poetry which has emerged from an ever expanding publishing industry; the fact that the shape of poetry is not, nor ever could be, a spatial one has passed unnoticed or wherever it was realised that the way in which we have become accustomed to print poetry on the page was absurd, attempts to mitigate this absurdity have taken the form of printing poetry in squares, circles, triangles and spatial shapes approximating to a description of the subject of the poem. Nobody would deny that the way in which the poetic image should be apprehended is through the sense organ which forms it, the ear; before the expansion of mechanics this was manifestly true. Unfortunately the utility of the visual image as a device, making use of the human faculty of remembering sound at the sight of a symbol of sound (c.f. sight-reading a musical score) has become confused with some half propounded and almost universally accepted notion that the visual image would suffice without the aural image having been first apprehended! People have imagined that poetry could be read with the eye, and have by so assuming implied that they

**I am referring here, of course, to the "crashing of the sound barrier", which has shown us something of a world where the priorities of sound and sight at different relativities of motion are reversed: i.e. at 0 miles per hour relative person to person a state of apprehension exists which is reversed at the speed of sound. Aural apprehension assumes first priority, the visual becomes a secondary at the sound barrier.*

would accept it as sufficient that music be printed on the page and never restored to its proper sphere of imagery, that of sound!

Wherever a poet has read his works to an audience, and created the poetic image in its own right, it has been obvious that the nature of the poetic image is only secondarily visual, spatial. A poem has no length, breadth or depth, in the spatial meaning of the universe for which these spatial terms were coined; the first dimension of a poem is Time. The time-length of a poem will depend to a great extent on the personal capacity of the poet for the creation of a substantial image, whether this image owes its size to a vastness of theme (*Paradise Lost*) or to an intensity of motion not reducible to temporal concentration, or conversely at its optimum in a high degree of concentration (an immediate love poem); in no sense does the time length of a poem determine its merit, it is determined by the manner and ability of the poet, and the potentiality of concentration of the original emotional stimulus and the *intellectual* association of imagery produced in the process of arriving at the intellectual-emotional synthesis, we call "the poem".

The second dimension of a poem is its rhythm, its variation in stress which all set derives from the repetitive irregularity of the natural rhythms of both the visual and aural universes; it is never regular, in the way in which a set metronome is regular, for the good reason that the only regularity of rhythm discernable in life is (paradoxically) that of the inorganic, of what may be described as death, using the word in its widest sense, not-life. It once occurred to me that this shape (of time-length and rhythm) could be made spatially apparent on a two dimensional printed page by devising a poem thus:

Just as the waltz can be represented spatially (two dimensionally) as

1 1 1 and so on,
23 23 23

so could one write Tennyson's *Half a League, half a league, half a league onward*

half half half onward
a league a league a league

and be more precise in the rendering of the temporal image spatially than in the normal manner of printing poetry, which assumes that the speech rhythms of one age will be the same as the next, that a reader of a poem in 1957 will be able to place accurately the correct stress and not-stress on the words of a poem by Chaucer (a manifestly incorrect assumption wherever 'free verse' is considered at a temporal distance).

But though this would be of some value to the ordinary reader, let us suppose the deaf reader of poetry. It would be an inaccurate representation leaving out the third dimension of poetry, the depth of its feeling—both the intensity of the emotion which was its origin,

and the varying of and the variation in the strength of the emotional association of its component words, imagery and verse structure.

A poem must be presented, ideally always, but certainly initially in such a way that its aural form shows correctly to whoever is in the process of apprehending the poetic image, the aural shape, the temporal dimension of the image. Poetry must come alive in the ear. It can never live, nor can the poet discharge his function in society if it has no existence as a creation in sound. This is probably the most important reason why, with our society becoming one subjected to an ever increasing volume and variety of sound, poetry, retreating to the printed page has ceased to be a vital ingredient of the lives of the majority—the majority whose ancestors far behind the mists of antiquity found it the first and most essential art form.

This conclusion poses at once the question, how is the poet to ensure that his work assume its correct dimensions? The impossibility of ever reaching in person a sufficiently large listening audience to enable to poet to widely disseminate his oeuvre, and the unlikelihood of an actor ever being able to interpret this music without a written score we call poetry on the page, make the answer to this question, *prima facie*, equally impossible to find.

And yet, in the process of redefinition of the role of every member of society, we have seen the way to a re-integration of the artist; his value will be sufficient of a guarantee of acceptability. A painter, a musician, a sculptor—and the Low Artists who work in the fields of industrial design, and simple melodic structures—can find easily a way to demonstrate the value of their activity, their activity in the visual or aural universes being already demonstrable in a number of ways, all acceptable to society, and artistically valid. Is the poet to be the only artist, who will not be accorded a place in the New Societies, simply because his value is not demonstrable to the majority?

Perhaps the poets of my generation, and of the past two generations, may be forgiven for not having properly appreciated the means to our end already existent; we have complained that the increasing economic specialization of society, and the formerly universal prevalent notions of value being only in exchange, and utility being the only measure of worth. We have lamented technological progress, in our less responsible moments, because it seemed to us to be alienating us from our fellow members of society. We considered mass media part of that specialization and technological progress; I was born in the year in which the invention of sound broadcasting first began to affect the lives of the English in a way they found unavoidable. Yet like many other poets I at first distrusted the medium, because of the quantity of what I presumed to call "rub-bish", which poured out of the listening apparatus in my home. Such poetry as there was, was confined, in the years of my adolescence, to

a Third Program which was broadcast on a wave-length different from the popular programs. Thus it was condemned to a minority audience from the start because of the reciprocal feeling of the majority that anything in a "culturally specialist" medium was no concern of theirs, specialists as they were in other, economic, spheres.

It is only now that it is clear that the invention of "radio", the facilities technical and circulatory afforded by sound broadcasting will be the salvation of poetry from obscurity, even from threatened extinction. This truth, half realised many years ago (and emphasised by the introduction of prizes for radiogenic verse such as the *Prix Italia*, is more apparent since the perfection of the television process; the "listener" whose senses and sensibility are so dulled by his still unintegrated life of everyday that he cannot rely on one sense organ for the proper apprehension of anything as an inducement to thought or productive feeling, has been able to sit in front of a television screen, using both eyes and ears to observe. The resources of sound broadcasting are now available, at least in theory, for the transmission of temporal aural images, of which the poetic image is certainly one of the most important.

Of course, before these resources can be fully exploited a whole new school of poets, steeped in a discipline of their medium, writing their work in a purely aural, temporal, rhythm shape, must emerge from the thousand years of Dark Age of poets condemned at the beginning of their writing lives to the minority audience, spatially contacted. The whole concept of the "publication" of poetry in book form must be revised, and the aural image *recorded* for reapprehending, documentation, and criticism; the era of the "slim volume of verse" is surely at an end. It is interesting in this connection to see today how difficult it is for the editors of poetry magazines, matured into a concept acceptance of the visually rendered poetic image, to appreciate the work of aurally advanced poets; Dylan Thomas is a case in point, the details of which are well known to most literate students of the Arts in society. I have recently conducted an experiment in which poetry written for and produced on radio verse programs throughout the Commonwealth, to audiences of up to a quarter of a million, was submitted to the editors of poetry magazines in London and New York, with circulations of 500 to 10,000; in nearly every case the most significant poems were rejected and those which were aurally only marginally satisfactory were accepted for publication—but even more important, the editors concerned made an assessment of the worth of the poems as poems without having heard their conversion into sound. It is analogous to a music critic condemning a new symphony by Prokofiev without hearing it, on a quick glance at the score for piano!

It is surely obvious that poems be judged as their aural comple-

ments, musical devices, are judged; that poetry must be first broadcast, recorded, published in record form, and the criticism of the works made in prose as a supplement to the publication in sound. The recording and broadcasting of poetry, of course, is in its self a valuable way to reintegration, the reintegration of the poet with the mass of scientists and technologists he has so long accused of "perverting the masses", "lowering standards" and so on; just as the responsible poet now tries to understand the problem of communication of painters, sculptors and musicians by coming into contact with their work pre—and during creation, so the enforced contact with the processes of technology will help him to redefine his role in the co-operation between the various segments of the social circle, which assures the continuity of the advancement of a civilization. It will be the new discipline, and the one most likely to prevent the charges of obscurantism levelled at those who are, perhaps unconsciously, working solely in a visual synthesis: the success of the literary magazine programs on various networks suggests that the prevalent notions of obscurity levelled at poetry till now only visually apprehended are fast disappearing for this very reason.

The only purpose for which the printing of "little poetry magazines" and "slim volumes of verse" could survive would be to console the deaf; and it seems probable that their apprehension of Art via one of the forms would be best done via painting or sculpture, rather than try to achieve a second best understanding via a visually substitute verse. The removal of the means for contact with the world of sound and aural imagery often sharpens the perceptivity of the visual apparatus and its tactile supplement; it seems a pity not to accept this, rather than struggle after the unattainable for the sake of vanity or imagined balance.

It will take many years before the future is properly understood and a social equilibrium achieved; there are many poets reluctant to leave their Ivory Towers and enter the social lists again. But however long it takes the day must come when not only the poet, but alas, those concerned with the regulation of the redefined and reintegrated community will recognise for every artist the means by which he may best establish his value in, and right to membership of, society. It is perhaps a long step to take, but it is the only one which leads to poetry, part of our lives, becoming recognised as a necessary ingredients of those lives. The poet must take that step now, or disappear forever from what we call, sometimes optimistically, our culture.

ROY MacGREGOR-HASTIE

Autumn Song

When I moved young over the low ground
Spring ran before me, high on a summer's day,
touching the ground as it ran, insolent of calendars
of earth; the late wheat and barley
made the sun late and the moon late
for the birth of my love

Yet I saw her there,
halo of the moon shone round a head,
the sun her hair, here to the one
wind of chance that blew me into the world
of her singing,

but I was bringing
my youth to see its own reflection in the sky.
A peace of autumn shone around her head
still as the minute flower, her voice the one
sound that betrayed the living in her.

But she did not move;
her beauty stood silent, unhomaging
and I was above
or below a world more leisurely than I.

Too early then the years passed
men and women came over the side
smiled sadly, then tears passed
between us and over their eyes
to see me never alone.

Stone
silence was mine at last
and I went back to the late wheat
to find the quiet love the years had left behind.
But there was no wheat and the steel and stone
sheltered only a Beauty unstrange to me that hurried on
into the sunless night without moon
or stars — and I could only reach
out for the love passing me by.
And the world moving now too quickly for the sky
of my own image, no longer there.
I walked out over an alien sea
by the still watch of the sands of a vast, indifferent beach,
and stood alone, silent, too soon, under the vast, indifferent sky.

D. H. BANKSON

Lillibeth and the Lizard

Again Lillibeth floated on a sea of sleep and he was there — Lizard, drifting on the surface just ahead. He watched her with his eyes aslant. He curved his mouth into a cunning smile and just as Lillibeth reached for him, he skimmed away. Lillibeth began to sink. "Oh please," she cried, still reaching but now straight up for she was slipping down. "Wait for me. Oh who will save me!" But she drowned in sleep.

In the morning Lillibeth ran out of the villa onto the terrace where Lizard lived. It was empty. Stone-paved it stretched, already bright in the sun, ringed all around with a high iron railing. She ran to the railing. Stood tiptoe to see across the fields where the ships passed through the channel to Siracusa. Mostly they were little boats — red and green and blue — that flashed in the sun when they rose on a wave. But there was one big boat, black and white with a chimney as tall as the tower on the *Castello*. Both were far away.

Closer lay the field of yellow flowers under the olive trees. Suddenly the white horse who lived in the field galloped through the yellow flowers under the green trees. Lillibeth felt the wild wind on her face. She cried aloud and clapped her hands.

"No," said Mommy setting up her easel in a corner of the terrace. "Play where Mommy can watch you Lillibaby. That's a good girl."

". . . but Pippo is in the garden." She had watched him on the paths between the trees. She had heard him sing until her own throat ached.

Pippo was The Peasant who lived across the courtyard in back of the villa. Lillibeth knew all about him — about his dog and his chickens and his wife Angelina whose hair was black too. Angelina stayed inside the dark little *casa* except when she filled the water jugs at the well or scrubbed the clothes in the courtyard. She always wore black and never went into the garden but sent her high shouty voice everywhere searching for Pippo. When Angelina said good morning, Lillibeth saw her eyes — mean and tired. The courtyard

DOUGLAS BANKSON, a Pacific Northwesterner by birth, education and preference, holds a Ph.D. from the University of Washington and is now an Assistant Professor in English at Montana State University. Last year he received an honorable mention in the Carolina Quarterly Fiction Contest for his story, "Whistle." Although he has written extensively for newspapers, "Lillibeth and the Lizard" is his first published fiction. He is presently at work on a novel.

had thick walls and only two gates so the terrace was much better even with its railing rusty and strong all around. Every little bit the railing met a stone pedestal and on top of each sat a clay pot. Each pot had a face with puffy cheeks and lips that were kissing or pouting. Out of the top grew long hair, wild grass, because nobody cared about the terrace any more except Lillibeth and Lizard. And Mommy?

"Pretend," said Mommy, standing back from her easel, tilting her head, not looking at Lillibeth.

Lillibeth gave each face a name — there were six — beginning in the corner next to the villa with Mary Sue after a doll she'd pulled an arm off hugging, and the next Jamey after Somebody Jamey she used to play with a long time ago someplace else. He was a crybaby Jamey, but he was somebody to play with. There was nobody to play with in Sicily except Daddy a little, but mostly it was "run out on the terrace, Lillibaby, Daddy's trying to write."

And Mommy? Lillibeth stood with legs split wide, hands on hips, and watched Mommy paint the picture of the fields green and black, squared with stone walls, the pink and white lighthouse striped like candy and the blue sea with the sun golden on the walls of Siracusa. And above that and ever so far away, the mountain. At least Lillibeth knew it was a mountain, but Mommy had painted a cloud. "But see . . .," Lillibeth said with her pointing finger nearly touching the wet paint.

"Yes, Lillibaby."

"But see . . . it is too a cloud."

"Pretend!" Mommy's voice came high and tight. "Pretend the pots are angels in heaven. Lillibeth! I think you need a nap." Mommy jabbed her long brush at the cloud trying to make it into a mountain.

At least it was time for *Posta*. Almost every day he came, all in black, riding his bicycle along the white road from the sea. To lean his bicycle against one stone wall and then another, to be swallowed by one villa and the next, coming up the long hill until, finally, when Lillibeth couldn't stand still at the rail another second . . .

"*Buon Giorno*," said Daddy and Mommy and Lillibeth, all three leaning over the terrace railing as *Posta* climbed the stairs and handed the letter to Daddy before he sat down on the stone bench to mop his hot round face and watch with his sad round eyes while Daddy opened the letter. It never was the kind Daddy wanted. Some days *Posta* rode right past the villa, and Lillibeth wanted to run after him shouting, "forgot, forgot . . ." But Daddy said, "Tomorrow, maybe tomorrow."

The sun dropped straight and hot onto the terrace. Bright pink and white light dazzled from the villa walls. It was time,

now. Lillibeth ran softly to the shadow of the Jamey pedestal where Lizard lived. She curled up tight on the warm stone, waiting. If I close my eyes, thought Lillibeth as she did, it will be dark. Lizard will come out of his dark crack in the stone. Close and quick. Green and black. Striped as bright as the leaves of the *fico* that climbed from the stableyard as high as the terrace rail. If she waited — so still she could hear the surf shout in the caves by the sea, could smell the black soil in the fields under the sun, could feel her own heart beat in her ears — he would come. Near enough for Lillibeth to see his long skinny fingers and toes with hooks on the ends. Near enough for Lillibeth to see into Lizard's half shut eyes.

"Lilli. What are you doing?" From behind the easel, from the terrace door, from the bedroom balcony.

"Playing, Mommy." (Mommy hated lizards. She screamed when she saw them on the terrace. Daddy laughed. They can't hurt you). Where are you, Lizard? Mr. Lizard? Signore Lizard? Lillibeth squeezed her eyes and said a secret word, and then opened them, quick. Which dancing sunspot was Lizard?

Out from the dark crack in the pedestal poked a green-black nose, hard and shiny-black with pinholes for air. Slanty eyes looked at Lillibeth. Thin mouth curved into a cunning smile. Black thread tongue flick-flicked, teasing. Out of the crack, jerk and wait, all of him, all of him, even his pointed tail. Under the scales, in the folds of Lizard's chin, something throbbed. Lillibeth stopped breathing. She wanted to put her hand to her own throat. For a moment she wanted never to touch Lizard, but next she wanted most of all to hold him warm and close.

She reached. Sit still as a stone statue in the garden and whisper no-no-wait-wait to herself, but still the hand reached. As if it weren't her hand. As if it weren't her body.

Lizard was faster. Zip. Into the crack in the base of the pedestal. Somebody Jamey. Lillibeth's hand still reached — "come back. I won't hurt you. Oh please." — but her fingers were too large to follow him into the stone . . .

"Lillibeth! Come out of that hot sun this instant. You'll have a stroke. Hear me!"

Mommy dropped her brush, took Lillibeth's hand, led her off the hot bare terrace down the worn stone steps into the garden.

The *giardino* was cool and big with paths curving around places edged with white limestone and filled with black dirt, green plants and every kind of tree in the whole world, Lillibeth knew. The *Caruba*, with the grey smooth skin and thick limbs like an elephant, was easy to climb.

"Come down from that tree before you fall," Mommy said, searching for Pippo.

"No Signora. No serpenti in questo giardino," Pippo said



MUFFLED FLIGHT

Dale Joe



slowly and carefully. He smiled white with his sharp teeth meeting edge to edge in his brown face. His eyes black.

Mommy brought her easel. She stopped poking at the cloud. She painted Pippo. He stood stiff and straight in his soiled clothes, and he wouldn't work. He smiled as if Mommy had painted the smile on his face. His eyes turned into blank buttons. The painting didn't look like Pippo. Lillibeth could see that from where she sat above and behind Mommy on the limb of the *Caruba*. Finally Mommy took her easel back to the terrace.

Lillibeth sat happily on the low limb and watched Pippo work. He sang while he worked, with his head back for his voice to fly up through the leaves toward the sun. He stopped his work and stood before Lillibeth with his hat in his hand as if he were singing to somebody important. Lillibeth held her breath until he was finished. Then together they watched the small bright birds swooping away over the tops of the umbrella pines into the cloudless sky.

Pippo looked deep into Lillibeth's eyes — she didn't know whether to laugh or cry until he smiled and said softly in *Siciliano*, "*Veni ca, Li-li.*"

Down the long smooth limb she slid and ran to Pippo. She laughed and pushed at him and pounded with her little fists on his hard body until he shouted, "*Basta, basta.*" But he laughed all the while and they played a game like she and Daddy played only not so rough. Pippo pretended to be a giant or a dragon who wanted to eat her up. He buried his face in the back of her neck where her hair grew long and golden. He blew and tickled until Lillibeth couldn't stand it and cried, "No, no. . . ."

After Pippo lifted Lillibeth back into the tree, Lillibeth talked and talked — Pippo understood everything because he said, "*Si, Si*" — while she watched his strong hands, tanned and black with dirt, slide carefully, surely, in and out among the growing things.

Then on the stone beside the path, in a pool of sunshine, Lillibeth saw him. Lizard. So far from the terrace?

"Pippo," she whispered. "See there. *Vista, vista.*"

For one so heavy, so large and dark, he moved swiftly. His hand closed over Lizard and Lillibeth squealed with delight. Pippo laughed. He held his clenched fist toward her, cupped his other to form a cage. Slowly he unclasped his hands so that Lillibeth might lean and look for one second into Lizard's eyes.

"*Mama mia!*" Lizard sprang free, squirming through the air. But Pippo's wise, quick fingers snapped. Grinning in triumph he showed Lillibeth Lizard's tail wiggling alone in the creased and earth-grimed crater of his palm.

Lillibeth screamed, and screamed again. Then she ran for the terrace where Mommy's arms circled her and Daddy rushed from his room. Pippo brought Lizard's tail, and Daddy tried to

explain about how lizards can lose them, but Lillibeth wouldn't look. Pippo tossed the tail away, far over the rail into the yellow field. He watched Lillibeth crying in Mommy's arms. He looked at Daddy and raised his eyebrows. Then he turned his eyes up, spread his palms up and empty to the sky. He shrugged his shoulders and went back to his work in the garden.

In bed at night, with the covers pulled over her head, Lillibeth still saw Lizard's tail wiggling on Pippo's palm. She saw the throb in Lizard's throat, his slanted eyes. "I'm watching you, Lillibeth." His mouth curved into a secret smile. "You'll never catch me."

"But I did. I did," Lillibeth whispered fiercely, hugging her pillow in the dark. "Oh, what will happen, now?"

In the morning Lillibeth ran out to the terrace straight to the Jamey pedestal to see. Nothing. Nothing. The terrace was bare except for the kissing pots with the wild long hair — except for Mommy already poking at her easel — "good morning, Lillibaby, your breakfast is on the table" — the terrace was the same. And the painting? The field of yellow flowers? Yes. The trees, the fields squared between white walls, a ship passing before the walled city in the sun? Yes, yes, yes, it was the same, too. And in the distance? Lillibeth ran to the terrace rail and strained her eyes at the distance. Far away, pure and white, the mountain coned unchanged into the sky.



FANNY VENTADOUR

Wingnac

Anne Marie could see the ROI D'YS far out, plowing toward them. At that distance in the choppy sea the ship looked like a child's toy. Soon it was making the wide turn to enter the harbor. She had the two Kennedy boys by the hand and all three moved nearer to where the boat would dock. There were dark clumps of people on the upper deck.

No one said anything for a long time. Then Tony, the older child, spoke. "Will Mummy be sad without Daddy?"

"Yes, dear, we must cheer her up," Anne Marie gave each small hand a squeeze, "you boys be thinking of things to do to amuse Mummy."

"I'll show her how I can do the split," Mark said. He still lisped on some of his s's but managed to get the word out after a slight effort.

"I'll make her a whistle like Daddy showed me," Tony said.

"I can do the split in the water," Mark added.

"Will she take us to the beach?" Tony asked, a little anxiously.

"Of course she will, dear," Anne Marie was trying to make her voice sound natural.

"I know what," Tony said, with the assurance of his eight years, "we'll let her play our game!" He was tugging at himself trying to catch Mark's eye.

"Oh yeth," Mark said, smiling complicitly at Tony.

"What game, dear?" Anne Marie inquired.

"It's a secret," Tony answered, with a warning glance at Mark.

"Secret! Oh, I see," Anne Marie said, "that will be nice."

There was a silence and then Tony said: "It'll be different without Daddy."

It would indeed, Anne Marie thought as she scanned the groups on deck for the figure of the boys' mother. For Joyce to come now to the island, his enchanted island, as Pat, her husband, had called it, alone! How will she stand it, Anne Marie wondered.

Only a week ago, it happened. Pat had never regained consciousness after a truck had crashed into his car not two hundred yards from their house. Now Joyce was coming alone. Anne Marie

FANNY VENTADOUR, born in Mississippi and educated in New Orleans, has spent half of her life in France, including the War years. This is her first published fiction, but she has had articles in The Atlantic and Current History. She also writes poetry in both French and English and has been published in various poetry journals. She now lives in Florida.

had taken the boys on ahead to Belle Ile where the Kennedys had rented a cottage. She hadn't wanted to upset the children so had said that their father was ill and that Mummy would be coming soon. It would be better for Joyce to tell them, she thought. When she got the final telegram the following day, she had explained that Daddy had gone on a long trip and that Mummy would be coming alone.

"There's Mummy, I see her! Look, she's waving!" Mark exclaimed, jerking at Anne Marie's hand.

"She's smiling," Tony said, and Anne Marie detected a note of relief in his voice. Uncanny, she thought, how children can sense things. Joyce will try not to cry, she'll be stoic, too stoic, I'm afraid. Aloud she said: "We must keep her smiling."

The gang plank swung into place. "Wait here," she said kindly and, tucking Mark's hand into Tony's, went quickly forward and put her arms around her friend. Then Joyce, thin and drained-looking, her disordered hair streaming across her face in the wind, the eyes deeper and darker than usual, was leaning over the little boys murmuring: "darlings, my darlings" over and over again. Anne Marie carried the bags to one of the ancient taxi-cabs and they all got in.

It had been Pat's idea, part of a long-cherished plan, to rent a cottage on Belle Ile. He had explained it at length one evening to Joyce and Anne Marie; and Anne Marie had understood so well, not because she and Pat were cousins and old friends, but because they both had had Celtic forebears and been nourished on the same myths. He had felt, he said, that on an island he could have a certain sense of belonging, a feeling of fitting into a small but perfect thing. A world that he could identify with his own world. Not that he wanted to withdraw into his own personality, excluding all others, on the contrary, it gave him a fuller sense of being part of the mainland. And he cited Rilke at this point.

It had been a strangely assorted couple: Pat, the intuitive, Joyce, the rational. Perhaps, Anne Marie reflected, that's why I could understand them both, being part French and logical, and part Breton.

They were outside the town before Joyce seemed to find words. She turned to Anne Marie, "You've been so kind, I don't know what I would have done alone, without you," she said, reaching out toward Anne Marie. Anne Marie pressed her hand, hesitating to say the things one says in grief, because of the boys.

"You've got us, Mummy," Tony said, looking into his mother's eyes, shining through the wisps of hair.

"Yeth," Mark said, pertly, "we're here."

"Darlings, of course you are," Joyce whispered while her gaze

wandered off over the wheat fields, yellow and bright in their frame of pine.

It was clear to Anne Marie that it would take more than the children being there to reawaken Joyce's interest in anything but her own predicament.

The car was out on the open road now. They had passed the village of Penhoet, where the white cottages with grey blinds had been freshened up for the summer visitors; past the windmill on the road to Goulphar, its crossed arms motionless now that it had bowed once and forever to progress. In the distance, Anne Marie could see the menhirs, two "druid stones", standing as if keeping guard over the traditions and legends of the islands — curious monuments of an earlier age.

For Anne Marie, being here in Belle Ile was a return to the past. A return to something which could be expressed in the same language Pat had used. She remembered the summers spent here as a child with Nou-Nou, her Breton nurse. Myths and popular beliefs kept coming to the surface, compensating perhaps for the painful present, so meaningless now for all of them without Pat. He had seemed to make everything articulate, somehow.

The car turned into the dirt road which led to their cottage — one of the prettiest, Anne Marie thought, with its hedge of broom and the daisies and phlox growing wild through the grass. The taxi drew up and then the children were everywhere at once; dragging their mother through the bracken to see a bird's nest or a pirate's den under the hedge, and bringing her all their treasures from the sea.

It was after lunch before Anne Marie had an opportunity to speak to Joyce alone. "I haven't told them," she said, when the children had gone out of the room, "I thought it better for them to learn it from you."

"I suppose so," Joyce said, bleakly.

"They think that their father was ill and has had to go away for a long time. It's strange," Anne Marie added, "they haven't once asked me any questions about him; and yet. . ."

"I'll tell them. . ." Joyce broke in, her voice flat and strained, "but I just can't do it now," she added and then lapsed into silence.

Anne Marie felt it was better not to insist.

At that moment, Tony appeared at the door in his bathing trunks.

"Let's go to the beach where the caves are, Mummy," Tony said.

Just as Anne Marie surmised, Joyce seemed to be retreating

into some private and inaccessible cavern of her own. Tony had to repeat his suggestion before she paid any attention.

"Daddy said we'd go, he said he'd take us," Tony pleaded, running up to stroke his mother's arm in a cajoling fashion.

"You and Mark go, dear, I don't care to." Joyce's voice sounded distant and indifferent. She focused her attention on some gulls circling high above the fields. Tony, crestfallen, turned away.

"Joyce!" Anne Marie knew her tone was sharper than she had meant it to be. "You can't be thinking of letting the children go alone! You remember," she continued quickly, "Pat warned us that many of the beaches are dangerous?" Incredible, she was thinking, that Joyce can forget the children's safety to this extent!

"Won't you go with them, please? I can't, I simply can't," Joyce answered, letting her head fall forward, supporting it a moment on a crooked elbow. Then she looked up as Anne Marie said:

"Of course I'll take them, but I wish you'd come too. It's so beautiful and you should see the color of the heath, it's something!" Anne Marie looked past Joyce as she spoke, to the window which framed the spire of Locmaria and the glimpse of sea beyond.

Joyce pushed back a lock of hair with a listless gesture. Anne Marie noticed that the face, though sad, was lovely. No matter how much she neglects her appearance, she was thinking, Joyce is always beautiful.

"I know," Joyce's voice faltered, "but Pat is not here!"

"The children are," Anne Marie said softly.

"Of course, I love the children, but even they . . ." her voice trailed off. Suddenly, despairingly, she cried: "Pat is not here to tell me!"

"Tell you . . . ?" Anne Marie could not finish the question before Joyce broke in:

"It was as if he'd gone away in the middle of a sentence."

Anne Marie looked up, her question unspoken. Joyce went on:

"We'd been discussing his ideas about early life here in Brittany. You've heard him on the subject of Celtic mythology and how it was tied up with the Greek?" Anne Marie nodded, and Joyce continued, "You know sometimes he'd get on a mystical plane where I just felt I couldn't follow, and, well, I think I probably laughed at one point and said that he'd surely be finding Pan and Pluto and all the rest out there in the back yard next. It must have jarred him, for he changed the subject quite suddenly, and in a few minutes he left the house . . . and . . . I never saw him again!"

"Joyce!" Anne Marie put her arms around the trembling shoulders.

"That's why I went to a spiritualist," Joyce continued after a moment, her voice once more under control.

"You mean . . . you . . . ?" Anne Marie was too astonished to finish.

"Yes, I did, I would have tried anything, I was desperate . . . I had to know what it was he was always trying to tell me, what it was that I simply mocked at every time."

"So you consulted . . . ?"

". . . An ordinary fortune teller, I guess you'd call her," Joyce continued, turning the question into a statement, "and about as you'd expect—oriental type, straight hair, penetrating eyes . . ."

"Did she inspire confidence?" Anne Marie asked.

"I suppose it *was* uncanny the way she seemed to know at once what had happened and why I had come; but they're all clever that way, I believe. She made me sit in front of a glass bowl filled with water. I could smell onions cooking in the kitchen and there was laundry hanging over the sink." Joyce stopped a moment for breath and looked at Anne Marie as if studying her reaction.

"Did she tell you anything?" Anne Marie questioned eagerly.

"Nothing that made any sense, really. She said that four words kept coming to her like a message: *need of the marvelous*, or something like that.

"Couldn't she explain?"

"No, after that she kept repeating conventional phrases about my taking heart, and life going on, and so forth."

Anne Marie remained thoughtful before she answered and then said that it reminded her of something the French writer, Chateaubriand, had said, "I'm not sure I can quote it," she added, "but the gist of it is that man needs a sense of the marvelous."

Before Joyce could reply, Tony burst in with the idea about the dolmen. "Look, Mummy! Here's Daddy's map with the thing called a dolmen on it. You remember he said he was going to take us to hunt for it and that maybe giants built it thousands of years ago?" He thrust the map in her hands, his face a mixture of concern and triumph.

"Yes, dear," Joyce said, with just a trace of annoyance at the intrusion.

"Well, can't we go? Now, this afternoon? Please take us, Mummy." His eyes looking up at hers were eager and appealing.

Before answering the child, Joyce turned to Anne Marie to explain. "It's some relic of the stone age Pat was sure was hidden here on the island," she glanced toward the downs, "out there in the briar and bracken somewhere."

"He may be right," Anne Marie answered, careful to use the present tense because of the children, "Nou-Nou always said there

was a 'giant's table' on the island." She had taken the map and was spreading it out. "Here it is, 'dolmen,' marked as plain as anything, not a half mile from Borthero. It's practically on our way to the beach!"

The introspective look had gone from Joyce's face. Anne Marie caught a gleam of interest in her dark eyes as she leaned over to examine the map.

"It must be in one of those thickets we passed," Joyce said, "after all, stones don't walk away."

Anne Marie was looking out over the heath, thick with man-high briar and flowering gorse; here and there clumps of bracken and heather, the purple, yellow and green like the background in an old tapestry. "They do, sometimes," she said, half to herself.

"What do?" Joyce glanced at her curiously.

"Stones," Anne Marie said. "Jehan and Jehanne do."

Joyce looked up perplexed.

"That's what the islanders call the two menhirs we passed on the road. They say that the stones are lovers and that on the dark of the moon, they come together in a lovers' embrace."

"How utterly fantastic!" Joyce exclaimed. "Do the people really believe these tales?"

"Ask a Breton whether there's truth in it and he's likely to answer as an Irishman would, 'tis said, 'tis said.'" Then after a pause, Anne Marie added, "Man needs the marvelous, you see."

"How persistent these ancestral myths are!" Joyce commented, a slight note of superiority coming into her voice. "Put on your hats, boys," she called into the next room where the children were again conspiring, "we're going to search for the dolmen."

"What's a dolmen?" Mark wanted to know, running in with his pail and sand shovel, ready to go.

"A thing the Druids built," Tony started to explain.

"Not the Druids, dear, a much earlier people than the Druids."

"What's Druids?" Mark asked with a four-year-old's insistence on picking up the last word. As no one was paying any attention to him, he ran over to Tony and whispered something. Anne Marie caught the word 'secret' and smiled to herself.

Borthero was about five hundred yards from their cottage on a little rise of ground. It was a small hamlet consisting of several farmhouses huddled together as if fearful of the stern line of trees, bent landward, their dark branches like menacing fingers pointing.

"How typically Breton!" exclaimed Anne Marie, "did you ever see anything more enchanting than this countryside with its grey-trimmed cottages, slate roofs and the green-brown moors!"

"Lovely," Joyce said absently, intent on picking her way

through the rough grass and sand spurs. Her face had lost the look of interest it showed a few moments before.

"A brooding sort of place, though," Anne Marie continued, hoping to lead Joyce back to the subject of the island and its myths. "No wonder Nou-Nou believed the stories she told of the creatures that are said to inhabit the heath," she went on, "it was here she saw one once . . ."

"What did you say?" Joyce had the wind in her face and probably could not hear Anne Marie who was several steps ahead.

"Oh, nothing important," Anne Marie replied, raising her voice slightly, "we've come about a quarter mile from Borthero, I wouldn't be surprised if the dolmen is just over the edge of that highest rise."

"Pretty awful rites were practiced at these dolmens, weren't there?" Joyce remarked with the tone of one making an effort at conversation.

"The early people who built these remains were supposed to have had a quite spiritual type of religion, mystical, I guess," Anne Marie explained, eager to get Joyce's mind off herself. "And besides, not all Druids practiced human sacrifice, not the Breton ones anyway; I prefer thinking of them as beneficent demi-gods, rather than bloodthirsty barbarians." Anne Marie stopped a moment and looked out over the downs. The children had run on ahead and were out of sight now around the bend of the road. Borthero was far behind, hidden by the rising ground. Nothing to be seen but the undulating moors, yellow, pink, green and brown. And the clouds.

Anne Marie was the first to hear the sounds. Joyce, a few steps back, seemed absorbed once more in her own thoughts. The road had narrowed to a path grown over with weeds. There was a tangy smell of dank underbrush. Then Anne Marie heard the children's voices distinctly. They were coming from somewhere in the thicket. "The boys are in there!" she cried, pointing toward the dense wall of gorse, "there must be a way in."

Joyce had caught up with her and they both began looking for a passage through the briar. Then Anne Marie saw it; it was a sort of burrow not more than knee high, but by peering in she could see that it opened up so they could stand. Dragging Joyce after her on all fours she led the way. Soon they were walking single file through a green tunnel with a spot of bright sunlight at the far end. As they got nearer, Anne Marie noticed a rhythmic humming sound coming from where she had heard the voices; accompanying the humming were thin faint notes: te-dum tiddy-um tum tum tum, te-dum tiddy-um tum tum tum.

"Whatever can that be, do you suppose?" she asked, but Joyce did not reply.

The tunnel ended in a small clearing partly grown over with low fern and heather. In the center was a large flat stone tipped at an angle on two end-stones far enough apart to give the impression of an open jaw with two fang-like teeth. It was the dolmen. Mark and Tony were in the bare spot just in front of what looked like a cavern under the stone. They were skipping in a sort of faun dance, pretending to play on flutes. "What on earth! . . ." Anne Marie exclaimed and looked at Joyce.

Joyce did not answer and her face had an expression that Anne Marie had not seen before: a mixture of sadness and apprehension.

The children saw them and stopped in the midst of their dance.

"Don't go away, Wingnac," Mark cried, holding out his hand in the direction of the dolmen.

Tony said something which Anne Marie could not catch and then called out to his mother, "Come play our game, Mummy, Wingnac is here."

"They're talking to someone!" Anne Marie's voice was incredulous. She was addressing her remark to Joyce but Joyce remained curiously silent.

"Mummy! He's here!" It was Mark calling now, "he's going to make me a whistle like his."

"Whom does he mean?" Anne Marie insisted, but her question was unanswered. She noticed how warm it was in the clearing. Not a breath stirred, the wind blowing over the downs did not seem to penetrate here.

"Come play, Mummy, please," Tony was beginning to nag.

Anne Marie saw Joyce hesitate a moment and then put her hand to her head as if she were about to faint. "What is it, Joyce, dear? Tell me."

Without replying, Joyce took two steps forward blindly and then with a visible effort she recovered her composure.

"Come boys, come at once!" Her voice, stern and authoritative, had a note of urgency in it. "We're going right on down to the beach."

Mark was trying to pull her toward the dolmen but she pushed him firmly and somewhat roughly in front of her in the direction of the path.

"I didn't get my whistle," Mark grumbled. Joyce did not seem to hear him. Her eyes were on Tony. He was turned almost facing the dolmen but Anne Marie was sure she saw his lips move as if he were speaking to someone under or near the dolmen.

"Tony!"

"But Mummy, we wanted you to dance in the ring. We were going to ask you to join. Wingnac wanted you to," Tony said.

Joyce did not answer but the look on her face must have made Tony realize that he should obey for he ran over to Mark and whispered something to him. Then both boys turned to wave back toward the dolmen before they skipped toward the tunnel in the hedge where they disappeared. Joyce followed quickly; Anne Marie had almost to run to keep up.

Hoping that an explanation might be volunteered, Anne Marie waited until they were out on the road again before she said anything. She drew a deep breath in the fresh air from the sea. Joyce had gone steadily on without once looking back. The children were far ahead on the path leading to the beach.

"Tell me, Joyce dear, what is it?" Anne Marie said this very quietly as she fell in beside Joyce.

"It's nothing." Joyce was evidently too upset to speak.

The path began to dip down toward the sea now. It was rocky and in some places very steep. Anne Marie waited again until they had both reached more even ground and then she said:

"What were the children doing?"

"It's a sort of game," Joyce said.

"But they were talking to someone. Who?"

"Someone they invented," Joyce said.

She was silent again, seemingly engrossed in finding a firm footing on what was now a goat path down the face of the cliff. The blue-streaked ocean stretched below them and the beach, like a recumbent half-moon, lay between the jutting rocks.

"Who was Wingnac?"

"Someone imaginary . . . someone they made up." Joyce's voice carried along on gusts of wind had a hollow unreal quality.

"Oh . . ." Anne Marie said, her mind racing on faster than she could find words to express her thoughts, "didn't Pat make whistles . . . for the boys?"

Joyce had quickened her pace. Perhaps she did not hear. Her next remark, relevant to the beach, was merely a suggestion that they choose the rocky stretch rather than the flat sandy part.

From where the girls sat drying out after their swim, Anne Marie could see the boys digging busily in the wet sand of the now receding tide. No sounds but the distant surf and the cat-calls of nagging gulls. She noticed that the first reef jutting out from shore was already so high out of the water the surf no longer broke over it. Where the children were playing the water was almost as calm as a pond. Like a bathing pool, she thought, perfect for swimming lessons, remembering how Pat had said that a good swimmer like Joyce should teach the children first thing.

"I'm dry now," Joyce said, reaching for her clothes, "enough sun for one day."

"There's shade by the rocks," Anne Marie agreed, standing up to buckle on her skirt, "and we'll be nearer the children down there."

Joyce had turned and was picking up the beach things.

"Mummy! Mummy! Mark fell in a hole!" Suddenly there was Tony beside them, panting.

Instinctively Anne Marie's glance flashed to the spot where the boys had been digging.

"A hole? A sand hole?" she heard Joyce gasp out.

"No! In the water! In the water!" Tony was pointing.

Well out, Anne Marie could see a small agitated spot. It was too far to see more than that the object was being carried out to sea.

In that split second before they started to run, Anne Marie realized that she and Joyce had had the same reaction to Tony's words. They had both conjured up the same vision of a small boy falling face down into his castle moat, frightened but unhurt. The mind, the heart refusing to accept the idea of mortal danger to an object of love.

She couldn't remember how long it was before they had dropped the beach things and started to run. The split second seemed hours now. Hours, too, that she had been running, and the shore line still yards away. Joyce running beside her, must have disbelieved in death too, until . . . until the true and glaring vision had come into focus.

Anne Marie reached the water's edge before she thought of her skirt. What on earth had made her put it on? It would hamper her in the water. It buttoned in the back and to get the clasps undone she would have to stop and draw in her breath. She couldn't stop, there wasn't time. She had seen Mark's head over-lapped by a small wave, had seen it bob up again. She strode in. Surely, with the tide out she would be wading most of the way. At the second stride, she could no longer touch ground. She struck out, swimming, the ghastly skirt corkscrewing about her legs. She wanted to warn Joyce, but no words would come. At that moment Joyce passed her swimming grimly. At each stroke they took Mark seemed to Anne Marie to be slipping just as fast toward the treacherous eddies near the rocks.

Anne Marie could feel her own limbs making the motions, knew she was swimming in spite of her skirt but making so little headway. It seemed to her that only Mark's eyes were showing above the water, strangely quiet and trusting eyes. There was no struggling now, he seemed to be waiting, as if someone were holding him up. Oh, God, keep him floating! Dear God, keep him up!

They were bringing him in, swimming on their backs with the child between them. He was kicking his legs docilely trying to do what they were doing. It was almost as if he'd been coached.

Joyce, the more experienced swimmer, had got her bearings and was heading them straight for shore.

A few moments later, Anne Marie felt the sand under her feet and saw Joyce take the child in her arms in the shallow water. Joyce, her face the color of slate, was stumbling with him to the beach.

Anne Marie was the first to speak. "It's a miracle he could keep up so long — three or four minutes at least!"

Joyce was absorbed with Mark, shaking him upside down and rubbing and patting him to start up the circulation. She didn't seem to hear.

"Were you frightened, my darling?" she whispered, her face close to Mark's.

"N—no," he said between his chattering teeth.

"You knew we were coming to save you?"

"Yeth."

"I'm proud of you, Mark," Anne Marie said, rubbing one leg while Joyce rubbed the other, "you were keeping up; did you know you were really swimming?"

"Wingnac was there," Tony broke in, his worried little face trying to smile.

"Tell us how it happened, Tony," Joyce said, noticing the older child for the first time.

"Mark wanted to show you how he could do the split in the water — just on the edge, there," Tony said.

"Yes, go on."

"He called to you but you didn't hear, and all of a sudden the water was over his head and the tide was taking him out and I ran to tell you to come quick and you did!" the child answered, gasping out the last words in a rush of breath.

"And I couldn't believe the hole was a water hole! My God! Suppose he hadn't been able to keep afloat!" Joyce cried, looking at Anne Marie.

"Wingnac was holding me, Mummy," Mark was speaking now.

"Didn't you see him?" Tony asked; "he went over there," he cried, pointing to the rocks.

"Call him, Tony, I w—want my whistle," Mark cried, breaking away from his mother's grasp. Both children started toward the rocks.

"Wingnac!"

"Isn't he coming back?" Anne Marie heard Mark say. She saw that Tony had stopped. Both children were standing there looking toward the reefs. Above the pounding of the surf, she thought she heard the faint sound of notes as blown through a reed.

"He's gone!" Tony said. There was a pause and then he put

his arm around Mark's shoulder. "I'll make you a whistle," he said.

Anne Marie saw that Joyce was crying. Tony must have heard the sounds too, for he pulled Mark after him and both boys ran back and flung their arms around their mother's neck.

DURE JO GILLIKIN

Grief

I stood hollowed out of noonsun,
Hands there before me pricked and stained
From dewberries
And you, warm ghost, beside me.

Inside the tightlywound ball moves upward.
I swallow, stand still.
Maybe it will not come in the sun
With dewberries and you waiting,
Waiting for an answer.
My shoulders feel the ball pushing, sticking;
They shake but cannot stop it from moving
Up through and past my throat;
My head hurting there in the sun.

The ball rolled in my head,
Pushed out my eyes and ran down my cheeks,
Shame
That you should see inside me,
See my hands outstretched, pricked and frozen
In the noonday sun.

DURE JO GILLIKIN is a graduate student in English at the University of North Carolina. She studied two years in Randall Jarrell's workshop for writers.

JAMES BOYER MAY

Today's Un-Shavian What's What

This theme can be no more appropriately introduced than by a reference to an article in BAMAG for April, 1956, by Jawaharal Nehru. In fact, the article set off these thoughts—which are neither topical nor political, as were Nehru's, despite his title: THE CRISIS OF THE SPIRIT. Rationalizing his ego-drive, he undertook to make seem a foregone necessity something by no means proven: that India, comprising the disparate religio-cultural elements of that vast realm, *had* to discover an all-encompassing and all-composing national spirit, of which he (Nehru) could be the voice. Though not to argue that there was no India in the sense Nehru wished to convince the world, the concern here is to try to set the philosophical ramifications straight.

It's interestingly pertinent to observe the Indian leader's confused use of 'change' as an appositive pole, while in his own frame calling this a 'continuous process.' Also, his failure to give account to the fundamental that *not* to change is to be quite dead. He failed moreover to distinguish between 'processes' and a 'continuum.' But, such muddled semantics are characteristic of today's expounders of the late John Dewey's QUEST FOR CERTAINTY, and this holds broad implications. Sufficient with regard to Nehru, to stress how, while vigorously advocating an accelerated 'progress' tempo and the shedding of ancient social customs, he wound up voicing fear of this very trend!

The inferences extend to the sciences and arts, as well as to political arenas. A theoretical ideal of some working-balance between continuum and change is advanced frequently, in one guise or another, and with relation to virtually every social manifestation. Sometimes the symptomatic presentation is oblique; and often, it's less than vague. Yet, deductions from the printed view of leaders in many fields boil down to this one notion. Nor is this precisely *laissez faire*. The exhortations obviously distinguishable are opposed only to what's strenuously enterprising; and even scientists overlook that to slacken, no matter how qualifiedly, is to prepare to revert to inertia. Unanalysed, such non-goals seem from a kind of common-sense logic, perhaps supremely (or desperately?) desirable. And

JAMES BOYER MAY is the Editor of TRACE, the directory of "little" magazines and presses, and an untiring worker for the cause of contemporary poetry. A poet in his own right, he also writes fiction, criticism, and general essays, and he has a sizable list of books to his credit in all of these fields: *Twigs as Varied Bent; For a New Era of Hate; etc.*

few thinkers evidence suspicions of anything remotely dangerous about an ideal which is, on its face, unattainable.

Surely, one hears said, this prepares no ideology in the espousal of which anyone may possibly wax dogmatic? No hopeful demagogue, no wouldbe beneficent dictator (and we credit Nehru with being neither) is likely to grind propaganda from such tenuous thought?

Still, on the other hand, the mental postures induced—when once acceding that this provides a working-hypothesis for practically any approach — do hold maleficent probabilities. It's immoral (from the broadest definition of *morality*: any act which is not unsalutary), if only on a theoretical ground of providing no positive predicated qualifications for any endorsements, 'rightly' or 'wrongly,' in whatever unavoidably-subjective recognitions of courses for action. This isn't leavened in the slightest because a percentage of specific applications of the idea may be shown to have been integrally affected by positive actual factors of intended solutions for problems. No more than because these resolutions—then 'post' identified—may be correctly labeled 'progress' by some morally-responsible standard.

In fact, a notion that *balance* is a satisfactory suppositional terminal 'x' is a key flaw in much modern thought. Not because it presupposes conflict, but because, when scrutinized, it forms a primary equation for a mood of *acceptance* of literally everything, including every contrariety which could eventuate in an individuating universe. Popular not long ago, was even a song: "Whatever will be will be . . ."

A philosophical sleight-of-hand has been staged with premises starting with what all reasonable philosophers of whatever schools will concede: that the conflicts inescapably are present. But please note, using a ludicrously simple illustration, that when a man sees his home burning, he does not passively observe the processes of combustion. And the *assumption* from this undeniable premise has been that, because conflicting happenings may be explainable or perhaps justifiable from *any* view, then the explainabilities or justifiabilities of all situations therefore must in some degree temper *all* counter-measures. The very alleged concomitant principle of balance is negated here.

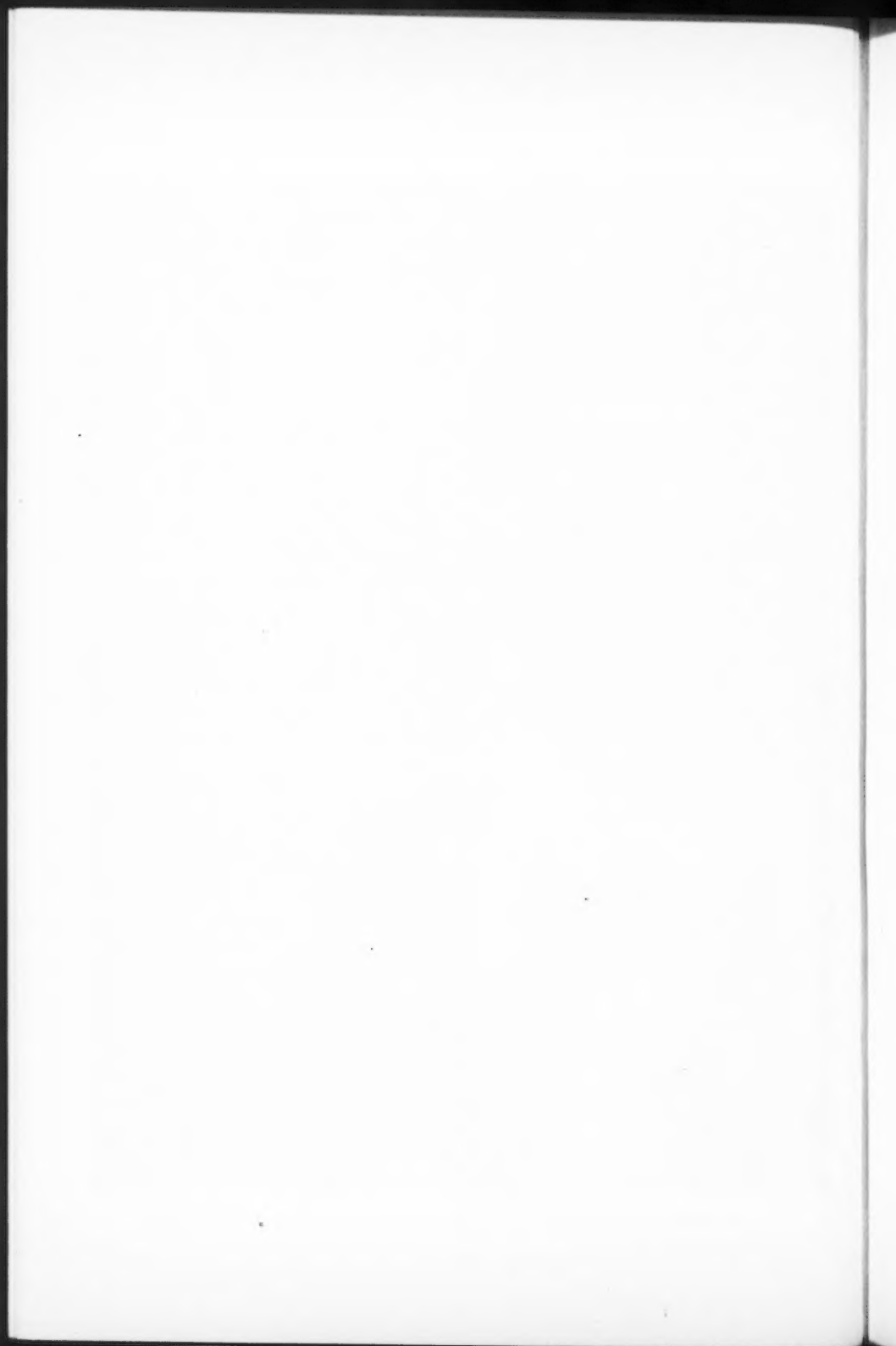
This really is primary stuff, and it's rather sophomoric to interpose the patent remark that reasonable men often have met speedy defeat from conceding sweetly-explainable sequences in an *unreasonable* opposition; yet, essays in learned journals on every hand invite this treatment. What's actually involved may be indirectly described as having to do with margins-of-error, which when wide enough become dangerous. Many of these now are that wide, if not wider.

Again. Although the alleged thought is unprofound and unin-



A CHARCOAL DRAWING

Georgia Kyser



spired, to boot, this attitude has been replacing the old ideologies, against which the trend has been accelerating ever since the limitations of Marxism began to be comprehended by those who assuredly would not then revert to Nietzsche. This atmosphere has provided the ozone for the curious nonsystems of the varied existentialist schools. If John Dewey had not been in the beginning an idealist, there would be little to distinguish his pragmatism from the negativism of Jean-Paul Sartre. Yet, no one seems to have pointed it out.

The reason this hasn't been sharply focussed is the not-unusual or not-unexpected element of human refusal to abandon hope for security, at least in present being. And the contradiction exists in the underlying acceptance of the theoretical good of still-unachievable balance between continuum and change, which has permitted so many philosophical journalists (as popular writers on these subjects may be oddly described) to refuse to concede that *intentions do exist!* A casual survey of serious current magazines will confirm that 'soft' determinism is presently ascendant over libertarianism. Not to delve questions of free will—yet, observe that the mere contemplation of the existence of struggle acknowledges some will factor and that no real turningpoint ever allows any gradual (or quick) approach toward balances, as such, within individuals or in any sphere of creation. THIS is what these expositors refuse to face.

It's of interest that current neglect of Dewey isn't based on what to this writer would be healthy disagreement with his blanket rejection of elements of the so-called supernatural, but on the fact that, despite his refusal to allow any chain of reason to lead him back to Plato, he nevertheless did not abandon purpose in creation, though he conceived it a good deal more blind than possibly ever could render his thinking a support for anthropomorphism. And if the Behaviorists did find comfort in Dewey, he, himself, was no more an orthodox Behaviorist than a Benthamite. He neither undertook to explain humanity from a purely psychological view nor preached any necessitous merit in the desires of greater numbers; he just wished to return philosophy to closer relations with apparent actualities.

Advance toward nihilism and the prevalence of nihilistic attitudes particularly in the arts aren't a large present danger. No more so than they indicate genuine courage in those who simply embrace this kind of modern dialectical Pyrrhonism as another escape. The only apparent reason nihilism is frequently called dangerous is from semantic confusion coincident with recent scientific advances. And this isn't to highlight the long-obvious discrepancy between man's gains in the physical and psychic realms elucidated way back in 1910 by the same John Dewey. Except that here is one special significance—few thinkers have sufficiently practiced what's most easily described by the Eastern term 'con-

templation,' to have overcome childlike fears of a nonexistent bogey, annihilation.

No, the dangerous men of today are the seemingly-innocuous, balanced, so-called liberal conservatives. Nothing better substantiates their prominence than that the American people had no 1956 alternative to voting for one of them for the Presidency. Such men are everywhere and in every field the anchors of majority confidence—which (in logic) no doubt renders this article superfluous. But we'll press on to outline briefly why the situation holds more than negative undesirability.

Just to emphasize the obvious: that to leave leadership to mild and unaggressive persons means to concur in assuming that all is as well as can be expected—would scarcely justify an exposition. Yet (note how the comfortable use of that trite word, reiterated at the telephone switchboards of all well-managed hospitals, really stirs anxiety, if not premonition that all is *not* well, and how keyed expectation really equates submission to a fate assumed to be tragic). In better terms, the very aura emanated from a sedative policy in an historical period generally tabbed 'critical', as is our own, is enough to cause uneasiness to intelligent persons.

Indeed there *are* present crises! And no bromidic asseverations about searching for a balance between continuum and change make one whit better those defeatist pronouncements of the oldfashioned family physician such as: "We'll have to let nature take its course." The danger isn't simply in doing virtually nothing, but in leaving the initiative to those who have decided that we need a Soviet brand of bureaucratic controls imposed by force, if need be. We've been seeing this happen, and still see it happening in other regions; and it may happen in Nehru's India too, unless something positive (even an imperfect or gravely defective socio-economic course) is brought into sharp opposition.

If the thought precedes the deed, then today's world of thinking, outside the aggressive Red orbit, is so extremely passive and 'open' that only chimerical minds can pretend to foresee establishment of salutary (referring back to that broad definition of morality) directed procedures. Frequently though it's affirmed that the Soviets embody their own seeds of destruction and will collapse without 'free' world intervention, what alternatives are preparing against that wishful day?

Not pretending to set down what *ought* to be done, but merely to indicate by one example how people of intelligence are already sensitive to the danger—is it surprising that a T. S. Eliot is trying to find his way out of THE WASTELAND via religious orthodoxy? And he's not the only such, nor is this the only sort of wished-salvation being dug out of some past period when civilization used strong purgatives and became very ill, but survived.

Even the most reactionary of positive alternatives can't be so ominous as none. Particularly not when they are bound to lack accord and to conflict in loud intentions. So, while not advocating any of these, let's by no means decry their emphatic—no matter narrow—dogmas. An eclectic countenancing of varied ideologies at this juncture is like using counter-espionage or pretending to believe with unbelievers who take seriously the portents of dead tenets.

What? Are we all to become Hamlets? Well, not exactly, because, to take into account human *un*intelligence is part of being intelligent. Maybe we could even go back to church for a while, for new 'spirit' seems a never-never in however-wise councils of the careful weighers of balancing *non*alternatives.

at

J. PHOENICE

The Green Wind

Oh the green wind blowing through the autumn,
Warm with growing and the earth's strong blood!
The sap slips back and still they come,
The tides of living tireless in their flood;

The sea of the cycle vigorously flowing
Over the stubble and sparse bough;
The same firm step as the bold spring
Ringing in the hedge grown shabby now.

The gust breaks suddenly on any month's moment:
Roots thick as an arm, fine as a hair;
Rocks drowning in the mosses' torrent.
Oh the green wind blowing through the year!

J. PHOENICE has had poems published in more than a hundred and twenty different literary magazines throughout the English-speaking world. Her first book of poems, Lightfall, was recently published in England where she now lives.

J. PHOENICE

In Thanks For A Letter

You stop the mouth of singing with joy.
Words turn to the hands' touch.
The muted tips of the fingers reach
A new sense sensing the lives that lie
Under their sensitivity.

Flesh itself is the heaven of music,
Tensed to living's full-throated song,
Blind with the light and borne along
On days too gold and sap too quick
For the fumbling corns of thought to pluck.

You stop the mouth of singing with being.
The bright showers slip from the phrases' clutch
As dumb flesh sings with the paper's touch.
Wording is drowned in so much knowing.
Song goes down in the tide of seeing.

JAMES COLLIER

A New House

Holding a thin hand above her eyes, Martha Willowby carefully surveyed the dried, brown fields that surrounded the old house. She stood on the clay embankment beside the highway that led to the town. The dark, red clay had been softened by the rain that had fallen during the night.

She moved one foot a few inches ahead of the other, her thick leather soles sliding easily over the wet clay. She looked at the North field. Brown, decayed stalks that had once held only a feeble harvest at best lay hovering toward the ground. The field was encompassed by a pine plank fence that had lost whatever support it had originally possessed, the planks lying in varying degrees of proximity to the ground.

Martha turned toward her husband, who stood beside her, his hands behind his back.

"Don't look like much of a field, Tom," she said, shifting the weight of her body from her right leg to her left.

"Naw, I guess it ain't so much, Martha, but it can be plowed. Them corn stalks'll bury down inside that field and make a fine corn crop, come next August."

Thomas Willowby was a tall, lean man, with deep-set blue eyes. His hair was thick and black, infused with streaks of gray. The natural whiteness of his skin was discernable even through the deep tan which the Virginia sun had afforded him. He put his long arm on Martha's shoulders. She put her hands in the pockets of a lilac print apron, and leaned slightly against her husband's arm.

"Tom," she said, slowly, "I don't think we ought to move in. We can stay with Aunt Ellen until we can get a better place." She spoke slowly, as if carefully measuring each word.

"Aw hell, Marthy, why not?" Tom asked her, lifting his arm from her shoulders and pointing to the house. "It ain't such a bad house, if we fix it up."

Her eyes followed the direction of his arm, her gaze finally centering on a small, squat frame house. It had once been white, but had now yielded to a dark, earth color. She looked at the tall brick chimney that stood against the left side of the house.

"That chimney don't look like it'll stand much longer, Tom," she said, staring at the slight angle at which the chimney leaned from the house.

JAMES COLLIER, a North Carolinian, is a graduate student in English at the University of North Carolina. This is his first published fiction.

"That chimney'll stand, Martha," Tom said. "With a little repair, it'll be good as new."

Martha looked up at her husband and then back toward the house. Thick black clouds were visible above the roof. The storm that had threatened all morning had almost arrived.

Small drops of rain began to make spots on Tom's blue denim shirt.

"Come on, Martha, let's get in the truck. It's raining."

"Gonna storm," she said, staring at the large clouds behind the house. The drops of rain covered her cotton dress, making the faded lavender of the material a deep purple. Pressing the bun of black hair that was tied at the back of her neck, she looked at her husband.

"Tom, I don't want to move in this house," she said, in a calm but determined tone, at the same time pushing several stray hairs into place. She was thin, and the bones in her face protruded slightly, but they were straight and balanced. Her skin, like her husband's, was tanned by the sun, but her face was smooth and clear.

"Come on, Marthy, it's raining," Tom said, anxiously. The drops were falling faster, and the spots on his shirt had joined together and formed into a solid mass. Placing his hand on her arm, he pulled her toward a red Chevrolet truck that was parked beside the road. The rain was falling in a heavy torrent now, and as they reached the truck, the door swung open and Martha could hear a voice calling to them, urging them on.

"Hurry, Mama, get out of the rain." It was a boy's voice. They reached the truck and climbed inside. Two children had slipped to the middle of the seat so Tom and Martha could get in. Tom closed the door heavily, and sat for a few moments wiping the water from his forehead and eyes. Martha sat next to the door on the passenger side, and pulled a bright-eyed ten-year old into her lap. She felt the weight of the boy pressing heavily against her legs. Tommy's getting so large, she thought. She looked out the window of the truck. The image of the house was blurred by the rain that beat against the glass, forming small streams that ran in twisting paths down the window.

"Why did you stay out so long," Jean asked. "You're both soaking wet."

Martha Willowby looked at her daughter without replying to her remark. She's almost grown now, Martha thought. Fourteen already. There's so many things she's going to need. Needs them now. She looked down at the brown loafers that Jean wore. Really, she should have some pumps. She looked up at her husband as he spoke.

"Well, I guess we'll have a rainy day for moving," he remarked.

"Are we really going to move in that house?" Jean asked, pulling the end of her skirt over her knees and folding her hands in front of her.

"I guess we'll have to, honey," Tom replied. "We gotta be out of the old house by the end of the week."

"But why can't we have a new house?" Jean asked. "You said when we ever did move it would be into a new house. Mother said we would."

"I don't like that house, either," Tommy said, putting his face close against the window, trying to see through the shell of rain that enveloped the truck.

"We can't build a new house just yet," Tom replied. "We will. Just wait a while. We'll have a new house before long. You'll see."

Tom turned the key in the ignition and started the engine. Even with the wipers moving rapidly back and forth across the windshield, he could see only a few feet ahead of the truck.

"This rain had better stop soon," he said. "We've got a lot of moving to do this afternoon."

The red pick-up passed the spot where it had been parked several hours before, and moved up the long pathway that split the cotton field. A few clouds still floated in the distance, but the sun had driven away the forbidding storm signals. Large patches of earth had already dried, but intermittent spots of wet earth still covered the fields. The stalks of corn lay wet and cloggy, hugging the ground.

Martha watched the wet cotton stalks as they moved past the window. She did not want to look forward, but she could feel the house approaching her. It became larger and more encompassing. She could see the corner of it protruding upon the cotton field.

"Well, we're here," Tom said, bringing the truck to a stop. "Now all we gotta do is move in." Martha sat in the front seat of the truck without moving.

"Come on, Mama," Jean called, as she jumped out of the truck behind Tommy, and followed her father.

Martha opened the door reluctantly, and climbed slowly outside the truck. She stood on the ground and stretched her arms. She felt very tired. She watched her husband and her children climb into the back of the truck. God, she thought, they look as if they don't mind at all. She looked at the house. Dark, somber, grim. It cast a shadow across the grass in front of the porch. It looked cold inside the shadow. Martha turned and faced the truck, placing her hand on the fender. We can't live here, she told herself, not after this long. After so many years . . . She looked at her husband. Tall, strong, just as he had looked when he had courted her nineteen years ago. Martha's thoughts turned to her courtship. She was seventeen then, and had admired Tom's tall, muscular stature, and the proud, defiant way his body had moved as he walked in long, heavy strides.

She remembered watching him from the window in the living

room as he walked from the road to her house. Just as he reached the door, she would hurry upstairs, and shut herself in her room. Her mother would answer the door and invite Tom in, and then call her. She would then descend the staircase slowly, trying not to look flattered by Tom's visit. But Tom's attentions had flattered her. He was twenty-seven when he had married her—the same summer their courtship began.

Although only seventeen when they were married, she had quickly passed the bridge from adolescence to womanhood. Within a few months she had become as old as Tom. She had never ceased, however, to rely on Tom for the important decisions. Her first impression of Tom as older, stronger, remained with her. She still looked up to Tom, but she had assumed the position of a wife and woman. He had left her in complete charge of the small house they had rented seven miles from town while he worked the fields. So what if Tom is working on shares, she had told herself the day after they had moved in. He'll soon pull himself up. She had stood at the kitchen window and watched Tom guide the heavy plow through the thick, cloggy earth. He's strong, she had thought, he's determined. We'll save money and buy a place of our own. Build our own house. Farm our own fields.

The nineteen years that she had held this dream passed quickly through Martha's mind. Each year the dream had become a little more elusive, a little farther away. After her first child had died during a premature birth, the dream had begun to retreat from her grasp. She had held it, momentarily, when Jean was born, but it had soon begun to drift again. But she could still see it. She still knew that it was there. She could still cling to it. Occasionally it helped to pull her through the bad times.

She watched her husband and her two children unload the furniture. Tommy and Jean were on the truck, pushing the heavy pieces to the end so Tom could lift them off.

Turning away suddenly, she faced the house. A feeling of complete cessation of life passed through her body, and the blood seemed to shrink within her veins. It flowed to her stomach, rushing rapidly, leaving her arms and legs devoid of feeling. If I move into that house now, I'll never leave, she told herself. I'll always live there. There'll never be a new house. My children will get grown there, leave there, be glad they left. And I'll die there.

"Martha, come on and help." Tom's voice sounded childishly enthusiastic and excited. The sound pierced her thoughts, and she looked up, startled, trembling for an instant.

"All right, Tom, I'm coming," she called back, pulling her apron snugly around her waist. Tying the cords at her back with several swift, deft movements, she walked slowly around the truck to help her husband.

It was late afternoon when they finally finished unloading the truck and moving the furniture into the house. Martha sat down in one of the chairs on the front porch and leaned her head against its back. Her hands lay in her lap, limp and lifeless.

"Tired?" Tom asked her in a pleasant tone, sitting in a chair beside her. She did not reply.

"We'll let the children fix supper tonight," he continued, looking across the cotton field at the highway. A mud-spattered sedan moved slowly toward town, hardly perceptible in the gray half-light that saturated the atmosphere.

"It'll be night soon," he said, pulling out a pipe and a package of tobacco from his shirt. Sounds of running and squeals of laughter came from inside the house.

"Tommy! Jean!" Tom called. They came outside obediently, suppressing their giggles. "Fix up some supper for your Mama and me. She's tired. Sandwiches will be good enough. We all got to go to bed soon. We got a lot of work to do tomorrow."

"Yes sir," they replied, scurrying back inside. The squeals resumed.

"Martha, don't feel so bad about the house," Tom said, laying down his pipe on the arm of the rocker. "We won't stay here long. We'll have a new house. You'll see. Just as soon as we get on our feet a little."

Martha stood up, brushing the folds from her skirt.

"Guess I'll go in and help the kids fix supper," she said, and entered the house.

Supper was a tedious meal that night. They ate slowly, talking little to one another. Whenever Martha was depressed or melancholy, it soon spread to the other members of the family. She had spoken only a few words throughout the meal, and the gay spirits which Tommy and Jean had shown earlier had suddenly disappeared. Tom did not talk, but occasionally looked at Martha, starting to speak, hesitating, and then deciding against it. An oil lamp sat in the middle of the table, emitting a yellow-white glow. A hemisphere of darkness encompassed the table, pressing against the flickering outer realm of light.

They finished the meal and sat for several minutes in complete silence.

"Want some more coffee, Tom," Martha asked, getting up to pour another cup for herself.

"No, I guess not," he replied.

Jean balanced her fork on the edge of her plate and turned to Tommy.

"Tommy, I know what let's do. Let's go outside and . . ."

"Children, it's time for you to go to bed," Martha interrupted. They looked up at her, surprised.

"But Mama, it's only eight o'clock. It's not time to go to bed yet. Can't we stay up a little longer?"

"Yes, just a little longer, Mama, please," Tommy added.

"No, it's time for bed. Like your father said, we all got a lot of work to do tomorrow. So, off to bed."

Tommy and Jean walked toward the door. Jean turned.

"Goodnight," she said. This was followed by a goodnight from Tommy, and they left the room.

Martha turned from the stove and walked to the table. She poured a cup of coffee. As soon as the cup was full she looked at her husband.

"Tom, I've got to talk to you," she said, slowly, in a calm, determined tone. She turned and placed the coffee pot back on the stove. "Tom, we ain't going to stay in this house. I've made up my mind. It's no kind of house to raise two children in. Look at it—the walls are black with smut, whole hunks of plaster out all around the walls . . ."

"They can be fixed, Martha. The walls can be painted . . ."

"No, Tom, they can't. It's not just the walls or the plaster. It's more than that. It's the whole house. It's old, it's ugly, it's a sharecropper's house."

"We ain't sharecroppers, Martha," Tom replied, his voice flaring. "I paid for this house and the land. It's our's. We ain't sharecroppers."

"Just the same, Tom, it's a sharecropper's house. It ain't right to bring Jean and Tommy up in a place like this. They'll be ashamed of it as soon as they get a little older."

"They ain't going to be ashamed of it, Martha. Not after I get it fixed up. Why, it'll look nice with a coat of paint. You can plant some shrubs. Why, it'll look downright pretty."

"No, it won't. It'll never look nice. Tom, this ain't no place for Jean to have fellows come to see her in. She's going to be ashamed for them to come to see her in a place like this. I know, Tom. I was always ashamed. I want it to be better for Jean. I don't want her to have to be ashamed."

Martha paused for a few moments, breathing heavily. She lifted the cup she held in her hand to her lips, filling her mouth with the black coffee. It was cold, and tasted bitter. The muscles in her throat tensed as she swallowed it.

"Martha, we'll have a new house, but it can't be now. I promised you one and I'll build you one. Just wait till I make them fields produce. Then we'll have money. Then I'll build you a house."

"I've heard that before, Tom. Heard it too many times to believe it now. If we stay in this house now, we'll never leave. Once

we start fixing it up, you'll never build another. Tom, I've never stood up against you before. I've always held my peace, trying to be a wife to you, trying to put up with the bad times and the good times both. But there's a limit, Tom, and this is it. You promised me a home nineteen years ago. You've been promising it ever since. Well, you've got to give it to me now."

She stopped, looking straight into Tom's face. He turned his head, avoiding her eyes as she spoke.

"I've never made you give me anything before," she continued. "I always let the things I wanted pass by when you said you didn't have the money. Helped you save the pennies. Done without enough to wear when times were bad. But now you got to do this. If we stay here tonight, tomorrow, next week, we'll always be here. I don't want to die in this house, Tom."

Tom looked at her for a few minutes, and then stood up.

"Why talk about dying, Martha," he said, looking toward the stove. "You're young yet. You'll get your new house. I promise you. But it can't be now. Not just yet. I'm sorry, Martha, but that's the way it has to be."

He turned toward the door.

"Tom, don't walk out of this room until you look me in the face and tell me that you'll build that house, that you'll start building it tomorrow."

"Goodnight, Martha," he replied, and left the room.

She stared at the door which Tom had closed. Her thoughts seemed to swirl inside her head, colliding and rebounding. She sat down in a chair, gripping the edge of the table, and tried to calm the desperation mounting inside of her. She rose, finally, and followed Tom into the bedroom.

Unable to sleep, Martha lay close to the edge of the bed, with her back toward Tom. She looked across the room, staring at the window. She could see the sky, speckled with stars. The sky had been drained clear of its clouds during the day and was transparent. A clear night, she told herself. She moved her hand to her throat, and began to button and unbutton the neck of her cotton gown.

It has to be tonight, she kept repeating to herself, almost feverishly. It has to be. Tomorrow will be too late. We can't sleep in this house.

Suddenly she turned on her back, and stared at the cloud of darkness that clung to the ceiling. Her legs became taut, and her fingernails dug into the palms of her hands.

She looked at Tom. He was sleeping soundly. She carefully pulled the cover back from the bed and got up. She groped in the

darkness for a few minutes, trying to find her housecoat. Her hands felt it on a chair. She quickly put it on and left the room. She entered the kitchen, opening the door as quietly as possible.

She walked to the table and reached for the oil lamp. Her hands felt it, then gripped it tightly, pulling it to the side of the table. Reaching across to the stove, she picked up a box of matches which lay on top of the oven. She took one out and, hesitating for a few moments, struck it. The match hissed, glowing intensely, and then simmered to a steady, even flame. She lifted the oblong glass shade which covered the lamp, lit the wick, and turned it up as far as it would go.

The green in Martha's robe assumed a vibrant intenseness as it absorbed the light from the lamp. Pushing her hair over her shoulders, she walked toward the window, holding the lamp in front of her. Reaching the window, she leaned forward and held the lamp to the window sill. The wood was dry and old, and within a few seconds it was burning with a small, steady flame. She lifted the lamp to the window shade. It ignited immediately. She then put the flame to the curtains and saw them dissolve. Turning to the table, she touched the flame to the white cloth, and watched the flames sweep across it.

She could hear the hissing and cracking of the flames as she moved from the table to the door. The room was filling with smoke. Opening the door, she walked slowly through the dining room and into the front room, clutching the lamp.

She went first to a blue tapestry sofa and held the flame at one of the pillows until it lighted. She walked to a window, lit the sill first, then the shade and curtain. Looking down, she saw the cloth rug. She stooped and held the flame to the rug. It burned slowly at first, and then rapidly, spreading the fire across the room.

Martha walked into the dining room, and stood in front of the kitchen door. The kitchen was in flames. The intensity of the glare burned her eyes. She could feel the smoke rush past her. She looked towards the living room. The flames were leaping eagerly from one chair to another, racing from the bottom of the walls to the ceiling.

She started to open the bedroom door, then hesitated. Not yet, she kept telling herself. Not just yet. A few more minutes. Just a few more minutes. The burning walls were beginning to make a loud, crackling noise. She looked through the opening into the living room. The flames had engulfed the ceiling, and pieces of plaster were beginning to fall. The clock fell from the mantle with a loud crash, and its parts scattered upon the floor.

The smoke had almost filled the dining room. Martha looked once more at the flames that were moving slowly toward her. She turned to the door. Pressing the knob between her fingers, she

twisted it and pulled. She called to Tom as she ran across the room, the smoke pouring in behind her.

"Tom, Tom," she yelled, reaching the bed. "Get up." She pushed his shoulders with her hands. "Get up. The house is burning."

Tom got up quickly, looking at her.

"Martha! What . . ."

"Come on," she said, pulling him forward. "We got to get the children out."

Tom followed close behind her as she ran to the children's room. Tommy, already awake, was shaking Jean's shoulders with both his hands.

"Get up! Get up!" Martha yelled to them, reaching the bed and throwing back the covers. "Quick, crawl out the window. The house is afire."

Tom was at the window. He picked Tommy up in his arms and lifted him out.

"Jump, now," he called, turning him loose.

He then turned to Jean, and helped her through the window. "Quick, now. Hurry. Hurry." Jean was on the ground. He turned to Martha. "Come on, Martha, get out," he said, and steadied her as she pulled herself to the sill.

The smoke was rushing through the open window, and Martha could hardly breathe as she pushed against the ledge, throwing herself forward. The ground felt icy and wet to her bare feet. Tom was coughing behind her.

"Are you out?" he called, gasping for breath, trying to push the smoke away with his hands.

"Yes, yes, come on," she called, reaching up to help him from the ledge. Tom jumped, steadied himself, and grabbed Martha's arm. They followed the children across the yard, Tom running ahead of Martha, pulling her.

They reached the children, and then turned, facing the house. The flames had burst through the sides, filling the yard with a deep, golden glow.

"It's bright as daylight," Tommy yelled, his eyes fixed intently upon the blaze.

Jean began to cry. "Mama, Daddy, what can we do?" she asked, trying to prevent the sobbing. "We got to do something. All our things . . ."

Martha looked at Tom.

"You stay here with the kids," he told her. "I'll go get some help. We got to keep it from spreading." He ran to the Chevrolet truck, and drove quickly up the path to the highway.

"When is Daddy coming back, Mama," Tommy asked anx-

iously, turning his gaze from the fire to the red tail lights of the Chevrolet.

"He's gone to get some help," Martha told him, placing a hand on his back. "He'll be back in a little while."

A motor was heard down the highway. Martha, Jean, and Tommy looked up.

"Here he comes! Here he comes!" Tommy yelled, breaking loose from his mother's grip and running toward the path.

The house was now burning at a steady, even rate. The roof had caved in, and pieces of charred wood lay in the fields beside the house.

A set of headlights slowed and turned down the path, followed closely by two others. The Chevrolet pulled to a stop about a hundred yards from the house.

"The fire truck's coming," Tom called as he stepped from the truck. The two cars behind him pulled to a stop, leaving their headlights on, and several men followed Tom.

Martha walked toward them.

"We gotta stop it from spreading, Mrs. Willowby," one of the men told her as she neared them. "Them dry fields will go up like gunpowder."

The sound of a siren was heard in the distance, faint at first, then becoming increasingly louder, finally giving a harsh, shrill cry as two headlights appeared on the highway. Martha watched the truck turn down the path and pull to a stop beside the automobiles. Several firemen jumped off the side of the truck and began to unroll the hose.

"Too late for the house," Tom called to them, "but we got to keep it from spreading."

Several of the men crowded around the firemen and helped them unroll the hose.

Martha sat beneath an elm tree that stood a safe distance from the smoking ruins of the house. A few pieces of wood glowed now and then as the last sparks of flame died out, but the fire itself was dead, and the house lay black and charred. A thin, skeletal frame was all that remained.

Martha looked toward the house. Several men were still in the yard, talking to Tom. The fire engine had left twenty minutes ago. She pulled the blanket more snugly around Tommy and Jean, who sat beside her, one on each side. Tommy was sleepy; his eyes began to close for several seconds, and then open heavily.

"Mama, where'll we live now?" Jean asked.

"We can live with Aunt Ellen," Martha said, "until we get our new house."

Jean nestled closer to Martha, laying her head on Martha's shoulder. She's content, Martha thought. She's satisfied.

Tom walked toward them. The last of the men were driving their automobiles up the path that split the cotton field. He reached them and stood in front of Martha. He gazed into her eyes with a look that revealed both perplexity and admiration.

ROBERT S. WARD

Mr. Hat

Mr Hat would not remove
the Mr
of his hat;

Mr Hat would not look out
of his Mr Eyes,
preferring rather to Mr within.

Mr Hat sniffed only a Mr Air,
and would glance
at only a brimmed and Mr World,

The Mr World of Mr Hat;
and whenever Mr Hat
extended his Mr Hand,

It was but to another
Mr Hand, a hand
extended

By a Mr Hat, one which would never
remove the Mr
from the Mr of its hat.

And shaking,—
Mr Hat-hand
in Mr Hat-hand,—

They would Mr one another
in the Mr
of their eyes, eyes

That would be, eyes . . .
whose only looking, whose only staring
was an end

Neither in itself, nor out;
and each saying
the other's name,

The other's name would say itself;
and said, and their hands again
a Mr of their hats,

They would resume the world,
a world seen in,
and a world seen out.

ROBERT SWARD of Iowa has poems appearing in current issues of *Antioch Review*, *New Mexico Quarterly*, *New Orleans Poetry Journal*, *Mainstream*, *Experiment* and other magazines.

CHARLES BLACK

The Solitary

To straggle, or to lie away from camp
Forbidden: Rocks of eating by a cliff
To designate themselves for punishment,
Loci of lashes, batcaves of absolving
Groped for and missed. The warp of mediation
Unwefted falls apart, severally members
Of its disject strands. I'd teach you, if I could
Teach you (The cup is full, but never passes)
Of sleep through a thin wall, of women's voices
At priestess-office sacring death and birth
For the house. There is a seat in meadow-grass
Warm and cool at once, a lost redoubt of trees
Tangling before the moon, a loneliness
Of sand, and final in quaternity
Sea-soleness, first created, swallowing all
Loneness and lives and voices. I have tasted
Of these, for the telling of it. In that other
Aloneness of Abaddon, of the burning
Of trash in fields, of a wing across a star
Guessed at in works and ways, Oh bright of limb,
Remember speech, walk circumspectly over
Still streams, go past the full-faced muttered clank
Of basement doors, past breaking bread with hands
Across the mouth, past rooms of sudden silence.

CHARLES BLACK, who teaches law at Yale, has had poems published in the Chicago Review, New Orleans Poetry Journal, Folio, Shenandoah, Approach, and others. He has things appearing now in Epoch and Perspective.

In Review

Bridge to the Sun: Gwen Terasaki. Chapel Hill; The University of North Carolina Press, 1957. \$3.50. Reviewed by Warner Wells, of the University of North Carolina School of Medicine, who translated and edited *Hiroshima Diary*.

One delightfully cool and sunny Sunday morning in May, 1956 Professor and Mrs. James Godfrey called to ask if they could come by with two out-of-town visitors. One had lived in Japan and, having read *Hiroshima Diary*, wished to talk to me.

Presently, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Mayne Miller, a former student of Professor Godfrey, now practicing law in Johnson City, Tennessee, and his charming and exquisitely beautiful wife, Mariko. My wife served Japanese tea and, if I remember, small cubes of *yukan*, a delicious Japanese confection made from soybean.

I learned casually that Mariko, or "Mako" in the diminutive, had been born in China, was living in Washington, D. C. when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, and during the war years had gone to live in Japan. This was puzzling and an explanation did not become apparent until Mr. Miller and I went out in the yard to look at some project I was currently working on.

He told me he had a manuscript written by Mako's mother that had been praised and refused by every publishing agent on Madison Avenue. In Mr. Miller's judgment, the manuscript deserved publication. He had come to me for advice because *Hiroshima Diary* had been so sympathetically handled by The University of North Carolina Press.

The manuscript recounted the courtship and marriage of an American girl to a brilliant young attache to the Japanese Embassy in Washington, their life together in the Japanese diplomatic service during the 1930's, her husband's continuing but ultimately futile efforts to avoid the disaster of war between

Japan and the United States, removal to Japan with Mako—then nine years old—after Pearl Harbor, life in Japan during the war years, and finally the tragic grief and despair Mr. Terasaki endured trying to use statesmanship and diplomacy against the fury and bitterness of war.

I suggested to Mr. Miller he send the manuscript to Mr. Lambert Davis, Director of The University of North Carolina Press, adding that I could promise him every effort would be made to give it expression, regardless of outcome, if it had something to say. (This was a bold assertion, perhaps, but having seen this amply demonstrated with *Hiroshima Diary*, certainly not a reckless one.)

Mr. Davis received the manuscript and in August 1956 let me read it while we were vacationing at Lake Waccamaw. I couldn't put it down; nor could my wife. It was one of those rare and beautiful reading experiences that forever after leaves a time-place memory association. From a letter I later wrote Mr. Davis, I take the liberty to quote, as follows:

"It is my feeling that this manuscript has many things to recommend it. It is first of all a beautiful, tender and moving love story that, in its unselfishness and devotion, calls to mind the story of Ruth and Boaz. The emotional and psychic distress incurred by foreign nationals when war breaks out is vividly portrayed. The personal glimpse one gets of the exodus of the Japanese diplomatic corps following Pearl Harbor is exceedingly well told and will be of definite value to the historian. The book gives an arresting picture of the Japanese during the Second World War and shows convincingly that there were thoughtful and conscientious people in Japan, no less than here, who had dedicated their lives to the avoidance of war. The flash-backs Mrs. Terasaki gives of her life as the wife of a Jap-

anese diplomat during the 10 or 12 years before Pearl Harbor is another feature of value and high interest in this narrative. Last, her portrayal of Japanese character in Japan, living conditions and personal privations of a people deteriorating as a nation in defeat is drawn with accuracy and compassion.

"It is perhaps worth stating that the sombre tones and the flowering of personal and national tragedy are relieved by an exquisite sense of humor that often flashes poignantly when least expected.

"I believe this manuscript deserves the most serious consideration. My wife read it and fully shares my opinion. Many thanks for permitting me to read the manuscript."

By *Love Possessed*. James Gould Cozzens. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1957. \$5.00. Reviewed by Jerah Johnson who teaches in the University of North Carolina.

This book deals with the conflict between Principle and Pathos that has plagued individual man since he first learned to generalize his experience and formulate principles by which to guide his course of action in life. Most of us from time to time find ourselves in situations wherein principles in which we believe and practical necessities or circumstances stand in direct opposition to each other. How to reconcile these two factors has long constituted one of man's most frustrating problems. Some people are steadfast men of principle and like Brutus let nothing compromise them; others are practical and compassionate and make allowances, the Caesars. Jesus of Nazareth disputed with the Pharisees on the point. There have been many discussions and many answers to this problem. James Gould Cozzens goes over one of them again in *By Love Possessed*. The main character here is attorney Arthur Winner, a man of principle, a man of the Law; and this is the story of how he resolved the conflict in his own mind.

Although the reader actually follows Arthur Winner through only two days and two nights of his life, the whole background is filled in by means of a series of reminiscences and long conversations which are triggered by the different people whom Winner meets on his daily rounds. The small Connecticut town in which he lives has presented him occasion calling for an adjustment of his principles in his law practice involving a rape case, in his morals in relation to his illicit love affair with his best friend's wife, in his ethics because of the discovery that an aged and respected member of the community had been embezzling church funds, and so on. Each time that he has slipped or was forced into one of these debasing actions his anguish increased and his need to gain peace with himself mounted and tensed. The way is pointed to him by his polio-crippled law partner, Julius Penrose, who throughout voices the viewpoint and philosophy that the author is obviously trying to get across. The answer given is that principle alone can never suffice for it is an artificial absolute set up by man, while life, itself, is a continuously moving and changing thing that is not exact, but which must be lived as it comes, with understanding, compassion, and intelligence. The answer, man's victory, does not lie in reaching certainties or in finding solutions to the mysteries of life, but it is in being able to make do with the uncertainties and to support the unsolved mysteries. The rough places in this process are smoothed over with goodness, sympathy, and kindness, or in a word, love. Love, that is, in the most complete sense of knowing human beings and accepting them for what they are, and in the same way knowing and accepting oneself. Love thus becomes the force and guide by means of which one is able to move through this ever changing life.

This is no new answer. It has been given in different ways at different times. To take two examples from recent times: this is exactly what Eric Fromm is talking about in *The Art of Loving* published last year; and

some thirty-five years ago the scientist-artist, Havelock Ellis, expounded it beautifully in his *Dance of Life*. Although these three men are saying the same thing, there is a difference, and it is enlightening to compare them. The one is a scientist and tells us; the novelist is an artist, so he shows us; and Havelock Ellis presents us with a rich tapestry made from the two, indeed, a philosopher's piece. It is the language that makes the difference between writing which is literature and writing which is idea exposition only. So, now for a look at Mr. Cozzens' language.

This book was slowly and painstakingly written, and it must be read the same way. James Gould Cozzens spent over seven years carefully putting it together. And it most certainly is put together, not written in the sense that a Faulkner or a Wolfe writes, flooding the reader with a great torrent of words to make him feel by the sheer force of their combined power the poignancy, depth, and reality of what is being described. It is, rather, the result of deliberate consideration and selection of the precise word or phrase to convey the author's meaning to the reader. Cozzens is primarily a word man. He is not so much interested in sentence smoothness and readability as he is in the right word. Each word has clearly been chosen with not only its particular shade of meaning in mind but also its effect in the way of sound and force in relation to the other words around it as well as to the subject that is being described. These words have to be read slowly, mulled over, their multiple meanings tasted. Indeed, to derive the maximum benefit from it, much of this book should be read aloud.

Cozzens has not tried during his long literary career, which began with a first story in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1919 and has gone on to include twelve novels (one of them a Pulitzer Prize winner), to develop any "new" or different style. He does little experimenting; he has taken the traditional approach of prose description and narration and polished it to a fine deep glow. The end product of this atten-

tion to words and simplicity of structure is a calm, even, disciplined, exact, and tremendously powerful writing that carries a total effect not dissimilar to that found in the Classics.

In the way of shortcomings, the most striking is the often too obvious system of symbols. The Brutus-Caesar parallel would have been made clear, for example, by his title to the last section of the book, "Within the Tent of Brutus," without calling the Caesar-figure Julius Penrose, too. Again the names of Arthur Winner, himself, of his first wife, Hope, now dead, and of the talkative Mrs. Pratt are all almost trite. In this Mr. Cozzens falls far short of the standard set by a man such as Joseph Conrad, probably the master in the use of name symbols. The other important weakness is the frequent clumsy sentence structure that stops the reader dead and forces him to back-track before he has got the meaning straight. If Mr. Cozzens could extend to his sentences what he has achieved in his words, he would have come very close to the mark, indeed.

Last Recollections of My Uncle Charles, Nigel Balchin. New York: Rinehart, 1957. \$3.50.

Revolution & Roses, P. H. Newby. New York: Knopf, 1957. \$3.50.

The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold, Evelyn Waugh. Boston: Little, Brown, 1957. \$3.75.

Reviewed by Max Cosman who writes frequently for various quarterlies, for *The New Leader*, *Commonweal* and *The Nation*.

What the English are is of concern to us today. Studies like Drew Middleton's *These Are the British* and pamphlets like those put out by the British Information Services are well and good but they lack that inner personality which only creative writers achieve. Three such writers, it will be conceded, are Nigel Balchin, P. H. Newby, and Evelyn Waugh. What do their most recent works reveal?

INVITATION To Authors

Pageant Press (among the leading publishers in the U.S.) offers to publish and promote your book and pay you a royalty of 40 per cent. Write for our free descriptive brochure, "How to Get Your Book Published."

We are now preparing publication schedules for 1958 and would welcome manuscripts in the fields of Fiction, History, Sociology, Biography, Religion, Belles-Lettres, as well as specialized subjects. If your manuscript is ready for publication, send it to us today. We will mail you full details concerning publication possibilities within one week.

SETH RICHARDS
Dept. Q PUBLISHER
PAGEANT PRESS
101 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 3

Village BOOK & STATIONERY, Inc.

CAMERON VILLAGE
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

Books ✦ Stationery ✦ Cards
Gifts ✦ Office Supplies ✦ Frames

Chronologically Mr. Balchin's *Last Recollections of My Uncle Charles* comes first. It is an amorphous book, not quite a collection of short stories per se, yet not a novel either since its central character or narrator is hardly compelling enough to take the place of an over-all plot that is missing. The volume is avuncular for reasons other than its title. For one thing, it has an easy-chair tone. For another, it deals with the sort of material a mellow kinsman will notice in the human scene about him.

"*Mine Host*" reports on an ex-stock clerk who wins a fortune in the Irish Sweepstakes and dissipates it playing the wealthy host in a hotel. "*Arthur in Avalon*" highlights a pillar of respectability who turns out to be a sad-sack of a criminal. "*The Enthusiast*" treats of a hanger-on who foregoes desired suicide because he cannot injure an automobile he loves. "*Mrs. Sludge*" presents the case of a fake medium who on one occasion unexpectedly develops authentic perceptiveness. "*The Tinfield Mascot*" recounts the tale of an American negro who returns to an English village to claim the child that was born to him by an unwed white girl.

From such accounts of little people—weaklings, failures, or just commonplace beings adjusting themselves to the exigencies of life—there rises a sense of the seediness and down-at-the-heels nature of (if we exclude professional and technical groups) today's middle class in England. It is a class which for all its underlying soundness is seemingly interested, as Mr. Balchin reads it, in little beyond immediate self-concern.

P. H. Newby redresses the balance somewhat. His *Revolution & Roses* has to do with some countrymen, overseas in Egypt at the time of King Farouk, who though muddled in their several outlooks are very much aware of something beyond themselves. Their efforts to find out what it is gets them caught up in the details of a revolution which is as much directed against their England as against an unwanted ruler.

It is revolutionists vis-a-vis English

that noticeably interests Mr. Newby. Just as in his earlier novel, *Picnic at Sakkara*, Muawiya the patriotic student cannot kill his English teacher, Perry, because of personal affection, so in the present novel, Yehia the idealistic lieutenant cannot hate his English adversary, Elaine, because he loves her. If Muawiya and Yehia, and Perry and Elaine, are symbols of their respective countries (and we are, I believe, expected to think they are that) it seems clear that Mr. Newby is saying, in a form that mixes farce and wishfulfillment, that England's civilizing influence makes even those who rebel against her rebel nevertheless with roses, that is, adoration. Thus Yehia at the end of the novel is pictured in England happily united to Elaine. He is very smart in an Egyptian uniform which is conspicuous, however, for its "British Sam Browne." Also, despite the interdiction of his Moslem faith against alcohol, he is drinking, as the English characteristically do, sherry. Not all is lost then, according to Mr. Newby.

Revolution & Roses is humorous; *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* despite much comic contrivance essentially is not. Though the novel purports to be of a Mr. Pinfold (fictionally speaking, he is Waugh's surrogate; a prefatory note says, "Mr. Waugh does not deny that 'Mr. Pinfold' is largely based on himself."), it is not too fanciful to see his nervous breakdown and sea voyage afterward, attended by hallucinatory persecution, not only as a taking account by Waugh of various critical animadversions against himself but also as a parable on his country's reactions to strains domestic and foreign. Thus the whisperings, if not outright charges against Pinfold-Waugh's health, faith, works, and political leanings have their correlative in the spate of malicious innuendoes or overt accusations of decline which, observers have noted, have been leveled against England ever since her fiasco at Suez.

One may doubt, if he will, how close a correspondence there is between Pinfold-Waugh's hallucinations and Eng-

"Edge on Fashion"

in chapel hill

J. B. Rattina

128 E. Franklin St.

Ph. 9477

THE PINES

TRADITIONALLY

FINE FOOD

NEAR
UNIVERSITY MOTEL
IN
GLEN LENNOX

chapel
hill's
shopping
center



*Finest
Foods*



**UNIVERSITY
RESTAURANT**

*Beside the Post Office
across Franklin Street
from the Campus*

land's neuroticisms, but he cannot doubt the novel's implication that we project our folly upon the world, and that such projected folly always returns to us sevenfold. But all ends well. Pinfold-Waugh recovers and returns home safely—as the book puts it, “he had endured a great ordeal and, unaided, had emerged the victor.” Though the term *unaided* is not strictly just when applied to England—one has in mind the matter of American aid—there is still more than a modicum of truth in Waugh's sober conclusion, as anyone who has seen examples of England's tremendous efforts toward recovery will testify.

In works, then, like these, we see the English as they see themselves. They admit that their long beleaguement by enemies has lost them native color, some material possessions, and much equanimity, but they add something else just as sturdily: their losses will be made good and they have no fear of the future.

Man in his Theater, Samuel Selden. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1957. \$3.00. Reviewed by Ralph Black, theater specialist at the Atlanta Public Library.

Samuel Selden's *Man in his Theater*, coming as it does after a long line of excellent and useable technical books on theater craft, will be read by many on the recommendation that his name gives to anything that he might publish. This book is a new departure in that it is a statement of a newly developed philosophy of the theater and an evaluation of our present day theater in terms of that philosophy.

Moving from Oxytricha to Odets, Selden clearly argues alongside the Romanticists in their insistence on the Natural Development, and places himself over against the critics represented by Bentley in his *Playwright as Thinker*. Selden holds that the basis of drama is active conflict resulting in change that is a resurrection. There is much castigation of those writers whose dramas are developed at the purely

mental level, or who leave their characters in despair.

At this time when there is a revival of interest in drama within the church, religious drama—religion here being defined in an encompassing sense—this book will be welcomed. This very appeal indicates the limits that Selden places on drama.

Selden's biologically oriented theory, overly dependent on Sinnott's controversial work, *Cell and Psyche*, arrives at a formula for drama that is based on Ritual and Myth. The ritual must be present in the elements of correlation between light and darkness, a King and Scapegoat and King's Son, characters to provide the sense of continuing life or a resurrection, and a sense of change. The Myth hero must be a doer with a dream, possessing great capacity, able to feel deeply, suffer intensely, and struggle vigorously.

Selden writes of the present as a "period of recording." Most of our dramatists are merely reporters; skillful and sympathetic though they are, most of them are outside the tradition of drama as ritual and myth. This he holds no brief against; many of them are fine artists, even so. But he would dismiss any playwright who ends his play in despair, denying that the theater can still serve as the double advocate, creating attention that demands a release through a real adventure. Selden holds that this adventure must occur while in the theater. This is not to say that his basic thesis is wrong, but that it is too limited in scope. The writer who finds man bound by innate forces of evil and unable to conquer them is not necessarily a cynic. He could be one of our most powerful, creative, adventurous theologians. To recognize this limit is not to say that man is moving backward, but that there is within him something which he cannot transcend; nor does this lead to sterility by lack of change as Selden argues.

This same man would not of necessity advocate that impractical goals be given up. These impractical goals are

THE ART of TAILORING

*"Every man to his business,
but indeed the craft of a tailor
is beyond all doubt as noble
and as secret as any in the
world."*

PETE THE TAILOR

Over Alexander's Shoe Store
135½ E. FRANKLIN ST.
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

SUTTON'S Drug Store

1
since
1923

1
Prescription Specialists
159 E. Franklin St.
Chapel Hill, N. C.
Phone 98781

part of the limits that are inherent in his condition, and above all, there is no surrender of individuality and individual responsibility. It is the tenacious struggle of the individual against these odds, the refusal to be comprised by judgment, that so often leads to despair. Selden would have us be concerned with only those who appear to overcome these limitations, failing to recognize that this triumph is for one man only and not for mankind. This is also true of despair. Selden, in asking that change take place, equates that

change with adjustment to a harmony with the natural forces. This denies the dignity of man to be stubborn, to refuse to change in order that he might conquer and become the hero through his stubbornness.

Man in his Theater should find a place in our collection of significant theater writing in that it challenges many present-day trends, but it is wished that the argument were more tightly drawn and not a mere case of special pleading.

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE INTERNATIONAL COMPARATIVE LITERATURE ASSOCIATION and THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, in collaboration with The American Council of Learned Societies, announces the Second Congress of THE INTERNATIONAL COMPARATIVE LITERATURE ASSOCIATION to be held at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, N. C., September 8-12, 1958. General Organizer: Werner P. Friederich, Box 775, Chapel Hill, N. C.



WENTWORTH
&
SLOAN
Jewelers

**HUGGINS
HARDWARE**

Contents

Spring, 1958

Vol. X, No. 2

STORIES

THE END OF SUMMER	Doris Betts	7
THE STRONG-MINDED MAN	Guy Epling	32
BREEDS	Coleman Barks	54

ARTICLES

EXISTENTIAL CATEGORIES IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE	Maurice Natanson	17
REDS, PROFS, AND CADILLACS	Walter Arndt	45

POEMS

GRANDMA REFRESHED!	Robert Sward	31
SEA SCENE	Julian Mason	52
THE OLD PENSIONER	Joanne Childers	53
PACE	Elizabeth Paris	62
OLD MAN AND SPRING	Gordon Gilsdorf	62

REVIEW ESSAY

JAMES BOYER MAY: A FORCE IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE	Kenneth Lawrence Beaudoin	63
--	---------------------------	----

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE INTERNATIONAL COMPARATIVE LITERATURE ASSOCIATION and THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, in collaboration with The American Council of Learned Societies, announces the Second Congress of THE INTERNATIONAL COMPARATIVE LITERATURE ASSOCIATION to be held at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, N. C., September 8-12, 1958. General Organizer: Werner P. Friederich, Box 775, Chapel Hill, N. C.

HOMESTEAD MOTEL

3 Miles South of Durham on Chapel Hill-Durham Highway

Catering Especially To College
Students and Their Parents

NEW BRICK LUXURY MOTEL • AIR-CONDITIONED
STEAM HEAT • TELEPHONES AND RADIOS IN
ALL ROOMS • SOME WITH TV
NEAR NEW MODERN RESTAURANT

*Wall-to-Wall Carpeting — Tub and Shower
Combination Baths*

Telephone Durham 2-2129

Post Office Box 218 — Durham, North Carolina

Danziger's
of
Chapel Hill
presents

THE MOST OUTSTANDING
COLLECTION OF
INTERNATIONAL GIFTS

From All Over the World



The Carolina Quarterly

*Continuing the tradition established with the
University Magazine in 1844*

Editor

CHRISTIAN LEFEBURE

Associate Editors

Articles and Reviews

JERAH JOHNSON

Poetry

ALMA GRAHAM

Poetry Assistants

JOHN SIPP

JOAN KAYLOR

BETTY YORKE

MARY ANN HARRELL

ANTHONY WOLFF

SAM FRAZIER

Fiction Board

CURTIS GANS

J. P. BOISSAVIT

TOM BYRON SAUNDERS

GLENN MEGINNIS

AMORET BELL

ETHAN TOLMAN

ERNEST BARKER

COLEMAN BARKS

Business Manager

LOUISE NELSON

Advertising Manager

MORRIS GODFREY

Circulation Manager

HARRY KOTSLONIS

Advisory Board

JESSIE REHDER

LAMBERT DAVIS

H. K. RUSSELL

THOMAS PATTERSON

NOEL HOUSTON

Cover Design from an original woodblock print by HARRY MOORE

Copyright 1957 by THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY

THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY is published three times annually at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Subscription Rates are \$1.25 per year. Foreign Subscriptions are \$1.75 per year. Printed and bound by Colonial Press, Inc., Chapel Hill, N. C.

THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY publishes short fiction, poetry, reviews, criticism and articles of general interest. Manuscripts and communications to the editors should be addressed to THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY, Box 1117, Chapel Hill, N. C. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Have You Read

The Old Man and the Boy

By North Carolina's Own

Robert Ruark

Altogether different from the author's earlier books, this personal, warm story of a boyhood on the North Carolina coast is the sort of book you'll keep and enjoy for years.

\$4.95

at

THE INTIMATE BOOKSHOP

205 East Franklin Street
Chapel Hill

INVITATION To Authors

Pageant Press (among the leading publishers in the U.S.) offers to publish and promote your book and pay you a royalty of 40 per cent. Write for our free descriptive brochure, "How to Get Your Book Published."

We are now preparing publication schedules for 1958 and would welcome manuscripts in the fields of Fiction, History, Sociology, Biography, Religion, Belles-Lettres, as well as specialized subjects. If your manuscript is ready for publication, send it to us today. We will mail you full details concerning publication possibilities within one week.

SETH RICHARDS

Dept. Q PUBLISHER

PAGEANT PRESS

101 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 3

SUTTON'S Drug Store

1
since
1923
1

Prescription Specialists

159 E. Franklin St.
Chapel Hill, N. C.
Phone 98781

Quality . . .

. . . is the most important ingredient in any product. With that ever in mind Burlington Industries manufactures textile products of unsurpassed quality which are used by America's apparel, home furnishings, industrial and retail trades.

The logo features the word "Burlington" in a large, elegant script font. Above the letter "n" is a small circular emblem containing a stylized figure. Below "Burlington" is the text "INDUSTRIES, INC." in a smaller, sans-serif, all-caps font.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

Editorial

Much is being said today regarding the relative merits of specialized education and generalized liberal education, and in some quarters the entire American education system and philosophy is being put to question. Most of this discussion is concerned with the top-ranking group of students only, no matter whether they be in the sciences or the arts. It is, for the most part, a question of how to get a better supply of grade-A producers.

We would call attention to another important aspect of the problem—that of the great middle-group composed of the not-stupid-not-smart. They are, to our mind, the most pitiful and tragic of the lot. It is bad, of course, that we have superior intelligences often only half-educated and a sizable quantity of intelligence too low to train, but the former can remedy their own situation under pressure and the latter usually find a place in society which requires little of them and are content. The middle-group, however, with intelligence enough to see and understand the importance and delights of the “vistas of life” opened through liberal education but with not quite enough intelligence to really grasp and make use of these things, remains unsatisfied.

The difficulty here is not “half-educated” but “over-educated.” We have played a cruel trick on these people by educating them beyond their intelligence. They do not have the capacity to go into scholarship or the professions, yet they are no longer content to “take a job.” This group first appeared as a result of the college-for-all program and philosophy of recent years, and now each June they pour out of our colleges and universities by the hundreds of thousands. They drift and are unhappy . . . perhaps they join the army to delay for a few years the agony of trying to answer unanswerable questions. . . .

What hope can we offer to these to whom we have said: “How grand it is to be really intelligent and educated; too bad you’re not?”

C. L.

The
Carolina Quarterly's
EIGHTH ANNUAL
FICTION AWARDS

Continuing its tradition of rewarding and encouraging literary excellence, THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY offers two cash awards, for the two best stories submitted for the next issue.

The judges will be the editors and Fiction Board of the magazine. Decisions will be final. Stories should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Judges reserve the right to withhold the awards in the event there are no stories of sufficient merit.

Deadline for submission is midnight April 1, 1958. No stories post-marked after that date will be considered.

Address all manuscripts to: Fiction Editor, THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY, Box 1117, Chapel Hill, N. C.

THRILLING . . .

is the word for classical music. And now you can enjoy the thrill of owning your own library of the classics. Today is the time to start that collection of the "greats" of the music world. Come in today and choose from brand name LPs the works of your favorite artists at . . .



207 EAST FRANKLIN ST.
CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

DORIS BETTS

The End Of Summer

He had always been faintly astonished by his own size; after all these years he found himself still automatically measuring his height against the things about him.

Now, as he stood in his own back doorway, he noted for the hundredth time that if he barely shifted to his toes his head would bang against the top of the doorframe. And it was a tall frame; he had built it with his own size in mind.

"You're letting the flies in," Lucy said to him.

He stepped obediently into the kitchen and pulled the screen door shut behind him, very carefully, so he would not have to look at Lucy. If he faced her he was sure she would ask that question still another time.

"Is she coming?" Lucy said.

That woman can read my mind. He still looked out through the back screen door, seeing hill and the thickets of briars and polk greens through a pattern of tiny wires. All of this he saw, deckled and full of summer, but he did not see anyone coming toward the house.

"No," he said. "Not yet."

At this his wife began to expand slightly and to splutter.

"Why can't that child ever come when I call her? Not once, mind you, but twice I've gone outside and called my lungs out. And always she answers, sweet and polite as a bird—but never coming till the third time. I want to know why the third is the magic one . . ."

John had not yet turned to face her, so she could not see him smile. He said mildly, "I guess she's busy."

"BUSY!"

The very back of his neck stiffened at this obvious mistake and Lucy's explosion; he was glad he had kept the smile turned safely to the out-of-doors.

"Busy!" Lucy cried again. "And I'm not busy, cooking and cleaning and boiling out clothes and working all morning and afternoon? Fixing the supper nobody comes to eat! BUSY." And she

DORIS BETTS, a former student in the University of North Carolina, is the author of two books: a story collection, *The Gentle Insurrection*, and a novel, *Tall Houses in Winter*. Her short stories have also appeared in the *Virginia Quarterly*, *New Mexico Quarterly*, "best" anthology, *New Campus Writing*, *New Southern Reader*, and *The Carolina Quarterly*.

began to grumble and bang things and walk through the kitchen with quick tips and taps of her small feet.

So he turned from the door to look at her, thinking (with a twinge of guilt) that years of caring for poultry had left their mark on Lucy, made her plump, brisk, poorly balanced on little legs—had taught her the warblings and gruntings and even a squawk or two of all the Rhode Island Reds in the henhouse. And her mingled-color hair was like her one prized Plymouth Rock after (he thought, grinning) a rain—a Plymouth rock with all the tiny damp feathers rumpled and fussed against even the smallest storm. If I went to you now would you fly at me, with your arms akimbo and hitting at air?

"What are you grinning at?" Lucy demanded; and quickly John made an old familiar gesture of wiping his mouth with one great hand, folding the smile tri-cornered in his fingers, shoving it deep into his side pocket. Lucy smiled at that; always smiled; had liked it before they were married; still liked it thirty-eight years later. She subsided around her small bones again and, taking one hand, preened quietly at her hair.

"You're never serious," she scolded, but the tone of voice came from out of the well of those thirty-eight years. No real reproach was in it.

All right for you, My Biddy, he thought, watching her open the oven door and close it up again without any banging. *All right again*. And he turned and looked once more out the screen and onto the hill.

"Here she comes," he said after a time. And he shifted to the balls and toes of his feet to brush his head against the frame of the door, reminding himself soberly: *I am very big. I am sixty-four*. The reminder of the chasms of size and age were necessary; these kept his heart from rolling on his ribs at the very sight of the child coming slowly—ever so slowly—up the hill toward his door.

"Took long enough," said Lucy vaguely, glancing out the window once and beginning to move supper onto the table.

But John waited at the kitchen door, his hand already against the screen to push it open when she came; and he watched the little girl come, watched her bend to examine something on the ground (a green walnut, he decided); watched her pick a bunch of purple polk berries and drop them one by one as she walked (leaving a trail thus for those who sought her tirelessly behind); saw her stoop again to pick up a small stone (flint, he'd bet, and maybe a wild stretch of hope could make it an arrowhead); and finally watched her lie down on the grass and roll under the bottom strand of barbed wire (some go through, and some go over, and some like the feel of grass) and then look up, catch sight of him and smile. *Small smile. Small face*. Young, insisted John to himself.

But the precautions were no good; he felt his heart lift slightly and turn once and settle back; and he set all his face muscles working feverishly until the whole was gruff and unconcerned, the smile deep in his pocket, the voice ordinary when he said as she drew nearer, "Why didn't you come when your grandmother called you?"

"I'm sorry, Gran," she said soberly. She came up the badly mortared rock steps, which he had made himself three dozen years before and which were slowly crumbling away. On the porch she washed her hands in a basin and dried them on a piece of muslin. John had not missed the slide of her foot on the aging second step and he said gruffly, "I've got to fix them steps," and turned away and went through the kitchen into the bedroom and set his pocket watch meticulously by the clock on the mantelpiece.

He heard her close the screen and come into the kitchen. "I'm sorry I'm late," she said politely to her grandmother.

"That's all right," said Lucy hastily. "Come sooner next time."

What else could she say? Apparently she thought of something else for her voice—loud with love and embarrassment—now called sharply, "JOHN? Don't you aim to eat?"

He wound the watch. "I'm coming." Time, he thought. What a very little thing! And he touched the scrolled clock frame almost pityingly, because the whole mechanism was devoted to measuring what was not measurable, what was—in fact—only one whole swatch of something.

And, stooping under the doorframe, he took John Cleves (one whole swatch of sixty-four years of time) into the kitchen again and set him down at the window on one end of a long wooden bench, while Lucy put the last of supper onto the table and took a chair opposite.

"John," she reminded gravely.

"Blessis food. Strength and nourishment. Our bodies Amen," he said hastily. He was too big to mutter that little poem, had been too big for nearly half a century. More than 220 pounds of embarrassed schoolboy. "AMEN!" he said again loudly, and cleared his throat like a bear.

"Amen," clucked Lucy in a dutiful voice. Then she dipped a spoon into the three-legged iron pot in which green beans and a slab of pork were always cooked slowly and lovingly, and filled their plates; and they handed around a bowl of ripe tomatoes—always peeled, quartered, salted, and dumped into a bowl to "soak" so that the juice in the bottom could be spooned out at the end and dripped onto biscuit halves. Red ham and a little bowl of dark gravy, big flat biscuits left cold from dinner, and milk or thick dark coffee made up the rest of the supper.

"I'm hungry," Mary announced happily from the other end of the bench. She put a slice of ham into a biscuit and wiped them around in the liquor of the beans on her plate and slurped.

Lucy smiled. "Your mama won't like that kind of manners at home."

"I'll change them at home," said Mary sensibly. "Besides, I'm not this hungry at home." But she looked horrified when John sprinkled sugar onto his ham gravy before he wiped it up with bread and ate.

"Sugar?" she cried.

That made him self-conscious. He felt huge and clumsy sitting on the same bench as his granddaughter, his hands like spades into the food, his elbows likely to strike her and injure something delicate.

"It's good this way," he said defensively.

"Looks terrible. I want some more tomatoes."

"You'll get tomato bumps," Lucy threatened; but she lifted several red hunks with another spoon and put them onto Mary's plate.

John drank his coffee very black, very strong, well mixed with chicory, and as hot as his mouth and teeth could stand it. He got it swallowed as quickly as possible, enjoying most the hot strength going down his chest and into his stomach. The coffee pot sat always at mealtimes in a saucer at his elbow so he could fill and refill as much as he wanted. He poured a quick second cup now, muttered, "Good coffee," (as he did nearly every evening) and stole one look at his granddaughter Mary.

No, there was no accounting for reasons. She was not a beautiful child, not even pretty, although he admitted to a secret hope that she would grow into what he had always considered a "handsome" woman, one of the black-eyed sturdy kind. Black eyes she had, and straight brown hair which was nothing but a trouble to her, and always seemed to be falling into her face at moments when seeing was most important. She was stockily built, and skinned and bruised on the legs like a boy; and white marks on her forearms showed the late light brush of briars. Showed also, he thought, that she had not washed above her wrists before supper, since water would have pinkened or faded those. He saw no need to bring it up.

"What in the world were you doing when I called?" Lucy was saying.

"I was down at the . . . at a place by the branch." Mary finished up her answer very quickly.

But John picked up her pause. *The*. He took that word and savored it, turned it in his mind. Something came after that, the name of a certain place—The Treasure Island, The Jewel Beach. Or The Three Stones. Something. A place with a title which belonged only to Mary.

And he thought of vine swings over ditches (Dean Man's Leap) and little holes in hillsides (The Pirate Cave. Smuggler's Reach) and other such things, and bit into a piece of ham quickly to hide his smile.

"You missed the milking tonight," he observed after a bit.

"It's always the same thing every night. I *did* drive the cows up."

"I know it," he said, knowing too that Mary was afraid of the cows and banged them nervously with a long stick so that they came to stable very skittish; and he knew she would have fled shrieking had one of them so much as turned to look back at her. Knowing all this, and that she drove them to stall each evening with her small jaw solid bone, he was pleased with her.

"I got a stone bruise," Mary said proudly, holding one dirty bare foot down the bench for his inspection.

"It'll hurt tomorrow," he told her after a glance.

"Yes," she said happily, and broke a biscuit into her milk and sloshed it around before she began to spoon it out again.

Lucy said she didn't know what Mary's mama was going to say when she went home next week.

"She'll say I've gotten brown. She'll ask me if I had a good time. She'll say I've outgrown all my school clothes."

"That's true enough," grunted John; and he blew angrily into his coffee.

"I've got some teacakes," Lucy said quickly, and passed a bowl of cookies which were much like her biscuits except a little flatter and browner and sweeter.

John poured himself a cup of coffee which looked especially black and fierce, and which suited his mood. He did not like Mary's mother. He had not liked her the first day his son had brought her into the house to meet them. Then she had been twenty-four and out of college doing welfare work in the county office; she had put out an incredibly tiny hand in a white glove to his own, and had said with cool assurance, "How do you *do*, Mr. Cleves?"

As she slipped hers into his enormous hand she examined him as if filling him out on a long blue form: so-tall; so-old. Probably clean and honest, but unambitious. All in all, a surprising origin for son Richard, who was a C.P.A.

John had seen her take in the room as well, a room which was still unpainted after all these years and had nothing to commend it except that one could make-do in it. After that form was also mentally penciled in, she had glanced once at son Richard with a new admiration at how far he had come.

To all of this summing and solving in her eyes John had wanted to say, as a defense: I took the house paint to draw his name on a diploma, and the indoor plumbing got changed somehow into

Richard's three good suits; and now I'm older and have stopped making any surplus to put anywhere. I grow my crops and they fill the pantry and no more—but I *do* grow my crops. When the weather and seed will let me, I make the old cycles come around again.

But he had said nothing of the sort. He had not even smiled. Does one smile at the tax collector or the man who will run a road across your property? He had taken her hand and put it back down again, carefully, hoping the glove was still snowy white — for Richard's sake.

Much time and water had gone under the bridge since that day; and he should be able to say that he had been wrong about Richard's woman. After all, she had stuck it through the two children and a slew of debts and Richard's six gall bladder operations. She had always been pleasant, even affectionate, to both John and Lucy. None of the trials of three-meal-a-day living had broken her.

What then was the difference; what was it troubled him? John had sought it out, had come to know no more than that her sticking it was *too* brave and cheerful, too clearly beyond the line of duty. It was as if he heard her reciting to herself "sickness and health, richer or poorer," down in her chest softly, all of her wedded days.

It did not come up out of her as water from a spring.

She made all the responses inside herself, in just the right sizes and quantities, handed them out like packages which were never inappropriate.

It was a silly criticism. And, besides, there was Mary.

John Cleves looked again at his granddaughter. *There was Mary.*

And his heart, forgetting its age and long usage, rose to touch his throat gently; and in one fell swoop he forgave Richard, and Richard's wife, the seasons, the stingy earth, Judas Iscariot, and all the accumulated time and waste in him—forgave life everything else, and smiled into his coffee.

Her feet were in the water, floating at the surface like fat dead fish; and she was unaware of any other sounds except those of the stream going by, rubbing at stones, dragging at long grass along its edges, dropping a musical two inches onto other stones.

The leaves which she placed into the stream at her feet swam slowly away, and some snagged, and some went under, and some few others washed grandly out of sight. How many leaves to assure that one would reach the ocean? A thousand? A thousand-thousand? It was hopeless; the casualties were too high; she had already set leaves sailing wonderfully strong, and had run and run downstream to see the stout ones come a quarter of a mile, but none of

them ever did. Hundreds of leaves, all kinds and sizes, but none of them got down to the end of the pasture and sailed on.

During the first two weeks of her summer stay at Gran's, Mary had thought to clear the branch entirely. She would take out all the extra stones and sticks and see the water go on a little faster and surer (capable of carrying leaves without mishap) and flowing without so many interruptions.

Then she grew terrified; suppose she did and *it* did, and the water rushed away until it had drained whatever was at its source, so that the land dried for miles behind and all Gran's cotton wilted; and at the other end—just before the sea—there should be water standing deep in children's sandboxes.

It was terrible to know when one must or must not interfere.

For everything stopped and started sometime, except God, and Mary wasn't always too sure about Him.

She took her small feet from the water and watched them dry in the sun, the tops first, the heels next, and toes only a little bit. One damp-toed foot she slid into the wet sand by the stream and heaped more up about it, drew the foot out carefully and looked at the turtle's house, and then mashed it down firmly into a hump. There were turtles, she understood, which could hang onto toes and fingers until it thundered.

Just then a cow appeared on the other side of the branch and appeared to be debating a drink of water; when Mary saw her standing in a bush she shrieked wildly and threw a sharp rock. The cow considered, grazed on calmly without the water, and in a little while had followed the choicest grass downstream.

Mary felt weak and freshly saved from an enormous danger. She admired herself. *You sat as still as a rabbit. The cow mistook you for a tree or an oddly shaped rock.* There was no question about it; Mary had woods-sense. In fact, it was not impossible that she had been adopted from the Indians; her eyes were very black. She built a heap of round stones by the stream, so that her blood brethren—passing through next year or a dozen years away—could see where she had been.

Across the pasture, over the highway and up a red bank, Mary could see Gran plowing in a field with Bob and Betty. "Whoa Haw," he called sometimes. Or "Gee, GEE!" There would be late corn in that field if the hot sun did not parch the grains or burn the seedlings.

Gran was very tall. Sometimes, walking the step-log over the branch with Gran to fetch yesterday's paper from the mailbox, Mary would walk only in his shadow, darting when his angle changed; and usually she did not step into sun the whole way to the highway and the whole way back. Sometimes when Gran was walking, birds and butterflies must fly around his hair.

In another week, home.

Mary thought of that as she watched the sun break upon her grandfather and glint off the wet backs of the mules. In seven days, Home and School and Patent Leather Shoes, and a Movie on Saturday Mornings, and Toast by Machine, and one poached Egg, and Milk that had likely never *seen* a Cow.

It seemed tame and unappealing. Here on this hillside she had demolished enemy tribes of Apache and Sioux and Cheyennes; in these clearings she had set traps for lions and killed bears with slingshots. She had learned to call doodlebugs up from their holes and to take out small brown chinquapins without piercing the fingers; she could look for eggs without angry hens flying into her hair and she could sit on a pile of wheat in the granary and hear the mouse which would not be caught going back and forth, back and forth, on tiny silver feet.

She had seen squirrels' nests and dirtdobbers' nests and birds' nests and wasps' nests; she had walked barefoot on a bee; she had found that purple clover smelled like warm Coca-Cola and drying hay smelled like nothing else in the world.

Every day she drove home, bravely, cows the size of elephants and with the disposition of tigers.

She knew which persimmons and locusts were good to eat, and could hop one-footed the length of the wagon tongue; and one place in the branch was probably quicksand—from which she had narrowly and heroically escaped.

She had a telephone made of two snuff-cans and a string, nailed to a pine tree too old and strong to care.

There was one cool place (The Garden of Moss) where every footprint was a bruise on something green and very gentle.

At night, cars passing on the highway sent their lights through a hillside of woods and onto the wall above her bed; and, lying awake, Mary would swear she could watch the progress of shadowed nightworms going from root to top, and could distinguish sleeping owls among the branches. In the night, frogs sang along the branch and crickets called. Over her head, mice and the brothers of mice walked in the loft and sharpened their teeth in the walls.

Mary sighed. Tarzan would have to be lively, the fourth grade spectacular, to stand to all of that.

Still, there was no one to talk to here. She liked playing alone (at home it was the-baby-this and the-baby-that) but sometimes there should be people to tell and show and give.

Mary shaded her eyes with a hand and looked into the sun across the road. It was a shame that Gran was so old and did not understand.

Sometimes when Gran went for walks on which he wanted no company, he would say he was going to The Boneyard.

Mary believed in The Boneyard. She knew just where it was located—across the highway and behind the thick pines where she had never been. It was a great hole in the earth, lined with bones shiny and white and beautiful. Dogs crawled there to die, and little aging sparrows flew over it and dropped; and the sun dried them all down to the clean, fine bone.

But Gran was old and Mary understood that the old would die—and all summer she had feared that one day he would simply walk away and not come back, and when supper grew cold and the coffee pale, they would know where he had gone. Mary had never asked Gran to show her The Boneyard. She understood that she was young and a girl and it was not allowed. Even while she had been there for the summer, one old cat had gone over to The Boneyard, leaving three hungry kittens behind.

So on the last day of her summer's stay, when she knew her Mother and Daddy would soon be coming for her, Mary said, "Gran, don't go to walk today."

"I won't," said Gran. When he put his hand onto her head his fingers spread down onto her neck and face.

Gran said in another moment, "I hope we get rain today."

"Not till I'm gone!" she cried and he—smiling—pulled out his pocket watch and guaranteed that not a drop would fall until three o'clock.

Grandmother, very busy and pink of face, had made more tea-cakes than the whole fourth grade could eat, and a pie for Mother, and now she was selecting three pints of preserves from her Ever-Bearing Strawberries. Grandmother looked as if—had she once sat down and grown still—she would either have frozen or gone to bits, or some other unpredictable thing.

"Why is grandmother working so hard on my last day here?" Mary worried.

"There are ways and ways," Gran answered shortly.

"I wish I could have one of the kittens."

Gran said in a sour voice that Mary's mother accused cats of carrying ringworm.

At one o'clock, when dinner was over (I'll have to start calling it lunch again, Mary reminded herself) they saw the blue car turning in at the mailbox. Mary was glad to see it. Of course she was. She would even be glad to see the baby, although he would probably wet on her.

"They're coming," said Gran. "I see the car."

Mary nodded. Some of her dinner (lunch) had caught and hardened halfway down. She swallowed at it. Finally she said angrily, "I guess I can see the car myself!" And then she went

through the house and out the other door where they would stay out of sight a little longer. Here she could see the plum and damson tree, and the grindstone, and a row of hen-nests she had filled herself with clean pine needles.

She heard her mother calling.

"Mary! Mary? Do you have your clothes packed?"

Do I have my clothes packed! Mary picked up a rock which was probably a piece of broken arrowhead and threw it at a confident rooster. "I'm coming." The rooster stepped aside quickly and raised one troubled wing.

Now Mary sat in the back seat of the car, waiting for Daddy to start and drive them off; and the baby had spitup on her front. Her suitcase lay in the floor under her bare feet. ("I packed my shoes, ALL of them!" she had said defiantly; and it had finally been agreed that she could ride home like this.)

"How brown you are!" her mother was saying. "Don't let him fall, Mary."

"You take him."

Daddy said for her to tell her grandparents she had a nice time.

"I had a nice time," Mary recited sullenly.

Gran put his broad head in at the back window. "Come again soon," he said, looking once at every inch of her face.

She kept her jaw tight to hold down that hardness growing upward from her chest, but she did say, "Gran, there's a patch of green moss in the pasture."

He had shifted his glance to one side, at the upholstery on the seat. "Yes. I've seen that," he said.

She added desperately, "You've got a mouse in the wheat bin."

"He's smarter than traps," Gran admitted.

Mary leaned forward. "Listen Gran. Don't go to the Bone-yard!"

Gran coughed against one of his enormous hands. "All right," he promised. He put his other hand through the window and wrapped the fingers several times around her wrist. "You're a good girl," he grunted, and took head and hand out of the car very hastily.

When they had driven down past the mailbox and onto the highway, Mary squinted out the back window through the sun. Gran stood in front of the house with one hand on Grandmother's shoulder, and they were looking very closely at something tiny on the ground. It might be a piece of white flint or the little sandy cone where a doodlebug lay sleeping.

Existential Categories In Contemporary Literature

Presenting a paper on existentialism is somewhat like escorting a lady of rather dubious reputation to a party: the half-smiles and half-concealed glances are matched by an absorbing interest in the newcomer, and there is a nervousness in the discussion. Among philosophers the term "existentialism" is unique in this respect: no other term can make philosophers smile. What they are smiling about remains a mystery; *that* they smile, however, is no less mysterious. Again, there is a nervousness which teases about the subject, and which, in the end, is often all that ever emerges from the discussion. But even where existential philosophy is given a more serious hearing, the sense of mystery never quite vanishes; it transposes itself instead into an almost eschatological expectancy, the awaiting of a resolute answer to the jocular yet desperate question, "Well what exactly *is* existentialism?" Unfortunately, most good-willed and competent efforts to answer this question are blocked at the outset by misunderstandings, mistaken pre-conceptions on the part of the questioner. Moreover, the questioner too often falls into one of several patterns. Perhaps the best way of introducing my conception of existential philosophy is by indicating, briefly, some of the typical objections raised against it and then proceeding to a positive statement of what I take to be the "real thing."

From among the many typical challenges extended to existentialism, I'd like to select four examples: First, the objection is made that existentialism is the product of post-war despair, the nihilism of a shattered Europe, or, to cite a variation of this theme, the distorted, violent world of the resistance movement, the underground. The point intended here is that this is not philosophy but at best an unhappy feature of a passing despair generated out of the cruelty of war. A second objection is argued in a very different way. It is agreed that there are some serious philosophical themes explored by existentialists but that all the shouting, the publicity, the stir is undeserved, since whatever is valuable here is not new but old. It was all said before by Socrates, by Augustine, by Montaigne, by

MAURICE NATANSON, Associate Professor of Philosophy at the University of North Carolina, formerly of the Graduate Faculty of the New School for Social Research, has written two books: *A Critique of Jean-Paul Sartre's Ontology* and *The Social Dynamics of George H. Mead*.

Pascal or at the very least by Hegel, who said everything. Existentialism is then merely a new version of very old ideas. Still another pattern of objection stresses the ambivalence of existential ideas, their unhealthy mixture of philosophical and literary categories, their academic duplicity. The existentialist woos the student of literature with philosophy and the philosopher with literature. This is scandalous. Finally, it is objected that existentialism is neither philosophy nor literature but what can only be termed a mystique. Here the emphasis is on existentialism as a movement which attracts a variety of marginal figures: intellectual drifters, bohemians, politicians, faith seekers, and assorted magicians and wizards from the arts. This too is scandalous.

The fundamental inadequacy of most of these charges is clear in at least an historical sense, for it is surely the case that there is no philosophical position which is "existentialism"; instead there are a number of existentialist philosophers who represent existentialism in very different ways. It is obvious, first of all, that existential philosophy, whatever its ancient or classical roots, is at least as old as its modern father, Søren Kierkegaard, who lived during the first half of the 19th century. Kierkegaard can hardly be accused of being generated out of post-second world war nihilism. Further, it is no secret that there are both theistic and atheistic varieties of existential philosophy, the former having protestant, catholic, and jewish sub-varieties. Finally, a Kierkegaardian-inspired existentialism is quite different from Sartrean and Heideggerian philosophy, at least in some of its major motives and themes. An understanding of Socrates and Hegel would help greatly in appreciating Kierkegaard, whereas a thorough knowledge of the phenomenology of Edmund Husserl is necessary to read Sartre and Heidegger with understanding. If we turn from the historical to the systematic dimension of problems, it is still the case that there is nothing that can be called "existentialism" without serious qualifications. Such existential themes as man's aloneness are matched by an emphasis on community, as in the thought of Martin Buber. Concern with anguish in Heidegger and Sartre is matched by the examination of hope in the writings of Gabriel Marcel. The search for essential themes and attitudes becomes more complex the more carefully one reads the history of existential philosophy. One point, I think, is evident: the charges against existentialism just discussed are, in a very real sense, issued against a phantom. No one has ever seen "existentialism," only existentialists, and they derive from a rather complex history which must be delineated carefully before very much can be said about existentialism that is meaningful. These remarks, however, have not faced one of the four patterns, the charge of old wine in new bottles. The best way of meeting this point, I think, is to turn to a positive statement of what existential philosophy is, and to see then whether anything

distinctively new is suggested. Once we get a coherent notion of the meaning of existential philosophy we then have won our right to proceed to an exploration of certain problems in contemporary literature.

What I take to be central and decisive for all existentialist philosophy is a concern for what I wish to call man's being in reality. I am trying, first of all, to describe a phenomenon given to consciousness, an experiential structure for all human beings, not some mystical awareness granted to a chosen few. The phenomenon I am dealing with is open, public, available, and evident, but the description of it depends first upon ridding ourselves of a certain deeply rooted attitude, suffusing consciousness, which renders being in reality obscure to the point of hopelessness for the philosopher committed to its articulation. Suppose I proceed by a general statement of what I understand by the idea of being in reality and follow then with an illustrative explanation.

Being in reality is the location of the self as *there* in any moment of the flow of temporal consciousness. Being "there" is an underived and irreducible datum given directly to consciousness. The placement "there" refers to an awareness of the self in reality as such, in reality as the total reference, the complete remainder when I subtract myself from all that there is. The clarification of being in reality requires a preliminary inquiry into the component words "being", "in", and "reality." By "being" I mean here the activity of consciousness; I understand consciousness as directive, in movement, intentional in the broadest sense of that term. Furthermore, "being" is always *my* being, *my* consciousness, *my* openness and presence to the world. I am *in* reality in the sense of involvement rather than spatial placement. The "in" is not "inside," not "within"; rather I am *in* the world of my activity and awareness as the agency of choice and action, as the support, finally, for the object of my consciousness. The last term, "reality," is the broadest frame I can express for what there is, the total, the inclusive all for my consciousness. It is no part of "world" or "universe" but all that my horizon of awareness leads me toward. Now let me try to say this again in a different way.

Being in a concrete situation of any type, being involved in specific, limited action of any order, presupposes my being involved. To be involved, then, is itself a structure of experience which demands its own explanation. But to be involved, quite apart from what I am involved in, to be involved as such, presupposes my presence in the world and my being in reality. Before I become interested in this or that, concerned with such and such a problem, involved in one thing or another, I am in a reality in which all these specifics manifest themselves. My point is that there is a ground, a fundamental structure which is the necessary condition for there

being specificities in experience; that ground is what I have termed being in reality. And being in reality is not merely a logical requirement or conceptual device in explaining the meaning of my experience, it is, above all, a datum given to me in immediate awareness, given as *sui generis*.

Let me try it a third time. We know, in commonsense fashion, what being here or there means, and we know what it means to be in typical situations: the classroom, the market, the shop, the library, the town square. Physical presence and psychological presence in these sorts of places are indicated through the "yes" or "no" answer to the question, Were you there? or Are you here? Thus I am in a room, in an argument, in a quandry, and in a situation in essentially the same sense, whatever the obvious differences are. In each case the description of the structure of *being in* is dominated by certain kinds of questions which reveal the level involved. Did you answer "present" when the roll was called? Did you get the better of him? Did you decide what to do? Did you succeed? In each case these questions are defined by their limits, by their being understood as having limits, as encompassing only a sector of our world and a segment of our experience. When I speak of being in reality, however, everything is at once different. My being in reality cannot be circumscribed by specific questions; my being in reality does not take a particular stratum or sector of experience, and my being in reality cannot be articulated through lines of analysis which presuppose the very object at issue, reality in the sense of all that there is. Being in reality is a fundamental givenness in my experience which occupies the unique position of being basic to all concrete events and to all particular situations. It is the cardinal presupposition of there being experience at all.

Now some explanation may help. Let each one of us try to locate, through active experiment, what I claim is a possible datum for experience. In what way may I locate my being in reality? First of all, it is necessary to be clear about the way in which we are going to pursue being in reality. I am not suggesting that we are to enter upon a metaphysical treasure hunt. What is at issue is a concrete datum; the problem is to overcome certain root-attitudes which obscure this datum and render it unavailable. Thus it is not a question of sharpening some special sense, of looking in some extraordinary corner of the mind, or of locating the philosopher's stone. What is called for, above all, is that each one of us examine his style of being in the world at the level of ordinary, commonsense life, so that the philosophical character of that level of experience be clarified. If that can be done, I maintain that at least a necessary condition for possession of the datum is fulfilled and that we are close to the goal. What, then, is it that the character of commonsense life is going to reveal which will make being in reality understandable?

The direct answer is curious: the mark of commonsense life, the very essence of its style of being, is its failure to make itself an object for its own inspection. Commonsense life does not reflect upon commonsense life; at best it makes some particular event within the stream of daily life a topic for analysis and reflective scrutiny. That commonsense life has a style, has an essential structure, is an insight that necessarily transcends the understanding of commonsense men. We may at various times see ourselves as we are engaged in an activity—the barber for a moment aware of himself *as* barber, the waiter self-consciously grasping his act of moving to the left of the person he is about to serve, the concert goer fleetingly aware of himself as a concert goer—but we never place the whole of our commonsense attitude itself in question. Yet it is exactly that absolute awareness of the style of our being in commonsense life which must be made an object for inspection if the datum of being in reality is to be gotten. And this is the most difficult of all tasks, largely because grasping what it is that is required of us is exactly the problem. There is a built-in mechanism of protection in the stream of daily life which guards against this awareness; philosophy is an effort to crack this barrier. Existential philosophy is a force directed against this most subtle of all barricades.

The initial step then in coming to an understanding of our being in reality is the absolute, the overpowering obstacle; it is to place in radical question the very meaning of our way of living in day to day existence. And here difficulties proliferate. Not only is the sense of daily life, what I have called its style, cunningly elusive, but the typical ways in which we in daily life try to explain ourselves and our lives are charged with prejudices of a distinctive sort—philosophical commitments we are unaware of, emblems of our time. The typical analysis to which I refer might be given the block title of the psychologistic or scientific attitude, i.e., a basic way of explaining phenomena by tracing out their genetic origins. Something is “explained” in this sense when *how* it came to be, *how* it arose, has been made evident. The qualitative character, the *what* of the phenomenon is said to be appreciated when the *how* and the *why* of its coming into being are accounted for systematically. If we proceed in this way, the problem of being in reality is transposed into something utterly different, the psychological question of what accounts for our having such an experience. The methodological character of such a transposition is evidenced in its casual mode of analysis. To account for the phenomenon psychologically is first of all to look to its genetic history in causal terms. When the causal series is thoroughly clarified, the phenomenon is said to be explained. In all of this, the qualitative *what* being described is gone, for it vanished at the outset, or better, was eliminated.

In order to gain access to the phenomenon of being in reality, then, I insist that we must, for purposes of our analysis, set aside the whole of the causal-genetic mode of analysis characteristic of natural science and its methods. We must return to the phenomenon in its givenness; we must make a radical effort to, quite literally, *see* what gives itself directly to consciousness. The prime step in getting at the datum we seek is a purposeful bracketing of what we know about ourselves and our world from the sources of science, history, psychology, and all other systems of explanation. We must seek the purely given features of consciousness, what directly presents itself. That this is difficult to do, I grant; that it is strange, I admit; that it is impossible or purposeless, I deny. If we can, right now, at least get a notion of what is at issue, I think the effort of our experimenting will be rewarded.

I begin, then, and so must you in experimental spirit, by trying to focus upon the general character of my—your—style of being in daily life, not on this or that event or problem, but on the total range of existence. At the outset I purposely set aside my commitments to particular ways of interpreting the world and I decide not to permit myself the wicked luxury of invoking causal-genetic categories of explanation. I am trying to look at my world as it directly gives itself to consciousness. What I have left behind, what I have bracketed, what I am doing without now interests me, for I find myself confronting reality in a completely fresh, original way. The world in this sense can no longer be explained by giving its history, the scientific laws which describe its behaviour, or by tracing out the why and how of its development; and I have no discipline or system or person to count on for my understanding. I am now directly confronted with reality and I find myself in this world with its complex horizons; I find myself as a being in reality.

This is as far as I can go within the limits of this paper. But if what I have struggled to explain is suggestive to you at all of the problem involved and if you get some sense of the philosophical roots of the issue, then what follows will be meaningful in a particular way: something of the relationship between philosophy and literature will have been illuminated. If we have at least pointed to the datum of being in reality, if we are at worst in the suburbs of its locale, we have a feeling for what we have abandoned or set by the wayside. At this moment we must grasp ourselves as being in reality. This means that apart from our historical and cultural heritage, apart from our personal histories, apart from all scientific categories of explanation, we simply *are*, we locate ourselves in reality. The original theme of our commonsense lives has been rendered an object for inspection. And we are now in a position to ask what existential philosophy *does* with the datum it has located

and to decide whether all this effort will bring forth something splendid.

My thesis has been that existential philosophy is properly defined as having as its crucial concern man's being in reality. Those who want to get the meaning of this without going through the exasperation of its philosophical signification are asking for trouble. I prefer to think that there are among us no men of resentment. Having made an effort to explain something of the philosophical problems at issue, I want now to turn to some of the implications of my thesis, and in particular to the categories which are intimately related to man's being in reality.

The broadest publicity given to existentialism emphasizes its dramatic categories: fear, dread, anguish, suffering, aloneness, choice, authenticity, and death. I suggest that what is distinctively existential about these categories is their grounding in the matrix of man's being in reality and that these categories are generated out of the awareness of that foundational reality. By a category, first of all, I understand a concept of the widest generality. One thinks of Kant's categories: quantity, quality, relation, and modality. When I utilize the term "category" I do so in a traditional sense, despite the fact that the existential categories are not those of traditional philosophy. The meaning of category remains constant in my discussion; which terms are selected as categories is the innovation of existentialism. It is not the case, however, that traditional philosophy has nothing to say about such problems as choice, authenticity, and death; it is rather that these are treated as themes for classical philosophy and not as distinctive categories. A theme is, most simply, a problem for inquiry; a category is an instrument for inquiring into a problem. As I interpret them, then, the existential categories operate specifically as philosophical instruments for exploring human experience. To suggest, as I have, that these categories are generated out of the awareness of man's being in reality is to claim that what is new and commanding in existentialism is its very procedure in exploring man's being *through* categories which are independent of commonsense experience and scientific method and which take as their object not particular features of human existence but existence itself.

At this point it becomes necessary to justify the title of my paper. Rather than analyze the existential categories as philosophical instrumentalities and see in a technical way how they relate to the ground of being in reality, I wish to examine the categories as they are decisively present in literature, especially contemporary literature. Proceeding with my thesis means that I wish to show how being in reality may be encountered as a literary theme and how, then, the existential categories spring into meaning when their literary manifestation is given in this encounter. All this presup-

poses that these structures *are* involved in literature, that they are there to be encountered. This assumption in turn involves a certain way of looking at the relationship between philosophy and literature which is my subordinate theme. A quick statement will have to do. I maintain that philosophy is sometimes encountered in literary works. I believe that authentic instances of such philosophy in literature are neither popularizations of philosophy nor substitutes for philosophy. Obviously, the differences between technical philosophizing and philosophy in literature are enormous; it is their underlying continuity which interests me. And it is this continuity which I shall consider, however indirectly, in what follows. The appropriate sub-title for this paper is: "A study in the relationship between philosophy and literature."

Of the existential categories I shall select two for close consideration: aloneness and anguish. What I shall say about them holds, I believe, *a fortiori* for the others. Each category will be taken up with regard to a particular author: aloneness in Kafka, anguish in Dostoevski. In each case the problem will be to see the relationship between the category and the general ground of being in reality as revealed in literature.

Whether apocryphal or not, the story is told that a friend lent Albert Einstein a copy of *The Trial* and was surprised when Einstein returned the volume before very long only half read, with the apology, "The human mind is not complicated enough." The paradox in reading Kafka is the density of the apparently simple. Complexity here is not a matter of deciphering a symbolism but of holding on to a microcosm in which the self slips from all control, past all stability, into the imbalance of a universal quest: the demanding, unswervable search for resolution. The story of *The Trial* is desperately simple: Joseph K. is "arrested one fine morning," under a charge which is never revealed to him, which he seeks to defend himself against in endlessly complicated court procedures, and for which he is finally executed. His innocence is protested, and that is the measure of his guilt. In the cathedral scene the priest says to Joseph K.:

"You are held to be guilty. Your case will perhaps never get beyond a lower court. Your guilt is supposed, for the present, at least, to have been proved." "But I am not guilty," said K.; "it's a misunderstanding. And, if it comes to that, how can any man be called guilty? We are all simply men here, one as much as the other." "That is true," said the priest, "but that's how all guilty men talk."

The efforts of K. to vindicate himself prove pointless. But the pointlessness of his action, pointlessness, one might say, *in action*, is expressed through the web of connections K. establishes with the

human elements of his world. The hopelessness, the uselessness of his defense is exactly his aloneness in a world he can never join. The litigant K. proceeds to establish the lines of his defense. He secures the services of an advocate, but his advocate, he learns, has many other cases pending. K. is not his only client. K.'s troubles are not his sole concern. Still he represents K. to those others somehow knowledgeable about the courts, those with access to the higher ups. The lines of the web become more tenuous still. K., finally, is in the absurd position of trying to take independent action in his case. Not only is independent action impossible, but all action must be sifted through the mesh of representation. And deliberation is endless. Intermediaries, messengers, representatives bear the weight of social action. K.'s aloneness is absolute. He is surrounded by a world he can never reach, a world whose texture can never be touched but only guessed at. It is a world in which verification is necessary and unattainable, an impossible possibility.

In what sense are we faced here with an existential category of aloneness? In what way does it relate to the ground of being in reality? To speak of aloneness as a category, means first of all in Kafka's context that the concept of category is dictated by a thematic experience, by a substantive experience and not a theoretical need. The category is made possible by the experience and then the category makes possible the interpretation of the experience. This order is essential, for aloneness is not an idea but an encountered experience which makes the idea possible. The structure of the experience has already been outlined. "One fine morning" K.'s world, the commonsense everyday business world of a bank employee faithful in his duties, is placed beyond him, in the instantaneous moment of the charge. Access to his world is transposed, for although he continues more or less at liberty in his activities he finds that the routine of his life slips from his grasp and he becomes increasingly involved in the problems of his case. Accusation is the moment in which aloneness is realized, in which the theme of daily life suddenly comes into question. And here it is possible to see the way in which the category of aloneness arises out of an awareness of being in reality. K.'s trial is a movement into the horizons of the world, from the fragmentary to the absolute. At the time of the original charge, that fine morning, K. tries to convince his warders that a mistake has been made:

"'Here are my identification papers.' 'What are your papers to us?' cried the tall warder. 'You're behaving worse than a child.'"

The commonsense world has hitherto, for K., been assuring in its recognition of his existence: witness his identification papers. Now the fragment, the surface fragment of recognition gives way and the

warders are the first indication that a horizon of meaning is opening up for K. in which everything that he has been, the identification papers for every level of his being will prove worthless, irrelevant, subject to the mockery of hirelings, subordinates, and wretches. The first awareness of his being lost in the world that has hitherto been his home is directed already to the final scene of his execution. There we find the clearest expression of the horizon which I have called being in reality. The place of execution is a deserted stone quarry at the edge of the town, close enough to have in the near distance what Kafka calls "a still completely urban house." Here K.'s executors come to a standstill, Kafka writes, "whether because this place had been their goal from the very beginning or because they were too exhausted to go farther." And here the execution occurs. K. turns his head while waiting for the knife to be driven into him and, at the last moment, Kafka writes,

"His glance fell on the top storey of the house adjoining the quarry. With a flicker as of a light going up, the casements of a window there suddenly flew open; a human figure, faint and insubstantial at that distance and that height, leaned abruptly far forward and stretched both arms still farther. Who was it? A friend? A good man? Someone who sympathized? Someone who wanted to help? Was it one person only? Or were they all there? Were there some arguments in his favour that had been overlooked? Of course there must be. Logic is doubtless unshakable, but it cannot withstand a man who wants to go on living. Where was the Judge whom he had never seen? Where was the High Court, to which he had never penetrated?"

This final awareness of K. is the datum of his being in reality. The total horizon of his world opens up at that last moment and the possibilities of the world reach toward him in darkness and confusion. His aloneness is his complete severance from a world which contains hope and love and goodness as impossible possibilities. The existential corollary of such aloneness is anguish, and this takes us from Kafka to Dostoevski.

It might appear that in moving from the world of Kafka to that of Dostoevski we are abandoning the referential standpoint of commonsense. Is it not true that the world of daily life is the thematic background against which Kafka's hero emerges, whereas Dostoevski's world is marked precisely by an almost complete absence of the normal stream of day to day existence? It is out of the uninspected, taken-for-granted realm of the wide awake man, typified by the business world, that Kafka's hero is catapulted instantaneously. In Kafka's *Metamorphosis* Gregor Samsa awakes one

morning to find himself "changed in his bed to some monstrous kind of vermin." And his transformation is over and against the literal samples of his occupation. His bedroom contains a collection of cloth swatches; Gregor is a commercial traveller. His first thoughts are reflections on his business life: "God!", he thought, "What a job I've chosen. Traveling day in, day out." And with this Gregor goes on to prepare himself for meeting his obligations. Metamorphosed into the horrific, aware of the utter impossibility of carrying on his job, Gregor nevertheless says to himself, "I must get up, for my train goes at five."

Seemingly in contrast, the world of Dostoevski's heroes is seldom, if ever, the workaday world. In fact, these heroes are notoriously unemployed and unemployable: they are the marginal figures of the social world: criminals, neurotics, gamblers, drunkards, epileptics, and saints. The normal world seems to have disappeared or never to have been at all. If there is a thematic quality to this style of life it is complete, pure, yet bearable desperation. It would appear that rather than locating being in reality with regard to the character of commonsense life, we have moved to a literary scene which is defined by the very lack of such a structure. The explanation of the paradox provides an approach to Dostoevski.

By desperation I understand a fundamental removal of the self from concrete possibilities of resolving a problem. I am desperate about this or that, I need something or somebody desperately, and these situations are solvable and so resolvable. But desperation as such, not my being desperate about this or that, but my desperation as a mode of being, a permanent possibility of human existence, is unaffected by events or persons. Events and persons, to the contrary, are seen and treated as fearful, awesome, lovable, or hateful, in virtue of the self's desperation. The desperate man is not one who is desperate about this or that. Each one of us lives through moments or times of desperation, but we are not because of that desperate men, nor are we desperate men at the time of being desperate about a concrete, overpowering problem. The desperate man has a style of being; his world is structured in terms of his way of being in the world. And that way of being, I now want to suggest, is crucially related to both the problem of commonsense life and being in reality. Essentially, the desperate man builds his existence on an inversion of commonsense life; he operates on the terrain of nothingness which is the immediate character of being in reality. The desperate man is above all the prime example of one whose being in reality is the starting point for his life's odyssey and the continual image in which he encounters the world.

Dostoevskian desperation is one mode of existential anguish. To be anguished is to define one's life as perpetually lived in confrontation with the datum of being there. Anguish as a category is dis-

covered through the immanence of existence. The substantive experience of anguish, perpetual confrontation with one's being in reality, locates the conceptual meaning of the experience, and the conceptual structure then realized is itself utilized as a way of grasping the meaning of experience. In this way, the existential category of anguish fulfills a double service: it derives from an experience it helps to define. In the case of anguish this double character of the existential category is an aspect of the self-reflective Dostoevskian hero. The anguished man is not only aware of his anguish, he is critically concerned with its nature, with the full signification it bears. In *Notes From Underground* the paradoxalist analyzes his own motives in presenting his confession. "Hadn't I better end my 'Notes' here?" he asks, after revealing himself to us.

"I believe I made a mistake in beginning to write them, anyway I have felt ashamed all the time I've been writing this story; so it's hardly literature so much as corrective punishment. Why, to tell long stories, showing how I have spoiled my life through morally rotting in my corner, through lack of fitting environment, through divorce from real life, and rankling spite in my underground world, would certainly not be interesting; a novel needs a hero, and all the traits for an anti-hero are *expressly* gathered together here, and what matters most, it all produces an unpleasant impression, for we are all divorced from life, we are all cripples, every one of us, more or less."

The self-reflection of the anguished man renders him an anti-hero. He is forever at issue with himself, an issue for himself: his world is suspended on the moment in which his being in reality gives itself to him and holds him possessed.

Essentially the same analysis is true for the positive hero, rather than the anti-hero, in Dostoevski's world. The arguments of Ivan Karamazov are dialogues with himself in which his passion for conviction meets his absolute demand for truth. The theme that tortures him is the problem of theodicy: man's anguish is located in that single, overpowering issue. And the placement of the issue, I would hold, is at the level of man's being in the world, seen as a moral search for resolution. Anguish here is the awareness of a root mode of being: the inescapable and radical reality of evil. The difficulty in defining evil is an indication of its foundational character. Evil cannot be defined operationally; for it is not defined but encountered in reality. Again, it is not a matter of concrete acts which are evil but the quality in life which marks an act as evil. Evil is disclosed as a feature of the horizon which is man's being in reality. The sense of moral requiredness is built upon the confrontation with the evil we must face and live against. The terms of discourse here are

universals transcendent to anthropology or history, relative only to the human condition they define. "With my pitiful, earthly, Euclidian understanding," Ivan says, "all I know is that there is suffering and that there are none guilty." To give a rationale for this condition, to resolve its demands on moral intellection is the force of Ivan's life. "I must have justice," he cries, "or I will destroy myself." And this cry is the voice of existential anguish calling into judgment its own desperation.

In both aloneness and anguish existential literature has discovered and invoked substantive experiences as fundamental categories for the interpretation of experience. The genius of Kafka and Dostoevski is in their literary creations, but their philosophic insight is no less extraordinary. One expression of that insight is given in the way in which aloneness and anguish are shown, implicitly, as deriving their unique force from the very style of man's being, the condition of his existence, his being in reality. One moves into the worlds of these creators through a metaphysical trap door. Fallen suddenly into the atmosphere of existential concern, the participating reader encounters himself without pretence, his social roles cast aside, his public masks undone, his naive original wonder about the meaning of human existence regained. These authors return us to ourselves.

Perhaps the peculiar quality of existential literature is the demand it makes on the reader that he possess a metaphysical dimension. This is at once the admission price and the barrier. For many it is their devotion to the naively given world, their rootedness in the commonsense attitude, that rebels against categories which are felt to be morbid and at best partial truths. The existential underground seems distant from the warmth and brightness of reason and the comforts of a trust in the advance of science. Dostoevski's underground man is entitled to his reply. He asks:

"Does not man revel in destruction and confusion because he instinctively dreads that he may attain his end and crown the work he has begun? And perhaps — who knows — the end of mankind on earth may consist in this uninterrupted striving after something ahead, that is, in life itself, rather than in some real end which obviously must be a static formula of the same kind as '2 and 2 make 4.' For 2 and 2 make 4 is not a part of life but the beginning of death . . . And why are you so firmly and solemnly convinced that only that which is normal and positive, in a word, his well-being, is good for man? It is possible that, as well as loving his own welfare, man is fond of suffering, even passionately fond of it. . . . I am sure that man will never renounce the genuine suffering that

comes of ruin and chaos. Why, suffering is the one and only source of knowledge."

Aloneness and anguish, together with fear, dread, suffering and death are the central concern of those who bear a metaphysical dimension; and irrationalism here is not so much an attack against the traditional categories of reason as an abandonment of the natural attitude of daily life in favour of the magical and the mysterious.

I fear that these last words will probably wreck everything I have been trying to construct in this paper, but I would be avoiding my goal if I failed to include them here. To see the world as magical is to have a feeling for the extremity of man's fundamental condition, his being confronted with the task of answering the most tortured of all questions, What does it mean to be an existent in reality? Magic is an effort to transform ourselves, not the world. The magician is a fraud; he knows he cannot change objective nature, and so his art consists instead in changing us, in deceiving us into believing what is false. To view the world as magical is to transform our experience of the world through the alchemy of the existential categories. Above all, to treat the world as magical is to discover it as ultimately mysterious. Magic leads to mystery.

By mystery and the mysterious I do not mean the occult or that which is beyond explanation. Rather I use the term in Gabriel Marcel's sense, i.e., as a problem which for certain reasons has no univocal solution possible. Marcel distinguishes between a problem and a mystery. A problem may be overpoweringly complex, but in principle there is a way of approaching it which will lead to a solution. The data of problems are always exterior to us, they are never inwoven in the human fabric of the investigator himself. A mystery, on the contrary, has interiority as the mark of its data; it is the inquirer himself who is at issue in his inquiry. "A mystery," Marcel writes, "is a problem which encroaches upon its own data, invading them, as it were, and thereby transcending itself as a simple problem." The metaphysical dimension can be defined in these terms. To treat the world as mysterious, to take the existential categories as mysteries, to concern ourselves with ourselves as more than problematic, is to stand in a radical relationship to reality. And paradoxically, it is the most ordinary, commonsense structures of human experience which magic transposes into mysteries. Being born into this world, existing in it, and dying in it become themes which no psychology can even approach. It is rather in philosophy and in literature that we find such mysteries expressed and explored. Magic and mystery return us to our metaphysical origin, to the moment when we are shot like rockets into midnight, and we are born.

ROBERT SWARD

Grandma Refreshed!

Grandma was out
upon the porch
sipping catsup
through a straw.

The catsup
was made
with pineapple:
and distilled vinegar.

My sister, absorbed
in the pineapple, sucked
sometimes, at grandma's tight-
round, yellow- sour hair.

Poor grandma!
the first thing we said
to her was:
Where's grandpa?

Grandma wasn't one
for lipstick, nor for
grandpa; however,
she looked as if she were.

A shirt, a pair of pants
and socks
were lying there
beside the hamburger-buns.

Now, then, will anyone
have a pickle?
Grandma accepted one
herself, and smacked her lips.

Hot-damn! Grandpa's dead!! Yes,
evidently, said my mother.
And there was grandma, in her
little black bikini, sipping coke.

ROBERT SWARD, of Iowa, has had poems published in *Antioch Review*, *New Mexico Quarterly*, *New Orleans Poetry Journal*, *Saturday Review*, *The Carolina Quarterly*, and other magazines. *The Carolina Quarterly* regrets an error in the poet's name in the last issue.

GUY EPLING

The Strong-Minded Man

My missus, she's always telling me I ain't strong-minded enough. "Charley Hanksford," she'll say to me, "you don't set your mind to nothin'. Whichever way the wind blows, you just blow right along with it."

She generally gets onto me this way whenever she thinks it's time I ask Mr. Haskins down at the feed store for a raise in pay. Which time, it seems to me, is most all the time. She is forever badgering me to ask Mr. Haskins for more money.

Now to my way of thinking, I got a good job down at the feed store which pays me a right fair salary, plenty enough for me and the missus to get by on anyway. We've been getting by on it for near twenty years now, and I just don't see the sense in asking for a raise. Might cause bad feeling between Mr. Haskins and me, I tell the missus. Mr. Haskins, he's been right good to me through the years, I say, and I sure wouldn't want to stir up any bad feeling between us now.

That's because I ain't a strong-minded man, the missus snaps back. "You don't stand up for what's your right and due," she tells me. "You just let folks walk all over you 'thout no more whimper than a sick pup, much less do you rare up and bite 'em."

Which ain't exactly true, if you ask me. I don't let folks walk all over me. I just kind of roll out of their way. But even if it was true, then I reckon my missus would be the one to know. I reckon, was you to inspect me, you'd find more of her footprints on me than anybody else's. Course, I don't say this to her. I just let her talk, and go on about my business.

The missus is right about one thing, though. I ain't a strong-minded man and I admit it. No, sir, I ain't strong-minded at all. Ain't intending to be, neither. It don't pay.

Take Hickey Goshorn, for instance. Now Hickey was as strong-minded as they come. Why, I recollect the time he was in that auto accident up at the corner of Third and Main, and if you ever saw—But that's another story. What I'm getting at here is what strong-mindedness can do to a man if he ain't careful. Hickey Goshorn is what I mean. Hickey's strong-mindedness was his undoing.

GUY EPLING, from West Virginia, has held various writing jobs with government agencies in Washington, D. C.

Fire Chief of Ludborn, Hickey was. He was the chief because he was the only paid man in the department. All the rest of us were volunteers.

Hickey slept in a little room on the rear of the fire house, so as to be on hand should he be needed. Course, he likewise had him an old shack up at the head of Catlett's Holler where he operated a still and ran off the best corn likker in all of Cadmus County. Actually, he had an old Negro, Luther Watkins by name, living in the shack and doing most of the work. Luther's knack with corn was near as good as Hickey's, but nobody around could put the pearly bead in it like Hickey could. So two or three times a week he'd hop in his old Ford and run up there with supplies, and do the supervising and help run off the likker, and then cart it back to town. Most of the time, though, he stuck close by the firehouse, day and night the same.

But it wasn't the likker nor the fire department that got Hickey in trouble, except maybe indirectly. He was a good enough fireman, so far as that's concerned. And surely half of the folk in the county were beholding to him for the fine likker he ran off. Better than any store-bought it was, by far.

No, sir, what proved to be Hickey's undoing was his hassle with the Methodists over their new church bell.

The Ludborn Methodist Church was but a block from the firehouse. You know that saying, For whom the bell tolls? Well, nobody knew it at the time, but the minute them Methodists hung that new bell in their belfry, it started tolling for Hickey. He was a doomed man.

You see, the Methodists' old bell wasn't a bad thing to listen to; soft, gentlelike, kind of musical a-ringing in the early Sunday morning. In the firehouse we used to stop our Saturday night poker game, which always ran into Sunday morning and sometimes the evening, and we'd just sit there a few minutes and enjoy listening. It had a soothing, sort of uplifting quality to it, the sound of that old bell on an early Sunday morning. I know it used to give me a lift. Seemed like I always played better poker when we started up the game again.

That new bell of the Methodists, though, now that was something else again. A few weeks earlier they had got themselves a new preacher, a Reverend Ballingame. When he came to Ludborn he decided right off that that old bell would have to go. Wasn't loud enough, he claimed. Didn't rouse enough sinners out of bed and bring them trotting towards the Methodist church. Reverend Ballingame, he was a forceful young fellow, just chuck full of sass and vinegar. He aimed to make his mark there in Ludborn, and he made up his mind to do something about that old bell.

How he come by it, I don't know. But from somewhere he produced a monster of a big ship's bell that when the Methodists got it strung up in their belfry, it would not only jar a sinner to the floor, it seemed like it dang near trembled the foundations of every building in Ludborn. That bell was so loud it rattled the firehouse windows every time it was rung.

I got to hand it to the new preacher. He soon got his way about filling up his church. Come an early Sunday morning and he'd shuck off his coat, and loosen his tie and roll up his sleeves, and start yanking on that bell rope like he was trying to jerk himself straight up to heaven. With the rest of Ludborn along with him, roots and all.

The first Sunday after the bell was hung he told the regular churchgoers, who only filled up about a third of the pews, that from then on he wasn't aiming to let go of that bell rope till every pew in the church was jammed tight. He meant it, too. You could see it in his eyes, the Methodist regulars told around town. Oh, the new preacher was a determined sort, all right! No doubt of it. Them Methodists, they were real proud of him. And you can bet that they sure saw that the word was passed all over Ludborn.

Like I say, I got to give him credit. The next Sunday the Methodist church was packed to the rafters. He even flushed a covey of long-standing Baptists and Presbyterians, who later admitted they showed up only because they feared there weren't enough Methodists and freewheelers in town to fill up the pews. They just couldn't bear the thought of that bell a-booming out till old Lucifer himself staggered in and hollered uncle.

Naturally that bell didn't set so good with us fellows playing poker in the firehouse, neither. Not only did it rattle the windows and shake the floor under our feet, but somehow it wasn't uplifting like the old bell. I know I didn't play any better poker after hearing it rung, like with the old one.

It did me one good turn, though. The first Sunday morning it bonged out like the voice of doom, Ed Kimmell jumped about three feet out of his chair straight toward the ceiling, and spilled face-up on the table his four jacks that he was fixing to clobber me with, being as I had but a full house. But that's the only time anything like that ever happened. From then on, we all kept an eye on the clock and steeled ourselves for it.

Hickey Goshorn was the fellow that it really galled like a burr in his britches. Hickey made the best-beaded likker in all of Cadmus County, but he couldn't quite handle his own makings. Along about four in the morning he'd get so glassy-eyed drunk he couldn't tell an ace from a tenner, and he'd stagger off to his cot in the back room to sleep it off. That first morning when the new bell set the windows to rattling, Hickey came tearing through the door out to

where Ed had just spilled his jacks on the table, and he was as wild-eyed and quivering as a scared rabbit.

"Great God Almighty!" he yelled to the rest of us. "What's happening? It sounds like the world's coming to an end!"

"It must be that new bell in the Methodist Church," said Jim Bagley. "I heard they was gettin' a new one, but it sounds to me like they got a dozen or more of 'em cast into one."

"New bell?" Hickey said thickly. He still wasn't half woke up, but he sure was shaking in his boots. "Ain't no bell ever made could give off a God-awful thunderin' like that. Why, the floor's quivering 'neath my feet. Can't you fellers feel it?"

He was still so primed with his own corn drippings that he wasn't rightly sure if the quivering was in the floor or in his legs, he was that unsteady. But we rested him easy that we could feel it too, though maybe not so plain as him in his bare feet.

"Well, one thing's for certain," he said, wincing like he was being pounded every time the bell sounded. "Them Methodists ain't going to be ringing no God-awful bell like that after today. That thing'd make a dead man jump clear out of his grave."

"Sure would," agreed Ed Kimmell. He gave his upturned jacks a sad-eyed once-over. "'Deed, it would."

"I don't see what's to be done about it, Hickey," I told him. "It's a gizzard-shakin' sound, sure enough, but it looks like we're stuck with it. I reckon the Methodists got the right to ring their bell if they want to."

"We'll see about that," muttered Hickey. "Mark my word, we'll just see."

He drained about half a Mason jar of corn and staggered on back to his cot. But even with all that likker in him, he still couldn't get back to sleep. The rest of us, we stuck wadding in our ears and went on with the game as best we could. Hickey rolled and tossed there in the back room, roaring and cussing a blue streak, till that bell finally stopped ringing. Then he dropped off dead to the world.

The next day Hickey cornered Ira Barlow on the street and told him something had to be done about that bell. Ira was the mayor of Ludborn and a good friend of Hickey's. He was a steady customer to Hickey, too. Hickey laid by three quarts of corn for him every week, regular as clockwork. Course, Ira didn't pay for it. It was like taxes, Hickey claimed. He laid by three quarts apiece for Sheriff Boggs and Judge Wayman, too. It wasn't anything at all like bribing. Just like taxes.

Anyway, Ira was a regular user and a keen admirer of Hickey's merchandise, besides being a good friend. But he was also a Methodist, and as sold on the new preacher and that booming bell as the next one in his pew. He told Hickey there wasn't anything that he

could do about it, and he wouldn't even if he could. There wasn't anything Hickey could do either, he said. Far as Ira was concerned, the Methodists could ring their bell whenever they wanted to, and more power to 'em.

"We'll see about that!" Hickey muttered grimly. He turned on his heel and left Ira standing.

You'd think Hickey would have given up then, but no, sir, not him. Hickey was as strong-minded as all getout. The next Sunday when the bell started ringing, he rolled and tossed there on his cot again with his ears full of wadding, and roaring and cussing away. He drank near a quart of corn this time, but he never did get back to sleep till the bell stopped rattling the windows and shaking the floor.

Hickey was a laughing man by nature, but he sure didn't laugh none during that next week. He hung around the firehouse, muttering under his breath, as grim-faced as a hangman. Neither did he say anything, but it was plain on his face that something was working in his mind. He was bound and determined to do something about that bell.

Come Saturday night again, and the half dozen or so of us who played poker regular at the firehouse sat down for another session. We were plenty surprised at Hickey, who seemed back to his old self again. He laughed and joked and carried on like he hadn't a thing in the world on his mind. And he brought out enough Mason jars of corn to drown us all. Naturally none of us breathed a word about the Methodists' bell, we were that glad to see him chipper again.

Hickey's wisecracking and outlandish poker playing kept us laughing right through the evening. He stayed in every pot and drew to the foolishhest hands imaginable. If he got beat out or had to throw in he'd just crack another joke and pass around a Mason jar. Then he'd laugh like he was having the time of his life. Sometimes he'd even chuckle to himself, for no reason at all that the rest of us could see. But we were all glad about it just the same. He was just like the old Hickey, only more so.

It was getting onto two in the morning when suddenly he pushed back from the table and announced that he was going for a ride. We stared at him like he was plumb loco.

"Going to cruise around and see can I spot me a fire," he explained.

"At this time of the morning?" I said.

Hickey drained the Mason jar he was holding and wiped his mouth with his hand. "Good a time as any," he laughed. Opening up another jar, he took a hefty swig from that also. "You never can tell about fires. Tricky things; likely to bust out most any time.

Seeing as I'm paid by the town, it's my bounden duty to keep a sharp lookout for 'em."

"You know there ain't no fire tonight, Hickey," Sam Harris told him. "If there was, I reckon we'd be the first to know about it, being right here in the firehouse, now wouldn't we?"

"Never can tell," said Hickey stubbornly. "Might be one going on right now that we don't know about. It's my duty to inspect, and inspect I'm going to!"

We were a mite concerned at him driving around at night, so full of corn as he was, but he couldn't be talked out of it. Hickey was as strong-minded as they come. He slung the jar of corn up on the seat of the ladder truck and took off down Main Street. Usually he roared out of the firehouse with the bell clanging and the siren wide open. He dearly loved to fly along in that ladder truck, even if it was just a small one that one man could handle by himself. Ludborn couldn't afford one of those long extension jobs that takes two men to drive it.

Tonight, though, Hickey eased the truck out as quiet as a porch climber. And it seemed like we hadn't played more than a couple of hands before he was back in the firehouse again, as quiet as before.

He reached down beside him and picked up something that we couldn't see what it was, and stuck it inside his jacket. Grabbing his jar of corn, he sauntered over to the table and sat himself down. He was grinning from ear to ear.

I noticed the jar was already about half empty. "You sight any fires, Hickey?" I asked.

The grin spread all over his face. He shook his head unsteadily. "Nope! Not a single one. 'Magine that!"

"I didn't figure you would," I said. "You want to know what I think?"

"What?"

"I think if you keep downing that corn like you been doing while you were gone, you're going to fall out of that chair in about two minutes."

He nodded happily. "And I think maybe you're right. 'Deed I do. But I been celebrating something. And what's more,"—keeping one arm still wrapped around whatever was hidden under his jacket, he reached for the jar and tilted it—"what's more, I'm going to celebrate again right now." The whiskey gurgled at least a half dozen times. When he set the jar down it was almost empty.

"You mind telling us what you're celebrating?" said Miles Farnum. He pointed at the bulge under Hickey's jacket. "You find a boodle of cash somebody dropped in the street, maybe?"

Chuckling, Hickey folded both arms in front of him and leaned back in his chair. His eyes were beginning to glaze over, and his head lolled loosely on his neck. We all knew it wouldn't be long

now. "I got me something here better'n all the cash that was ever minted," he said thickly. "Something that cash ain't no good for, no matter how much you got."

We leaned forward around the table expectantly. "What is it, Hickey?" asked Jim Bagley. "C'mon, what you got under there?"

Hickey opened the top of his jacket and sneaked a look inside. Then, with wavering eyes but as solemn as a barn owl, he gazed around at us. "A good night's sleep," he whispered. "Yes, sir, boys, I got me a good night's sleep under here!" And he rared back and busted out laughing so hard that the tears ran down his face in rivers. We had to pound him on the back and pour a monstrous slug of corn down him, he took on such a laughing, coughing spell.

We finally got his coughing stopped, but we couldn't get another word from him. He wavered to his feet, still whooping with laughter, and with his arms yet wrapped around that bulge in his jacket, he staggered toward the back room. We heard him flop on his cot, and in less than a minute he was snoring like a horse with the heaves.

We sat there listening to him, nobody saying a thing. Finally, Jim Bagley spoke up. "What do you boys figure Hickey was hiding under his jacket?" It was what all of us were wondering.

"I ain't got the least idea," said Miles Farnum, "but I'll tell you one thing for certain. Hickey's sure enough due for a whoping hangover. When that Methodist bell starts booming out in a few hours, it ain't going to be no easy pill for him to swallow, him being in the shape he's in."

"That's for sure," I said. "I hope he gets that good night's sleep he was talking about. He's really going to need it."

Jim picked up the cards and shuffled them. "Well, there ain't nothing we can do about it now," he said, dealing. "It's draw, boys, jacks or better to open." We picked up our hands and went on with the game.

Hours later, as the clock on the firehouse wall showed near to ten-thirty, Ed Kimmell opened up a package of cotton that he'd brought over from his barber shop, and we all stuffed our ears with it. Jim Bagley even chewed up a stick of gum and capped the cotton in his ears with that. Now we were steeled for the Methodists' bell to commence booming.

Only, believe it or not, that booming bell never boomed!

No, sir—ten-thirty, ten-forty, ten-forty-five—the minute hand crawled on around, and not a sound from that bell. We played poker nervously, wondering what was wrong. We couldn't understand it. The Methodist preacher had sworn he would haul on that bell rope at ten-thirty sharp and roll every sinner in Ludbourn out of bed, just like he'd already done the two previous Sundays. Reverend Ballingame was a man of his word, too; he'd proved that. We just

couldn't figure out why that bell wasn't ringing and shaking windows and floors all over town.

Ten-fifty, ten-fifty-five. "Maybe the preacher slept over!" Miles Farnum shouted, so we could hear through our cotton plugs.

"Or maybe took sick!" Ed Kimmell shouted back. Such a pleasurable thought that was, it drew a grin out of all of us. Not that we wished Reverend Ballingame any ill; it was just that cussed bell.

Eleven o'clock.

Suddenly the door flew open and Ira Barlow came busting into the firehouse, with the Methodist preacher close on his heels. "Where is he?" Ira yelled. "Where's that Hickey Goshorn? I'll make that scoundrel pay for this and pay plenty!"

We were all so took back that we just sat there, dumbfounded. The preacher and Ira were as red as beets in their faces. Ira, in particular, looked mad enough to bite through a rail spike. Finally, Jim Bagley nodded toward the back room.

"Maybe you oughtn't go busting in on him right now, Ira," Jim said, taking the gum and cotton out of his ears. "He sounds like he's sleeping. Might not like being woke up. Fact is, know he—"

"We'll see about that!" roared Ira. He and Reverend Ballingame marched into the back room, with me and the rest of the boys right behind them.

Hickey was sprawled on his cot with all his clothes on him, even his shoes. Flat on his back, snoring away, he was smiling in his sleep like a full-bellied baby. It wasn't hard to guess what he was smiling about. Laying across his chest, his right hand clamped tight around it, was a length of rounded metal rod with a big knob on the end.

Soon as me and the rest of the boys saw that, we knew right off what Hickey had been doing with that ladder truck. He had gone and sawed off the tongue of the Methodists' booming bell!

I don't reckon I've ever admired a man more in my whole life than I admired Hickey Goshorn right then. I couldn't have been prouder had I done it myself. And I reckon the other boys felt likewise. We were fairly bursting with pride and admiration.

Not so with Ira Barlow and Reverend Ballingame, though. Hopping mad and nearly frothing at the mouth, they were. Especially Ira. He cussed and hollered and ranted and raved at Hickey—cussing one minute, asking the preacher's pardon the next, then cussing some more. He threatened Hickey with everything in the book, from firing him and getting him thrown in the pokey to riding him out of town on a rail. Hickey never heard a word Ira said. He just laid there with that smile on his face, snoring away, not moving a muscle.

It was plain that nothing on earth could wake Hickey up for the time being, except that Methodist bell, and Hickey had taken good care of that. Ira and the preacher couldn't even pry the clapper out of his hand, he had such a death grip on it. Finally, they gave up trying.

"Well, I'll fix his wagon when he wakes up," said Ira. "You be assured of that, Reverend."

"Now, Mayor, we mustn't be too hasty," said Reverend Ballingame. He gazed around at me and the other boys, and in at the poker table and the empty Mason jars on the floor, and then back at Hickey. He had a mighty peculiar gleam in his eye as he stared down at that bell clapper, the preacher did.

"It seems to me that this poor man needs our help more than retribution," he said. "It's obvious he has fallen amongst evil companions." After giving me and the other boys another once-over down the bridge of his nose, he drew Ira into the other room.

They parleyed there a couple of minutes, with the preacher talking low and earnest to Ira. Ira's face gradually changed from anger to interest, and then to amusement as he listened. When the preacher stopped talking, Ira cut loose with a big horselaugh. Clapping Reverend Ballingame on the back, he said, "By God, Reverend, we'll do it!" They left without another word nor a backward glance.

When Hickey finally woke up that evening he was a hero to near the whole town. Excepting the Methodists, of course. They were spitting mad, every last one of them. But it seemed like everybody else in Ludborn dropped by the firehouse Sunday night to congratulate Hickey. Over and over he told how he took the truck out and handled that ladder all by himself, with him so brimming with corn it was a miracle he hadn't fallen and broke his neck, and how he climbed up to the Methodists' belfry and sawed off the clapper of their booming bell. For a fact, Hickey held court like a king—with near the whole of Ludborn paying him honor. Even Reverend Peabody, the Presbyterian minister, got him off in a corner to pump his hand.

Hickey wasn't worried a whit when we told him about Ira Barlow's threats. "Let him do what he thinks he can," said Hickey. "He can fire me, get me jailed, have me fined twenty, fifty, a hundred dollars if he's a mind to. It don't matter to me. I reckon it was worth it every bit." And he smiled and fondled that bell tongue like it was a soft-bodied woman.

Neither was he worried the next morning when Sheriff Boggs showed up with a warrant and said that Judge Wayman was waiting for them down at the courthouse. Hickey set out in high spirits. He strutted down the street with the sheriff, waving that clapper like a drum major's baton.

The courtroom was jammed full as Hickey walked in. Near everybody had heard about the trial, it seemed, and they all shouted encouragement to him. Excepting the Methodists, of course. When Judge Wayman appeared, we all stood up and the clerk declared the court in session. Ira Barlow and Reverend Ballingame went up and conferred with the judge and the county attorney a minute, then they took their seats and Judge Wayman banged his gavel.

"Hickey Goshorn," rumbled the judge, "you are charged with the willful and malicious destruction of the property of others, namely the bell in the Ludborn Methodist Church. How plead you?"

"Proud of it!" shouted Hickey, waving the clapper in the air. The crowd laughed and cheered.

The judge rapped his gavel again. "Behave yourself, Hickey. This is a court of law, not a tent meeting. Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty as sin then, if that's what you want to call it, Judge," said Hickey. "I climbed up there and sawed 'er off, all right. Ain't no denying that. But I'm proud of it all the same."

"Very well. However, the court wishes to accord you all the rights and privileges to which you are due. I observe that you have no counsel. You are entitled to counsel if you desire one. Do you so desire?"

"Reckon not, Judge. I'd be just as guilty with a lawyer alongside me as I am without one, and it's a dang sight cheaper this way."

We all whooped at that, and the judge banged his gavel hard. "All right, Hickey, all right. The court has no intention of forcing counsel on you against your will. I guess we can get right along with the sentencing then."

Judge Wayman cleared his throat. The courtroom got so quiet you could hear a cat walking. We were all anxious to hear what was going to happen to Hickey.

"Hickey Goshorn," said the judge, "since you have pleaded—ah—guilty as sin, as you put it—hmmmm, yes—to the charge of willful and malicious destruction of the property of others, namely the bell belonging to the Ludborn Methodist Church, under the powers invested in me as presiding judge of this court, I hereby sentence you to six months in the county jail—"

The crowd gave one big gasp like the intake of a suction pump. The way Hickey looked, he might have been poleaxed.

"—or six months of steady attendance at the Ludborn Methodist Church!" finished Judge Wayman. "Take your choice."

For a moment the courtroom was deathly silent. Then somebody snickered. Before you knew it the whole crowd was yelling and whooping with laughter. Even the judge chuckled a little as he nodded to Ira Barlow and Ira nodded back, looking real satisfied.

Them Methodists weren't treating it as a big joke, though. Every one of them had grim, hungry-looking smiles on their faces. They eyed Hickey like a cat licking his whiskers over a cornered mouse. It fair made the shivers run up my back.

Hickey, after the first surprise of the sentencing wore off, he was strutting more than ever. Course, he was mighty happy to get out of that jail sentence. Six months in the pokey is a long time, no matter how good a cause it's for. But he was cocky, too. He figured he could take on them Methodists single handed and beat them all hollow at their own game.

"Two or three sessions with me occupying a pew," he bragged back at the firehouse, "and them Methodists'll be glad to get rid of me and let me be. They'll be begging me to leave." No, sir, Hickey wasn't the least bit worried. He figured he had got off real easy.

The first few times he attended church services, Hickey stirred things up a bit, all right. Nothing that the Methodists could get Judge Wayman to order him out of church and to jail for—he was too crafty for that. But he was full of little things calculated to stick in their craws.

He would bellow out the hymns at the top of his voice and miserably off key. And he'd constantly cough and blow his nose all the while Reverend Ballingame was sermonizing. And drop the collection plate when it was passed to him—all sorts of little pin-pricks like that. The preacher and them Methodists, though, they just stuck to their guns, smiled on him like a poor benighted sinner, and paid him no heed.

Choir practice was what finally did Hickey in. Judge Wayman had ordered him to attend all the functions of the Methodists, choir practice included. Hickey didn't mind. He figured the other choir members would soon get a belly full of his hymning. But before that came to pass, he got to rubbing elbows with Mattie Lou Shaef-fer, a comely young filly who stood right in front of him during practice.

If the truth be known, I reckon he and Mattie Lou were soon a goodly distance beyond the elbow rubbing stage. Not two months of Hickey's sentence were yet up when Mattie Lou's daddy announced his daughter's engagement. "... to Mr. Hickey Goshorn, Ludborn's well-known and highly respected fire chief," the weekly *Ledger* put it. Two weeks later they were married, right there in the Methodist church after Sunday service, Reverend Ballingame officiating.

Well, sir, that did it. Hickey was a gone man. You wouldn't have known him for the same fellow, he changed so.

He and Mattie Lou rented themselves a little house on the edge of town. Right away Hickey got so he didn't hang around the firehouse one minute more than he was required to by duty. Even

during the daytime he was always running home for something or other he really didn't need, but he generally came back looking real satisfied like he'd found it, whatever it was.

Too, he clamped down on me and the other boys playing poker in the firehouse. We had to move our Saturday night game to the back room of Ed Kimmel's barber shop. He foreswore smoking, gambling and cussing—even drinking—and he badgered all others to step in his tracks. Why, he got so you couldn't pass a word with him but what he was onto you about your bad habits.

Worse than that, though—Hickey tore down his still. Ripped up the whole shebang. He gave all his barrels and tubing to the junk man and dumped all his whiskey and mash into Catlett's Creek. That not only threw poor old Luther Watkins out of a good job and sent him back to scrabbling shares on a miserable dirt farm, but it caused near all the fish in the creek to flop belly side up and die on the bank. And it sorely put the pinch on most of the drinking folk in the whole of Cadmus County.

Even Judge Wayman and Ira Barlow tried to talk Hickey out of closing down his still. They had tossed him amongst them Methodists just to teach him a lesson against sawing off bell clappers. They sure hadn't intended to plumb ruin the best corn man for miles around. A playful lesson was one thing; this was something else again. This was going too far—way too far.

They talked themselves blue in the face, Ira and the judge did, trying to change Hickey's mind.

"The Bible's a vast fount of wisdom, Hickey," the judge argued, "and among other things it enjoins a man from burying his talents. It tells him he should take his talents and put them to the best possible use. Now maybe the Bible don't mean by talents exactly what we mean by talents nowadays, but it's the same principle, Hickey. Whether it's money or ability, by God, a man ought to make his talents multiply and grow. He oughn't bury them."

"It's the Lord's own truth, Hickey," chimed in Ira. "It says so right in the good book, and where's a man to find better advice than there?"

"Nope!" said Hickey.

Judge Wayman threw his arm around Hickey and started pleading in earnest. "It's pure gospel we're quoting you, son. We wouldn't try to lead you astray. Ira and I, we're your friends. Why, we're the ones who got you to running with the Methodists, and Ira here's a deacon in the church. You don't think we'd tell you wrong, do you?"

"Course not, Hickey," said Ira. "The judge and I are mighty proud of the way you've taken hold lately. And speaking as a Methodist, I can say the whole congregation's mighty proud of you, too. A man don't need to jump in the river just to wash his hands."

"Ira's right, Hickey. Moderation, son, moderation—that's the ticket."

"So like the judge says, you got an undeniable talent for running off good corn likker. And nowhere does the Bible frown on a man making a little corn if he's got the knack for it, not even a Methodist."

"True, so very true," agreed the judge. "Not even the good Reverend Ballingame himself could find where the Bible admonishes against making a little corn now and then. No, sir!"

Hickey just shook his head. "Nope!"

Ira and Judge Wayman were as thirsty for some of that pearly-beaded corn as the rest of us. Maybe more so, seeing as how they had got theirs for free. Anyway, they were getting pretty desperate now.

Ira fixed a stern eye on Hickey. "It seems to me it's downright sinful of you to bury a talent you got, Hickey. 'Deed it does—downright sinful!"

Likewise, the judge flexed his best courtroom muscles. "For a fact, son," he rumbled, "I fear you may be flying in the face of a negative and retributive final judgment, should you persist in this unreasonable and uncharitable demeanor!"

Hickey wasn't to be swayed. "Nope!"

Finally, Ira and the judge just threw up their hands and swallowed the dust in their throats. They had outsmarted themselves. Mattie Lou and Reverend Ballingame and the rest of them Methodists had sunk their hooks into Hickey good and tight. There just wasn't no digging them out.

Hickey was a strong-minded man. Once he'd made up his mind to take a swig of religion, he'd swallowed the barrel. Whole hog or nothing—that was Hickey.

He even bought the Methodists a brand-new clapper for their blasted bell, and now it seems to rattle more windows and shake more sinners out of bed than ever before. That's probably because Hickey is also hauling on the bell rope now instead of the preacher. Hickey ain't only strong-minded. He's strong all over.

Anyway, each Sunday morning I sit there in Ed Kimmell's barber shop with the rest of the boys. I hear the bell thundering in my ears, even though they're plugged full of cotton, and I can't help reflecting about Hickey. And you can bet your last pair of britches that I knock on the poker table and cross my fingers twice over, I'm that thankful I ain't a strong-minded man.

No, sir, I ain't strong-minded at all. Ain't intending to be, neither.

Red, Profs, And Cadillacs

The leadership of the West, wherever it may prove to reside in the days ahead, is under urgent notice to absorb and act upon certain as yet isolated, but crucial insights. They are perhaps a more vital challenge to the United States than to other Western nations, not only because of our inescapable material bulk in Western councils, but because we have to travel farther than most in coming to terms with them. They are

- (1) the global extent of the Soviet system's political and ideological reach;
- (2) the imposing, if uneven, performance and potential of Soviet industry, science, and armament;
- (3) the internal stability of the Russian regime, founded on basic acceptance by the Soviet people, but contrasting with the basic instability of its system of allies and satellites;
- (4) the deep loathing of the Soviet people for offensive war, coupled, however, with wide-spread ignorance and distrust of the West;
- (5) the fact that war between, or on the fringes of, the two contending systems has ceased to be a feasible means of policy, or even of survival;
- (6) the fact that Western institutions and values, for all their objectively impressive record, are on probation in the rest of the world; that objections to it are not reducible to misinformation; that the complex ideal of maximum freedom, abundance, and diversity in a permissive society is not a demonstrated good to outsiders, and maintains its attraction only in proportion to its actual and progressive, not its nominal and ritual, realization in the communities that subscribe to it.
- (7) the fact that between the Soviet and the American extremes of social organization and practice there exist gradations and compromises toward which both extremes gravitate;

WALTER ARNDT teaches Russian, German, and Linguistics in the University of North Carolina. He holds degrees in economics, political science, engineering, and comparative linguistics from universities in Turkey, Poland, England, and the United States. His articles have appeared in *The Economist* and *Comparative Literature*.

- (8) the fact that the contribution of the United States to the understanding and shaping of world's affairs, which is a vital asset to the West, has for some time been critically compromised by a bankrupt educational philosophy and a distorted scale of values—two failings which are related and reinforce each other in a rapid downward spiral.

In the light of these propositions, let us examine soberly our performance in response to two recent challenges to our policies and attitudes. This may help us recognize the size of the gap our "way of life" has opened between domestic and world reality and our understanding of it.

In two successive Octobers, 1956 and 1957, we have been witnesses—awed, helpless, sick-at-heart witnesses—of two major political convulsions. Each of them proclaimed a basic change in those ever-out-of-date constants we use to assess our position in history and to forecast the shape of things to come, if any. These climactic changes were the collapse of the Stalinist edifice in Eastern Europe, with connected symptoms in the USSR, and the faltering, under U.S. auspices, of the West's century-old leadership in ideas, statesmanship, and technology.

The sensational October events that symbolized the upheaval in both cases were neither unheralded nor unpredicted. But they snatched the scales from many eyes all over the world. In that sense they created compelling new facts of relative prestige and emotional allegiance, and set up trends of international political action. Policy data inherited from World War II, and some others that had been stable for a century, have been thrown into a jumble that is both menacing and promising. To the Soviet Union, nothing was quite the same any more in that winter of glaring satellite discontent as it had seemed the preceding summer. To us, nothing is quite the same in the present winter of our satellite dismay. Each side imagines, just at present, that its own cracked self-image can be mended somehow without major reorientation, while the other's is irreparable. Both try to restore the old facade by magic incantations—"socialist solidarity" on one side, "more hardware but business as usual" on the other. Both are wrong, of course; and the sooner they adjust to the irrepressible needs of humanity and the facts of the shrunken and menaced planet, the better for a race whose potential for destructive action has outgrown its social vision and sense of community. Mutual annihilation may be had separately, by fear of change, clutching of megaton weapons, and the self-righteous compulsions of the Old Guard on both sides, the benighted recipes of the Stalins and Dulleses, big and small. Survival can only be joint. It calls for new images and goals on both sides, less polarized

and antagonistic, better accommodated and related to each other. It takes more than snarling co-existence. It takes informed and quiet diplomacy, multiple contacts between the polarized communities, and above all, self-examination and self-education.

Let us recall the official American view of the Soviet sphere two summers ago. We pictured a morally retrograde, technologically retarded, though locally formidable monster state, which had an unfortunate genius for malignant propaganda, but was ultimately doomed by false economics and a basic misreading of human psychology. Writhing in this moribund spider's net, there was a wretched huddle of oppressed and defiant nations who looked with yearning to the western lands of freedom and plenty, where their spiritual home lay, and whence succor would come. Reverse the sign, incidentally, and regroup some emphases, and there emerges the official Soviet view of the capitalist West: which suggests strongly that both views are pathologically distorted.

How sincerely was the above official view held at the time? Off the record, we had plainly said good-bye to all hope of a spontaneous popular initiative from Eastern Europe. Official pretense aside, we had obviously concluded that the satellite mind was in the powerful and ever more unshakable grip of the communist world view—lost to the West for untold years to come.

And then we got the first major surprise of our post-war lives. Ironically and tragically, part of the make-believe official image turned out to be true, and we were caught with our policies down. The last thing the Administration expected or wanted, it seems, was to be taken at its official word. With a cozy kind of hopelessness, it had written Eastern Europe off, without telling the nation or the East Europeans. We had strutted about the European radio waves, proclaiming ourselves both the school and the arsenal of democracy, while at home we were busy jailing heretics, defaming dissident thought, and misusing the handy "security" label to conceal serious and endemic corruption. When the test came in Hungary, we had neither weapons nor lessons to give. We had not done our own lessons, nor forged our own weapons, whether of war or of policy. The weapons of war were no longer morally available anyhow, then as now; although we maintain, at insane spiritual and material cost, the vast antiquated apparatus of force and make it the alpha and omega of policy. Far from an arsenal or school, we were at most an improvised, disorganized first-aid station. Our contribution to the East European drama was a chorus of pity and terror, a hang-dog disclaimer of responsibility, and truly incredible offers by government spokesmen like Army Secretary Brucker to teach the human jetsam we finally accepted to our well-appointed shores "what freedom was all about."

Even less sudden than the Hungarian and Polish flare-ups was the recent Soviet scientific break-through—our second satellite shock. Our businessmen's government is not alone to blame, to be sure. It did not elect itself, any more than the Hoover set, its cherished prototype, did. It merely represents a sharply negative selection from among rival American attitudes, a recurrent confusion (on the part of an ill-stocked, gullible public-mind faced with problems beyond its information and grasp) of economic dominance with competence and wisdom. It was brought into office by the far from fortuitous interaction of a money-manipulated democratic apparatus and press with a deplorable state of public education. No wonder that what this government has until lately bodied forth and dispensed to the world was a dishonest decoction of stale folklore slogans about this nation's institutions and goals—Free Enterprise, Equal Opportunity, Rugged Individualism, Free Trade, Dynamic Conservatism, Honest Government, and the rest; ideals so far removed from modern American reality that either one or the other must be recast to arrest a national schizophrenia. No wonder, too, that in place of policies attuned to world realities and informed opinion at home, we were offered the quintessence of obsolete fears and complacencies, polished to a like-new gloss by professional opinion-molders.

Inevitably, our businessmen's government, busily rebuilding its modern America of 1890, gave its favorite "top secret" label to authoritative warnings of the damaging blow which its complexes, and Soviet efforts, were between them dealing to the West. Yet anyone who could, and would, read the Russian counterpart of *Popular Mechanics* had no excuse for ignorance; nor anyone who read the resourceful columnists at home who are able to pierce now and then the ramparts of secrecy and soft soap that defend matters of vital public interest. But a national superiority complex is hard to kill, and all too easy and profitable to pamper. Also, the carrion crows of the sordid election campaign of 1952 have long ago come home to roost. How many minds have not been insulated by the vulgar fallacy that evil "commies," homegrown or imported, could steal secrets we did not have, or needed to if they could? As Mort Sahl, blessed gad-fly of the night-clubs, mused recently, "it turns out we had the satellite plans first, but the Rosenbergs stole them from us in 1947—which points up the need for carbon paper in our government offices."

Not only the candid Russian progress reports in key fields, but also the bitter charges of our security-ridden scholars, scientists, and diplomats were there to be read and heeded. To do so might have seemed a more urgent function of government and public media, had the McCarthyist demonology not addled so many brains. Considering our institutionalized prejudice against intellectual training,

our pulpy reading diet, and our emotional instability—all interrelated afflictions—we were the one Western nation least able to withstand or afford such an infection. Yet the powers behind the slogans of '52 abetted and exploited the hysteria through thousands of controlled vehicles of publicity and some new techniques of slander. They doubtless got almost the government they wanted and deserved. But they have done a costly disservice to the people whose emotions they were privileged to mold, and to the body of noble concepts and standards they helped to debase under the dubious label of "the American Way of Life."

The current ferment of conflicting, but interacting ideologies, and the geometric progression of knowledge, cannot be understood by way of comic-paper images of unkempt "profs" (lovable or sinister, depending whose side they're on, but always queer), who officiate in a maze of wizard gadgetry; nor in terms of Col. Shpionkin and Comrade Subversky who, disguised as egg-headed liberals with the connivance of Dean Acheson and the Ford Foundation, poison the minds of clean-cut, crew-cut sophomores for a year or so, before making off with the latest death-ray bestowed by the tribal fairies, American Know-How and Private Enterprise. That such myths are infantile poppycock is not disproved by their being clung to and spread by some of the greatest in the land. All that proves is the caliber of our education, and the flaws of the process that brings its unfinished products to positions of prominence and leadership.

It is not merely, or chiefly, bigger and better missiles that is at stake. It is our institutional framework itself, and our ability to live a fearless, fruitful, "inner-directed" life in it that is eaten away by moronism and moral obtuseness. The disconcerting fact that more of us must absorb and translate into community action is this. The Good Life—shall we say, institutionally balanced freedoms, fruitful and diverse individual development in an atmosphere of tolerance toward dissent and change—is as much threatened by alienation from reality in a Western type of society as in a more openly compulsive totalitarian one. False values, social conformity, plutocratic distortion of democracy and information and their common root and outcome, counterfeit education, are potentially as destructive of the Good Life as an overt collectivist tyranny. In view of the size of our risks and the pressure of time, we have gone too far in letting that potential turn into reality. And we are not moving nearly fast enough on our way back. We are now proposing to fight an advanced state of intellectual retardation with little poultices of money applied here and there. Can one seriously imagine that the educational arrears of several generations can be made up in a year or two, or ever, without an unexampled mobilization of brains and resources, backed by a veritable popular revolution of

tastes and habits? And how is this all-out effort to be mounted and sustained by a nation of whom 61%—more than enough to elect a president—have not read a book last year, never studied a foreign language, never learned in school to write an intelligible paragraph of English?

Most of us have been noted, throughout our more recent history, for an immense complacency about our achievements and values. Before we charge our tiresome Soviet critics with purposeful insincerity, or our Allied critics with fellow-travelling, let us try to set up a little illustrative montage of slanted snapshots from American reality, such as might resemble a critical outsider's candid image of the U.S.A. His puzzled musings might run like this:

A presidential cabinet member, in a position of fateful responsibility which would seem to demand rare intellectual equipment and a lifetime of training, earns 5 times what a junior scholar, such as a nuclear physicist, earns at a university. A corporate soap manufacturer is appointed to that job. He used to earn 11 times what he does now, not counting massive benefits mislabeled for legalized tax evasion. Hence, a soap-maker to that society is worth at least 11 senior statesmen or 55 junior physicists. The glorified wainwright that preceded the superior soap-maker in the same spot stood even higher in the social value scale: he received some 25 statesmensworth or some 125 physicistsworth. The fact that one in a score of soap-makers and wainwrights will on occasion descend briefly to the level of the public servant—to the pitying wonder of his peers—and possibly do well there, does not affect the stable value relation.

While slums litter city and country, and Negroes and Latins live in filth and ignorance, oil tsars, lumber kings, utility barons earn hundreds of millions per annum per head, with which they buy themselves congressmen and officials, and through them, further slices of the national patrimony. Minority citizens who raise their voices for equal rights and opportunities are outlawed or casually killed without effective legal redress. Low-cost public housing is thwarted by powerful organizations of those who build houses for profit.

By this society's bizarre and revealing terminology, what a man is worth means how much money he has; that is, what he is able, by the concerted pressure of his social group, to exact from the rest of society. These spoils consist of visible and clandestine portions: in the case of the executive, there is salary, expense accounts, stock options, tax-free dividends, and the rest of the corporate bag of tricks. In this way, some 600 million dollars was distributed to one company's executives in 10 years. In the case of the unionized physician, the spoils consists of fees tied by a private escalator clause to the victim's carefully ascertained income; monopolistic restriction of entry into the union; collective sabotage of national health reform.

Such conditions are accepted as normal or shrugged off as the necessary price of a free economy. Politicians, says the well-conditioned man-in-the-street, are crooked and incompetent, civil servants are bureaucrats, the businessman is the pillar of society and needs incentives, or we wouldn't get long enough cars or wide enough TV screens.

Are the distortions in this image of America wholly due to the lenses of Marxist ideology?

Prerequisites of a rapprochement between the opposing power systems would seem to be, on our part, a willingness to interrupt mere consuming for the sake of a fuller and humbler understanding of our own peculiar conditioning as well as the failings of those least like us abroad; and on the part of both systems, a recognition, through increased contact and rejection of clichés, that they are not two scorpions in a bottle, poised in a precarious balance of terror; they are two imperfect societies striving, by their lights, to realize seemingly opposite ideals of social organization. Important elements of either ideal have entered into the make-up of the other. Some, indeed, have been held in common from the start. For both ideals originally issued from a common matrix of European thought, which contained both the idea of individualism and social survival of the fittest, and its necessary counterpart, supremacy of the community. The latter has led some of its adherents to the axiom that only by collective control of resources and central guidance of all important social processes could the welfare of the economically weak and handicapped be safeguarded and promoted for the good of the whole.

Both ideals are liable to abuse and distortion. The Western communities, by virtue of a hard-earned tradition of free enquiry and debate, have managed, by and large, to keep the polar social postulates of individual freedom and collective welfare in a vastly healthier balance than the new Soviet society. In the Western-reared satellite states, the longing for such a balance has been more strongly and consciously at work than ever since the revulsion of '56, and important practical and ideological concessions have been effected by it. Soviet society was wrenched for decades by the stresses of war, isolation, famine, crash industrialization, and barbarous power struggles. In the deep misery of those forty years, the scope and dignity of the individual has at times been brought to the verge of extinction. But here, too, its claims are raised with increasing boldness in the post-Stalin era and receive increasing consideration in all but ideological terms. Obvious symptoms of this process were the "De-Stalinization" speech, the decentralization of industry, recent parallel moves in agriculture; a friendlier and more overt interest in Western affairs on the part of the young; greatly increased official readiness for broader two-way contacts with the West on many levels.

Happily, *l'appétit vient en mangeant*. Concessions to a long pent-in consumer demand for tangibles and intangibles, once granted, cannot be turned off at will, short of a war emergency. Claims for higher rewards and a safer, richer life inevitably gather momentum as they are satisfied. They quickly become institutionalized and make irreversible inroads upon the power monopoly of the party state. Concurrently, these attainments make for greater internal

stability, lessening the tension between governors and governed, and increasing the stake of both in their maintenance and extension. Further, free scientific enquiry, however one tries to isolate and narrowly focus it, has a way of chain-reacting into ever wider fields, as Western history has abundantly shown.

The above is far from a contention that the Soviet Union is evolving into a democratic society on Western lines or developing a free-enterprise economy. But it does raise the hope that this disturbed and disturbing giant of a state did not just become more menacing as its power and prestige soared into orbit last fall; rather that it is acquiring a degree of inner and outer security that will prompt its leaders to live less dangerously on the international scene, to reap and display proudly the long-deferred rewards of the forty lean years, to beat the West at its envied game of freedom and plenty. This worthy challenge we must meet, and perhaps we can yet. But it takes trained brains and feeling hearts, not comics or Cadillacs.

JULIAN MASON

Sea Scene

The gulls know.
The wind is rising,
And they perch on
Pier and piling
With wings wrapped
Closely like a cloak.
Safe above the
Laboring sea
They sit, and wait;
And know.

JULIAN MASON, an English instructor in the University of North Carolina, has published a book of poetry, *Search Party*, in 1954. His work has appeared in the *Carolina Quarterly* previously.

JOANNE CHILDERS

The Old Pensioner

Singing a song he wrote to seamless years,
In summertime the old man's notes abide
Where huts of cracking wind and rain divide
The chinaberry twigs. He sings and hears
The leaves and sky above his head collide.

Sometimes he sees a bolt run up the sand,
The bloat wind snarl peas and corn in rows
Of soaking rows. He closes paper windows
And in his hut he hears across the land
Pecan trees sing in winds which he endows.

Often he sees the pickers in the green,
Sprung of an okra field by a thin tin barn,
And the vision melting in the streaming sun.
Out of his heart, begotten of the scene,
He holds the summer, all expected, gone.

What he expected lastly from the talents
Of world were buried days and a wavy scratch
Of russet mud for a bitter green pea-patch,
His song commingling with the elements.

JOANNE CHILDERS, a resident of Gainesville, Florida, has had poems published in *Epos* and *Pegasus*.

Breeds

His home was a large isolated house. It stood alone at the top of a gravel driveway which looped up the hill through elms and oaks until it curled into a circle at the foot of the solid, wooden steps. Bill drove slowly without speaking. His large frame slouched comfortably in the driver's seat after the long trip; one of his heavy, blond arms was draped casually over the top of the wheel.

"Well, here we are," he said turning into the circle. The March day was reddening directly behind the house. An old Negro hired man sitting on the paint-flaked porch of his gardener's house welcomed Bill with a lazy gesture of familiarity. Two young brown and white setters bounded up the hill in tandem toward Bill, then cowered expectantly at his feet, their fringed tails waving in unison. They followed him at his heels as he threw open the trunk of the car, jerked two of the heavy suitcases out, and marched with them across the wide lawn winking at Sylvia and nodding for her to follow. He always thought that he was going to surprise his parents, but he never did; his mother met him at the door, wiping her hands on her white apron.

"Well, it's about time!" she said mock-seriously. She peered over Bill's shoulder and saw Sylvia coming up the walk. "And here's the little girl we've heard so much about."

Sylvia set down the overnight bag that she was carrying and hugged her awkwardly. This was the first time that she had met his parents. They had been married ten days ago. Last week had been their honeymoon, and this week they had decided to spend with his parents.

"Bill, I just can't get over it," Mrs. Martin said; "she's so pretty. How'd you ever get her?" She gave Sylvia a motherly smile and winked at Bill as he held the screen door for them. Sylvia thought to herself that this certainly was a family for winking. Mr. Martin, "Sam" as the family called him, emerged from a door at the far end of the living room; he was wearing his "old clothes," a huge, ragged leather jacket and a pair of grey work pants. He carried a hammer in his hand.

"Hello, there," he greeted everyone. "Bill, I've got something I want to show you."

COLEMAN BARKS, from Chattanooga, Tennessee, is a Morehead Scholar majoring in English in the University of North Carolina. This is his first publication.

Then, as if he had just seen her, "And this is Sylvia." He put his arm around her and pulled her to him. As he did, the claw end of the hammer dug into her side. "Glad to have you here, honey."

Sylvia winced involuntarily. "Woops, 'scuse me, I forgot it was in my hand." He let her go and changed the hammer to the other hand. "Come on out back, Bill; I want to show you this before it gets too dark to see."

"Now don't go running off, you two, supper's almost on the table," said Mrs. Martin.

"I've heard that before," Bill called back over his shoulder as he followed his father out the door. "It'll be at least an hour." He smiled at Sylvia as he went out, a Martin smile which was supposed to say, "I'll be back in a minute; you and mother get acquainted." Mrs. Martin helped Sylvia with the suitcases which they carried to a spacious, high-ceilinged bedroom on the back side of the house. Sylvia insisted that she not help her with the unpacking, so Mrs. Martin returned to the kitchen where a Negro girl was anxiously tending six steaming pots on an enormous black stove. She was never still, but continually shuttling about the kitchen, with her pink heels flapping against her nondescript shoes as she nodded, "Yes'm, yes'm," to everything Mrs. Martin said.

Sylvia could hear Mrs. Martin talking to Bill in the kitchen as she came through the living room. "Well, I would have put you two upstairs in the big bedroom, but Sam said he didn't want to put up with all that racket right above him in the middle of the night." They both laughed heartily and Sylvia at the door of the kitchen blushed to her ears. Finally Mrs. Martin saw her there and said, "Get on out of here, Bill, if you want Sylvia and me to fix your supper."

As the two of them, Mrs. Martin and Sylvia, moved around the polished surface of the dining room table, setting it for the meal, Mrs. Martin kept up a stream of questions. "Do you love him?"

"Why, yes, I . . ."

"How many children do you want?"

"We haven't decided yet, but . . ."

"Sometimes I wish Sam and I had had more, but four's a good round number for a couple in these times."

Mrs. Martin, in her frank enthusiasm for her family, was not conscious of interrupting Sylvia at all. It was habitual with her that she said things as they came into her mind, and no one thought her rude for it. Neither did anyone think her questions, which she inevitably asked, to be too frank or intimate, for somehow they lost their social delicacy and their intimacy in the rugged candor of her voice. It would have occurred to no one to have been offended, or not to have answered her.

When the flowered china dishes of rice and beans and potatoes and peas and all the rest were placed upon the table, Sylvia wondered who was going to eat it all. The sheer weight of the food was impressive. Then the twins of the family, two massive, blond animals, stamped in through the back door and introduced themselves loudly, as if they might still have been outdoors shouting to each other. They were Don and Tom, Bill's younger brothers. Sylvia felt small and pale in the midst of this family. All of them towered over her in their raw-boned, jocular health. But she was determined to become one of them and to feel the brawling warmth of their friendship.

The other member was an older sister, Clare, who was the only physically unattractive one in the family. She was oversized without being fat; her legs were heavy and thick like a man's, and she had short, blunt arms that reminded Sylvia of a midget she had once seen eating in a restaurant. Her face was a kind of afterthought to the rest of her body. On its angelic roundness were pencilled the heart-shaped mouth, the teardrop nose, and the well-spaced oval eyes that a child might draw. There was something tragic about her, though—a strange, flattened expression in her eyes. While she was sitting next to her that night at supper, Sylvia saw where the weary cast in her eyes came from. It was the result of a life in the midst of rough, male abuse. At the table they would never have thought of passing dishes to her first as they did to Sylvia. She was simply another companion for them, and because of this, she ate as aggressively and talked as continuously as they did.

Most of the conversation at the table was about the work going on in the backyard. Mr. Martin had just finished caulking a skiff.

"We're still going to have trouble if you load it too much," said Bill.

"Well, we can unload it once we get in there if we have to."

Sylvia stopped forking her peas and interrupted, "What is this all about, Bill?"

"We're going to Nickajack Cave Saturday."

Sylvia was more confused than ever. "Where's that, and what in the world is a skiff?"

Bill explained that a skiff was a small, flat-bottomed boat and that they used it to ply the shallows in a large cave about ten miles from there. "Nickajack's the name of it. Nickajack Cave."

His father broke in, "Bill and I and the boys are going again Saturday, if you girls will let us. Won't be gone long; we should be back late that night if we get an early start."

"Don't expect any argument from me; I'd just as soon you stayed in there," said Mrs. Martin.

Bill turned to Sylvia. They were all waiting for her to answer. "Could I come too; I've never seen a cave on the inside," she said bravely.

"I don't know whether . . ." He glanced to his father who nodded approval. "Did you bring some old clothes?" he stalled.

"Of course I did."

"Oh let her go, Bill, she's healthy enough to keep up with any of you," said Mrs. Martin. That settled it. She had a way of settling things. "Bring the hot grits, Rose."

Later on that evening Sylvia felt like one of the family as they talked about Saturday. She had proved something to them; she wasn't exactly sure what it was. When she and Bill rose to go to bed the "goodnights" were exchanged with everyone. As they walked along the hall their arms around each other, Mr. Martin called from his den.

"Goodnight, Cynthia."

"Goodnight," she replied before thinking.

"Sylvia," they heard Mrs. Martin hiss to him.

"What?" he replied confusedly.

"Her name's *Sylvia*," she chided.

"Oh!"

Bill tightened his arm around Sylvia apologetically.

The next morning Clare woke her by lightly shaking her arm. Bill had gone to town with his father and she would be glad to show her around the farm whenever she wanted. After breakfast, Clare took her through the stables, pointed out the various outbuildings, and told anecdotes of Bill wherever she remembered them.

"Now there's where Bill's two beagles got killed last year," she said, pointing to a marsh area at the end of the south pasture.

"Oh?"

"Those dogs were the smartest things I've ever seen. They'd do anything that boy said. It seemed like they could understand what he said the way they'd jump when he raised his gun and talked to them in his low, hard tone of voice. There's a real swampy place back in those trees; it's lower down in there and all the pastures drain into it; it's not dry even in August. Some people think it's an underground spring; anyway, it's too soft for a man to walk back in there; sink right down to your ears. Bill didn't think it'd be too soft for the dogs, though. He sent them in there after a quail he'd shot. He stood there for almost half an hour and watched them howl and flail around on one another in the sticky mud before they went down out of sight. Wasn't anything he could do about it."

"Why couldn't he have gotten some boards and put them down?"

"I don't know . . . I don't guess he had time," Clare answered; then beginning again with a smile. "No, Bill never would have gone to get anything to get them out. Not because he didn't want to

save them but because he just wouldn't want to leave." Clare's eyes glazed with thoughtful reminiscence. "Dad used to say he had a mean streak in him, but that's not it. . . . See that old mare over there?" Clare pointed to a blotched, unkempt horse on the far side of the white-fenced corral. "She used to be the gentlest, most well-mannered horse we had. Good riding horse. Up until about five or six years ago when Bill pulled one of his stunts, not really a mean thing—not to his way of thinking anyway. Bill just didn't think. We had this young stud donkey—'jacks' folks call them around here—locked up in the barn. He was a mean rascal sure 'nough. Snapping at your hand when you're feeding him and kicking at the sides of his stall until the boards were in splinters. Dad had bought him to sire a couple of mules with this mare; but he was so ornery and rambunctious that he didn't know what to do with him. Bill knew just what to do with him though; he snuck out here one night in his pajamas and put that jack in the corral with the mare. Well, it woke the whole house up for one thing, and it almost killed the mare for another. And Bill perched up there on the corral fence watching it all. He's a funny one about things like that, more curious than downright mean, though. Dad said he hoped we'd at least get our mule then, but we didn't; the mare dropped a dead foal and was sick so she couldn't stand up for a month afterward."

Clare noticed the strange expression on Sylvia's face. "Old Bill did some funny things when he was a young fellow; I guess we all do though." Sylvia's puzzled face did not smile.

It wasn't until after supper that Sylvia saw a pair of headlights turn off the highway and start up the hill. Bill was surprised when she ran to meet him before he was halfway up the walk.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked.

"Not now," she said gaily as she took his arm with both of hers. Slowly the confused lines on his forehead loosened and he smiled knowingly at his father. Everyone went to bed early that night.

Mrs. Martin was the first one up the next morning, fixing a lunch to carry with them. It was a clear, brisk day and they had decided to take the whole family, and even the colored maid, Rose.

Sylvia lay in bed hearing the homey sounds of water running and the repeated opening and closing of the refrigerator door. She felt warm and bed-snug in the midst of the lulling morning sounds. Suddenly she heard a sound which made her sit up in bed. It made her feel the chill of the big, airy room. It was Bill's voice, from the kitchen. She looked at the indentation in the mattress and pillow where he had lain and the soft pile of pajamas on the floor. She was the last one down to breakfast that morning.

Shortly afterward the faded station wagon with Bill, Sylvia, Don, Tom, and the skiff which protruded dangerously from the

back end followed by a newer car with the rest of the family, turned out of the gate onto the highway. After five miles the station wagon bumped off the highway onto a rutted farm road, and the car behind was lost to them in the dust. Eventually they were on an even worse road that wound upstream by the side of a creek. Then, rounding a clump of willows they came abruptly in view of the cave entrance. There was a small stream bubbling around the rocks below the huge opening. Above was a heavy brow of stone running the whole breadth of the entrance. Beyond the sunlight which cut back under the ledge into the cave, faint rock shapes could be seen and beyond them nothing but darkness. Almost before the station wagon had stopped, Don and Tom were unloading the lanterns and priming them.

Everyone was given a lantern. Mrs. Martin and Clare, who were not going in, went under the ledge to take a look inside. Rose wouldn't even go this far. Don and Tom tried to run her down and drag her in, but she put up such a resistance that they let her go.

Mr. Martin and Bill had decided to go in and explore a side passage which they had never tried and then come back out for lunch before venturing with the boat down the main corridor of the cave.

"Still want to go?" Bill asked Sylvia, as he pointed into the darkness.

"Sure I do," she answered, "I wouldn't miss this."

It took them a while to get their eyes used to the darkness even with the lanterns. Sylvia raised her lantern and threw light into the crevices in the roof of the cave. "Oh look, Bill," her voice sounded strange and hollow in the cave.

"Bats," said Bill.

Sylvia almost dropped the lantern when she saw the whole section of little black objects that her light had been on, suddenly stir, then sprout wings, and fly wildly about.

"They won't hit you, don't worry," Bill said calmly, as the dirty black shadows flitted past his shoulders and through the circle of light. Sylvia held her arms hard by her sides as the muffled, fluttering noise became little knife-blade sounds close by her ears.

As they went farther back into the cave the light from the outside dissolved. There was no sound in the damp, prehistoric darkness, except the dripping of stalagmites forming, and the sloshing of boots in the muddy water. Three times they had to cross the stream to avoid piles of stone that had fallen centuries ago from the roof of the cavern. They reached the side passage, which had been formed by another branch of the stream, but was now partially blocked by a jagged avalanche of stones. It was obvious that Sylvia could not attempt to climb it: it would be hard enough for the four men.

"Set your lantern on that flat rock over there and wait here for us; we shouldn't be long," Bill told her. Sylvia couldn't bring herself to ask him to stay there with her, although she was afraid of being alone in the cave.

As their voices faded away over the top of the stones she glanced up and caught her breath. The ceiling was thick with layers of bats. At any minute, she thought, the whole mass of them would come swirling and squeaking down to the light. She went to the lantern and tried to turn it down to a lower pitch but only succeeded in turning it completely off. She sat in the dripping darkness holding her breath and listening to the fluttering, squeaking bats overhead. She had a thought and the instant that she thought it she knew that it was true. The soft dirt under her feet was bat dung.

She called for Bill. There was no answer. She screamed for him and still no answer. Then she was silent; the bats were stirring enormously above her.

She didn't know how long she sat there before she thought of following the stream back out to the entrance. Carefully she felt around for the lantern, trying to remember just how she had seen Don and Tom light them. She worked the primer back and forth for a while and lit four matches, but nothing happened. There was something she was forgetting. The bats were still squeaking; they seemed to be closer overhead in the darkness. She felt her way with her foot down to the edge of the stream. The water was only a few inches deep here. Maybe if she started walking she would see the light from the entrance. At any rate, she could get out from under the shelf of bats.

Sylvia had not ventured more than a couple of yards when her foot slipped into a sinkhole in the mud. She fell headlong into the silty water; for a moment she was completely submerged. Spitting mud from her mouth, she was finally able to find solid ground and grope her way back to where she had been. The wet clothes stuck heavily to her body. Her boots were filled to the top. She wanted to cry but she was too miserable. After trying to take off one of her boots she gave up and sat drawn up on the bank with her head on her knees. She was still like this when the miniature voices of the men, still far-off, began ricocheting off the walls. They were laughing. She didn't answer when they saw that her light was out and called. She was afraid of her voice.

Bill lifted her to her feet by the shoulders.

"What's the matter, honey?" She didn't answer.

"You're wet. How'd you get wet? Fall in?"

She nodded.

"We'd better get you some dry clothes; you can walk, can't you?" Her legs were stiff from sitting in the same position so

long, but they started back downstream toward the daylight. As they plodded along in the muddy, slanted banks in the lanternlight, Bill talked.

"It was the biggest stalagmite I've ever seen; we could walk around on it with no trouble at all. It must have been thirty feet through. Dad's going to check and see what the biggest one on record is. Might be the biggest one in the world. . . ."

There was a fireplace on one side of the kitchen. Sylvia stared into the open fire, where the flames wriggled up between the logs. Clare was hanging her clothes above the stove. On the hearth behind a row of steaming boots lay a pile of wet clothes. Sylvia felt feverish and dizzy in her blankets before the heat. The room was dry-warm with the crackling fire. Bill and Mrs. Martin could be heard in the living room playing cards.

"Clare," Sylvia said, tears suddenly welling in her eyes, "Why do they act like they do?"

"Who?"

"This whole family."

"What do you mean?" she stopped hanging up the wet clothes.

Ugly scenes swarmed in Sylvia's mind—the mare—the dogs. She looked around and met Clare's flat round eyes. "Why did he let those dogs die in the swamp? Why did they leave me alone in the cave and why does Bill act so funny around me. We're married. I'm his wife." Sylvia was crying and almost shouting. "I don't understand; it seems like he doesn't care. In fact it seems like . . ." She stopped breathing for a second. Something like a scream inside of her choked as she saw the two of them standing in the door. They might have been carved from stone, her husband's perplexed, innocent face above his mother's. Sylvia saw the armload of logs he was bringing.

ELIZABETH PARIS

Pace

Six steps on a ladder
The ladder leans on a tree
Three of the steps are painted red
The children who climbed the ladder are dead
And the sun pokes slender fingers of light
And the moon makes eerie shadows at night
Over and under the ladder
Over and under the tree
Over and under the three red steps
Over and under me

GORDON GILSDORF

Old Man And Spring

Seeing March approach the frozen woods
Is all he lives for after eighty years.
The old man smiles to see the hurried step,
The almost Christlike stride of eager winds
Weeping friendly gusts of ardent tears.
He marks how trees slough the brittle shrouds
And how the winding sheets of winter drop,
Starting sap like blood within their veins.
Each Lazarus of the woods, reborn, appears
In time to join the chorus of the birds.
The old man smiles to see such resurrections.

ELIZABETH PARIS, a resident of Athens, Georgia, has had poems published in *Pegasus*, *Exile*, *The Georgia Review*, and other magazines.

GORDON GILSDORF teaches at the Sacred Heart Seminary, Oneida, Wisconsin. He has had poems published in the *Arizona Quarterly*, *Spirit*, *American Poetry Magazine*, *American Weave*, *Four Quarters*, and other magazines.

In Review —————

JAMES BOYER MAY: A FORCE IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE

AN INTRODUCTION BY JERAH JOHNSON

James Boyer May is a name well known to poets, experimental writers, and editors through his inestimably valuable work as editor of *TRACE*, the "chronicle of living literature" in the form of a periodical-directory of the little magazines and presses, without which the increasing internationalization of English-language literature would have been much slower if not impossible. In the words of Roy MacGregor-Hastie: "In Europe he would have been honored by any number of state and literary institutions for this work alone, irrespective of any contribution he has made to the mass of literature and criticism, itself. Moreover, he is to be admired for his dedication to an art form espoused only half-heartedly by many people who would have themselves described as poets; and his conclusion that a poet's work is not ended with the completion of a poem necessarily places him close to our hearts."

May's own writing is known to only a minority public outside the confines of the poet-editor complex, but it is read there with great interest because of its wide-range variety and incisive thought. The *Carolina Quarterly* is pleased to present an essay-review of some of this man's collected works.

AN ESTIMATE BY KENNETH LAWRENCE BEAUDOIN

The appearance of the 3 Vol. boxed edition of James Boyer May's *Selected Fiction, Poetry and Essays*, a 1957 Villiers Imprint, reveals him a complex, functioning artist most willing to admit and include the divers compulsions which make American art what it is today. This is the work of the mature May and the apparent inconsistency between the narrative, the verse, and the critical essays, which may well baffle the less penetrating reader, misleads on first reading until one realizes one is dealing with one of the richer personalities of the generation who has gone in for a highly specialized development in each of these directions.

Having a larger reputation for a longer period of time in prose narrative and having won several awards and citations for his stories, May has evolved from the short story form a vehicle for social comment as powerful as that of Chekov or Maxim Gorky.

Though apparently working in a strictly reportorial manner his stories show much painstaking work—a brushing down of detail to all but those pertinent to the actual progress of the narrative.

These are not stories which depend upon local color for their impact. Their strength lies in that they seem to have been written by someone who has slept with his head close to the heart of America. They are stories which could have happened in any town between Seattle and Key West. They contain characters which really strive to be and succeed in being American norms; and the activities, experiences, and sicknesses which these characters have are peculiarly American. In stories like *The Boy Who Cried* he shows an insight and understanding of the pre-adolescent male child in America few writers have been mature enough to develop. In tales like *Exposure* and the *Ruesabords* he shows us how much more of the spiritual sicknesses of the times are illnesses of the ruling elders rather than those of the much healthier young.

Stylistically May is fundamentally reportorial, but he has developed a fine economy of phrase and incident in his writing few other contemporary writers have accomplished. And the writing has a flavor. The flavor is not always easy to isolate. But it has something in common with what the Mid-western Painter Benton has expressed in paintings like *American Gothic*. I guess one might call it an underlying bleakness—but not entirely cold, more like the warm grey of a sky just before a storm.

Particularly in his *Selected Fiction* does May reveal his almost psychiatric interest in American behavior patterns. But they are stories which fundamentally report with only very subtle evaluations being made. This is a method used recently with great success by Wm. Carlos Williams in his story, *The Farmer's Daughter*, which appeared in a recent issue of the *Hudson Review*.

Both Williams and May are accepting an American narrative convention which has been in use for a number of years; but both of them show a surprising virtuosity in the use of it. I wonder if it is perhaps because both of them are very importantly poets as well as artists in the use of prose narrative? In any case it is a matter involving delicate distinctions and understandings of sheer verbal impact which makes their style in both cases so effective.

James Boyer May as a critic has become one of the more important West Coast figures. Devoted to the appreciation and praise of a number of less widely known American poetic modalities he has become a focal point around which poets of a certain type and quality have become attached. For a generation he has prodded, encouraged, cajoled and by every device a critic can use, tried to change the American poetry reading audience's focus away from the highly neurotic, the effete, and the academic conventions which seem to have banished all other poetic modes from the pages of American magazines. Realizing the critical failure of such other West Coast objectors as Yvor Winters, May's criticism usually verses itself more subtly, but certainly with no less intelligence and impact.

Epistemologically keener than Winters he makes a better match for such poetic dogma makers as Pound — Eliot — Tate — Cleanth Brooks — and Auden. An extremely well selected group of critiques, May's *Selected Essays* begin with one called *Agent/s from Chaos*, in which his discussion attacks one of the mental problems of most American artists of our times—the evaluation of the individual as opposed to the group norm; or in short the evaluation of the personal in contemporary writing and living which he does not separate, as opposed to the conventional, the socialized. Condemning the current post-war materialistic existentialism, which he redefines as accidentalism, he is careful not to react in the direction of arbitrary orthodoxy as Tate and Eliot have, but stands for an almost classic type of American frontier individualism which is becoming almost non-existent in the urban civilization which seems to be eating up all of our established institutions; castrating them as group agencies for individual expression. What he is saying in short is that it is better to be a good neighbor than to contribute generously to the Community Chest. That the individual is the group unit, and that it is most important that the artist particularly never forget this.

While in Miami during the last days of 1957 I had occasion to discuss this particular facet of May's critical stand with D. Vincent Smith, of *Olivant* who since his return from Japan has been feeling strongly the need for religious affiliation, not so much in the denominational sense, as it has been accepted by Tate and Eliot, as in the vital sense in which the Japanese is religious having perhaps Zen Buddhist, Shintoist and Christian figures all together in his household shrine. Smith points May's stand as an attempt toward something in terms of religious acceptance which might prove acceptable to the unaffiliated Christian Protestant in America. I am not sure that Smith has not been very acute in understanding this. Both of us in any case have a very great respect for May's dedicated position and ambitions. American democracy as it has been idealized over the years has, in any case, been based on unaffiliated Protestant Christianity. And it is perhaps very important to remember that freedom of religious preference for Mason and Roman Catholic, Jew and Moslem alike is one of the bulwarks of our Constitution.

In his essay entitled *Peredur* May attacks the American fixation for labelling things and groups. The willingness to let a meaningless word like *progress*, for instance, cloak so many unprogressive elements in our Society. In this position May takes up the standard for a vanishing type on the American critical front—the Liberal critic, who could be found in almost any newspaper in America in the Roosevelt Era; but who has been replaced in the years succeeding Roosevelt's death with Party voices—denominational voices, factional voices.

In *Theotechnics*, another essay, he again re-echoes the hunger of our generation for religion. In this instance showing the same reluctance he showed in *Agent/s from Chaos* toward the acceptance of orthodoxy, he proposes in the place of orthodoxy the poet, the artist as priest. It is true that in all great *living* cultures, great priests have often been great poets and great artists too, and the funded artistic residue of a culture has often been the artistic by-products—ceremonial by-products of priestly activities. It may prove inversely in this generation of disaffiliation that the true priests surviving are the poets and artists rather than the money-changers who have taken over the great temples. Real religion is perhaps something like real poetry and real art, which will never be big business such as most modern religions are. The discussion of this problem continues in May's Essay, *What Stuff to Destine Dreams*, in which he reiterates his denunciations against the spiritual poverty which has grown up all over the land in these materialistic decades we have come into. In this essay he goes into an evaluation of the myth, *per se*. He criticizes the modern story tellers for their failure to utilize an integrated myth—and the final two paragraphs of this critique are among the most acute in May's critical writing. I quote them:

The prospect for something better lies in those who contain purposive inspiration to announce—perennially—the optimistic purposes throughout creation. And this was the main thesis of Goethe (the side of him the Nazis ignored) and he, nearly alone among Europeans, offers ideas for cultural continuations other than through means sure to perish individual rights (those smooth-shored cultural trends at last recognized to end only in cultural paralysis).

Many modern (little-read) poets do point this better way. A number of modern (little-more-read) philosophers do. Wider translations are demanded, if not into best-seller fiction and large-audience plays, into fiction and plays to be read and seen by those still supporting writers of integrity; for science, as such, cannot ever alter the spiritual tangibilities of being.

In *On Mistaking Results for Movers*, May again attacks the suicidal pessimism of the Existentialists, holding strongly again for the positive and vital in art and in life.

In his *Remarks on Critics and the Writing of Poetry* he states in his own words some important facets of his own poetic method—a method which he shares with many others in these times. I quote:

A seeming-strange (to most) sidelight is that words, as first evoked, may appear entirely strange (as to definition), though their dictionary-tested meanings will be precisely correct. Usually (not unexpectedly) however, the words therewith are recognized to have been known previously. Most commonly, this happens with words from foreign or dead languages. Again—the reverse of this—a thought may recall some *meaning* only dimly appreciated to bear on the etymology of a familiar word while one is reading a newspaper or attending a party.

Pursuing this clue, counter-surprise waits in a peculiar unique relevance to a poem in process. An example was an experience of this writer at a business-party for most of whose participants his dislike was emphatic. He fancied he observed hypocritical and self-conscious lady-like pretense in the girl operating the elevator to the party floor. The notion kept recurring until finally, at midnight supper and the cutting and serving of a meat-loaf, the term 'loaf maiden' floated up. Subsequent search revealed the word 'lady' derives from Middle English words denoting 'loaf' and 'maid' originally having described any woman who performed domestic duties having to do with food service. This supplied a phrase of triple conjuring value in a poem titled THE HOTEL PARTY (GOAD No. 2, 1952).

So, this isn't a matter of ivory-tower retirements at all. Nor is the mystery impossible to write about—though not perhaps explainable altogether. Poems are the very essence of 'reality.' For, although they result from repeated listenings for the pitch of that horn which sounds forever above the ivory gates of dreams, they also comprise a struggle to vibrate the notes upon the soundingboard of an 'outer' world . . . and thus transmitting some mood (whether message or not) in hope of causing a unique conjunction of experience of some singular circumstance of perception, which thereafter may endure as a poem.

Whether consciously or unconsciously in this critique May reveals an underlying community with the Oriental attitude toward poetry—an attitude gaining ground among the younger American Poets. Perhaps the most important factor which May stresses in this essay is that the sentient man, such as a poet or artist in our times must be, is fundamentally a much more complex being than the poet of yesteryear ever needed to be—and, of course, the total inference here is that modern man needs admit, recognize and realize he is more complex if he hopes to fulfill himself within his times.

In *Contra Work and Artists* May berates the artist who conforms to the commercial standards of the times rather than holding to his confessed ideals . . . regarding such an artist as a traitor to his own talents.

This is but a sampling of the ideas put out in May's critical writing. It is difficult to assess them. But, however they are assessed, their strength and positive purposes cannot be negated and May's critical stature cannot be under-estimated.

In his credo which is printed before his *Collected Later Poems*, May gives more of a statement of the meaning of poetry to him as a functioning artist, than clues as to why he has used the methods he has to produce poems of a specifically May flavor as he does. I quote his credo *in toto*:

Biology shows that life is differentiation and integration; and my critical gauge of what a writer contributes to living literature is mainly to measure the degree in which he effectively sets down his own unique flavor of difference. The writings, themselves, of course are the evidences and records of the integrative process.

My own are inescapably complex; but my poems are spontaneous, though—to be sure—not unpremeditated either. Ideas are primary, and become integral to poetry produced at intervals of elevation, depression and conflict. The outward expression uses what music, knowledge of language, and familiarity with form are in me.

This about covers it, except to remark that I reject a modern notion that creativity thrives on frustration. While realizing significant writing has resulted from neuroticism and even from actual psychoses, these portions of the records certainly are warped, no matter their perhaps-enhanced psychological value. And any writer who does not rise above himself to some adjustment eventually destroys himself as an artist, unless he prematurely dies.

And finally—my belief that art is not competitive and cannot be made competitive and healthily endure, though erroneous theories comprising this notion are prevalent in a competitive society. That is why a strong movement to restore aesthetics is extremely important. Returning to biology, if not referring to human history, itself—whenever and wherever life has grown predominantly competitive, it has retrograded and sometimes has destroyed entire branches of itself. Retrogressive tendencies seem apparent in many phases of Western culture; and rather than the awesome shadows of hydrogen explosions, these are eclipsing this civilization.

But in the very first poem of the group he reveals his poetic method better than his credo does. In this poem: MODERN PHYSICIST AS POET SORTING INCONGRUITIES: he employs a type of language, and a type of ideational approach to his subject which I can define only as "abstract" in the sense this term is used to mean the highly stylized paintings common in our time, which paint an essence, a quality, a basic form rather than "the real toad in the real garden," which Marianne Moore longs for. Fundamentally his effects stand on the intellectual association of word to word rather than on the intuitive as in William Carlos Williams. The May poem contains usually an abstract drama very similar to the movements we have learned to find exciting in the abstract painting. The May poem and its method of construction does not fall back on "heroic echoes" in the race memory as the intuitive poem almost invariably does, but consists of a sort of "dance of the three oranges," at once paraphrasable into human meanings. I do not mean by this that the May poem is abstruse, for it is not; but I do mean it is impersonal, and by decision divorces itself from many of the automatic emotional ties of language to race memory which the more intuitive poet employs.

I am not one, as many others are, to say that poems can be best written this way, or that way. I have read enough, certainly, to know without equivocation that a poem can be realized, can fulfill itself in a multitude of ways. Just as paintings in dozens of different conventions, separated in motivations by centuries of time, and ages of experience, can speak immediately and effectively to the human eye. I am prepared on the other hand to admit that

May's poetic method is certainly as valid as Williams', though almost opposite. I quote the final stanza of the first poem in the collection as evidence, that a poetic stanza composed almost exclusively of general terms, or what in this paper I shall refer to as "abstract" words can be effective:

A wise-born folly, like equating
settled destiny with chance
or fact about the universe,
that parallels all meet.
We everyone perform *as if*
we sensed reality—and each
but needs assurance, to be free.

He starts his third poem:

MEMORY'S this man,
though not enablement—
not powering any mo-
tion's impulse, if sole guide.
As fixatif
retains, beneath,
lines and shapes and shades . . .
so, reminded, worn, curved
gelatin of thought,
those neuron images
not any after-glaze
can redirect . . . but—lustrous—
only rationalize.

This, I think, is quite in the May manner. Focus is fixed on the abstraction "MEMORY" in this case, which is stroked and qualified, the stroking and qualification being a full half the action of the poem, which terminates in two quite fine images "gelatin of thought" and "those neuron images." The latter is at least a half image, as is "after glaze" in the next line. And on conclusion of the stanza one realizes that this changing, qualifying "enablement, . . . not powering . . . if sole guide . . . retains . . . reminded" among other things is very much what the abstract painter does when he works out an orchestration of muted color for one startling vermilion streak; in this case, in this poem to my mind, at least, "gelatin of thought." Precisely how this differs from the more intuitive type of poem is hard to point in specific terms; and I am not sure the manufacture of the terms necessary to explain the difference will make it more easily realizable than by simply quoting a stanza or two from William Carlos Williams, engaged in a problem of statement similar to that May has set out for himself in the above poem: I quote the first three stanzas from Williams' *THE DESCENT OF WINTER*:

There are no perfect waves—
 Your writings are a sea
 full of misspellings and
 faulty sentences. Level. Troubled.

A center distant from the land
 touched by the wings
 of nearly silent birds
 that never seem to rest—

This is the sadness of the sea—
 waves like words, all broken—
 a sameness of lifting and falling mood.

You have here fundamentally the same type of comment . . . but a completely different method has been employed to gain such effects as are gained. I think surely both methods prove their own virtues; and both prove my original premise . . . that a cat can be killed in many ways.

One of the strongest recurring May themes is, of course, the God-face which seems to haunt May, which seems to echo some mystic hunger in him which finds no outlet in his personality other than his poems, I quote the final stanza of his poem GRAPES' WRATH as an example of this theme at its evocative best:

And miles up there—high overhead—
 the golden seas were riding backs of clouds
 which scrutinized the dark-
 ened earth for signs of God's
 growth greening where truth's tides
 should spill. Their lowering amplitudes
 of minatory black were swollen with . . .
 salvation.

and I believe in a poem like THE CHIEF DELUSION, May uses his talents, his ability to re-orient traditional interpretations with the greatest possible virtuosity. I quote this poem *in toto*:

DEATH is a place, but not a country.
 Days are events; and not of measure . . .
 In them, next place, is where
 all concepts meet all consequence.

When the forest makes a blue room,
 pond reflecting sky in narrow clearing,
 true isolation's recognized . . .
 that always-place of mirror-last-
 ing knowledge. There, green rushes make
 their counterparts. We see the sub-
 terfuge, and sense how they reflect us
 (or we do them) . . . how bountiful,
 unstrait, may be each passage into no-place.

I don't believe that May has outdone an effort of this quality . . . in which with such admirable economy he orchestrates an age-

old theme and makes it as fresh and green as it was in the hands of the first poet using language. Noticeable in this poem is a usage he takes from Cummings of ending his line with a syllable rather than the whole of a compound word. The stepping up of the verbal music of the orchestration in this case is very apparent, and he shows a fine understanding of modern developments in the orchestration of the English-line.

I would say generally, however, that May's language is less the American-English which is the proper vehicle of some American poets, than the international English of wide-spread usage here and abroad. This language probably has a wider range than spoken American, but it also has the disadvantage of being exorcised of the denotative and connotative richness of the spoken language as opposed to the language by definition. I do not however, mean by this that I feel May's poetry has the Thesaurus-dictionary flavor which I have often deplored in the work of the younger University poets. In May it is more really verbal invention.

But none of these devices are the real keynote to the May flavor which I am trying to put my finger on. And I really believe it is rooted in May's predilection for the abstract word, and his orchestration of impersonals; which is of course, why I tag him with the label, "abstract" poet, though apparently this is in opposition to the traditional poetic conventions.

There is, of course, in May a streak of bitterness. Many of his poems are purely satiric, May is inescapably a bit of a moralist. But at his best he can weld the traditional conception to the immediate as well as any poet writing in his times. And it is in poems in which this has been accomplished as in *DESERT SONG OF LINEMAN*, that he is as a poet most unforgettable.

In an afternoon of so much epistemological turmoil, a period in which change seems the only final tangible, it is of course impossible to assess work such as May's poetry. And it is not the purpose of this paper to do so. But one cannot overlook what May has accomplished in this brief decade. He has redigested the traditional themes, and at least tentatively restated them in the very teeth of *change*. One must admire the courage of a man who on the edge of the chasm before debacle dare both understand and reassert the values and the gods of the culture which suckled him.

KENNETH LAWRENCE BEAUDOIN, Editor of *Iconograph* (1940-47) and author of many poems, plays, and essays, is currently active in stimulating an interest exchange between Far Eastern and American literature. He is the center of a group of young poets in the South.

BULLS HEAD BOOK SHOP



- BROWSE
- BORROW
- BUY

TODAY!!

PHONE 8-2041

WILSON LIBRARY Ground Floor

Colonial Press

CHAPEL HILL



*"Good Printing—
A Trade and A Trait"*

Stationery — Business Forms
Advertising — Publications



WENTWORTH
&
SLOAN

Jewelers

*"Edge on
Fashion"*

in chapel hill

J.B. Robbins

128 E. Franklin St.

Ph. 9477

Contents

Summer, 1958

Vol. X, No. 3

STORIES

DADDY IS A YELLOW TIE	Grover Lewis	5
O GOD, BE KIND	Tom Byron Saunders	28
MASQUERADE	Victor Chapin	41
TOM AND LETTY'S WORLD	H. E. Francis	54
I WAS YOUNG THEN	Robert Clark	69

ARTICLE

CRISIS IN CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM	Roy MacGregor-Hastie	19
----------------------------------	----------------------	----

POEMS

INFANTS' SCHOOL	Barriss Mills	27
OF SAGE, AND RUINED TEMPLE	James Boyer May	40
REQUIEM FOR THE FUTURE	Sarah Watson Emery	53
SMALL BEAST FINDS LOVE NEAR THE EQUATOR	Jane M. Evans	67
THE EXPLORERS	Taner Baybars	68

REVIEWS

THE LIVING NOVEL: A SYMPOSIUM, ed. Granville Hicks	Hannah Kirby	74
WE ARE GOD'S UTOPIA, by Stefan Andres	George Jackson	75
AN INTRODUCTION TO ITALIAN RENAISSANCE PAINTING, by Cecil Gould	Jerah Johnson	76
AMERICA AS A CIVILIZATION, by Max Lerner	Marshall Strong	78

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE INTERNATIONAL COMPARATIVE LITERATURE ASSOCIATION and THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, in collaboration with The American Council of Learned Societies, announces the Second Congress of THE INTERNATIONAL COMPARATIVE LITERATURE ASSOCIATION to be held at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, N. C., September 8-12, 1958. General Organizer: Werner P. Friederich, Box 775, Chapel Hill, N. C.

HOMESTEAD MOTEL

3 Miles South of Durham on Chapel Hill-Durham Highway

Catering Especially To College
Students and Their Parents

NEW BRICK LUXURY MOTEL • AIR-CONDITIONED
STEAM HEAT • TELEPHONES AND RADIOS IN
ALL ROOMS • FREE ROOM TV
NEAR NEW MODERN RESTAURANTS

*Wall-to-Wall Carpeting — Tub and Shower
Combination Baths*

Telephone Durham 2-2129

Post Office Box 218 — Durham, North Carolina

Danziger's
of
Chapel Hill
presents

THE MOST OUTSTANDING
COLLECTION OF
INTERNATIONAL GIFTS

From All Over the World



The Carolina Quarterly

*Continuing the tradition established with the
University Magazine in 1844*

Editor

CHRISTIAN LEFEBURE

Associate Editors

Articles and Reviews

JERAH JOHNSON

Poetry

ALMA GRAHAM

Poetry Assistants

MARY ANN HARRELL

JOHN SIPP

SAM FRAZIER

ANTHONY WOLFF

BETTY YORKE

Fiction Board

ETHAN TOLMAN

COLEMAN BARKS

CYNTHIA THOMPSON

J. P. BOISSAVIT

AMORET BELL

TOM BYRON SAUNDERS

Business Manager

LOUISE NELSON

Advertising Manager

ROBERT DEMAREE

Advisory Board

JESSIE REHDER

LAMBERT DAVIS

H. K. RUSSELL

THOMAS PATTERSON

NOEL HOUSTON

PATRONS: ST. ANTHONY HALL, ZETA PSI, SAMUEL BARNES, LYMAN COTTEN, ALFRED ENGSTROM, P. H. EPPS, CHARLES HENDERSON, HENRY IMMERWAHR, JAMES KING, A. I. SUSKIN, B. L. ULLMAN, LEE WILEY.

Cover: "Kyrie Eleison," an oil painting by William Mangum

Copyright 1958 by THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY

THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY is published three times annually at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Subscription Rates are \$1.25 per year. Foreign Subscriptions are \$1.75 per year. Printed and bound by Colonial Press, Inc., Chapel Hill, N. C.

THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY publishes short fiction, poetry, reviews, criticism and articles of general interest. Manuscripts and communications to the editors should be addressed to THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY, Box 1117, Chapel Hill, N. C. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Eighth Annual Fiction Award Winners

First Prize (\$75) to: Grover Lewis
for: "Daddy Is A Yellow Tie"

Second Prize (\$50) to: Tom Byron Saunders
for: "O God, Be Kind"

HONORABLE MENTIONS

First to: H. E. Francis for "Tom And Letty's World"

Second to: Robert Clark for "I Was Young Then"

Others to: David L. Wright for "Madonna"

Grover Lewis for "A Leaden Finger"

Charles Sanders (UNC) for "In Winter Stands The Lonely Tree"

Fanny Ventadour for "Mr. Toga"

Mary Michael Sims for "Mourning Old Spareribs"

The two prize stories and the first and second honorable mentions
are published in this issue.

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Beginning next Fall with Volume XI, the CAROLINA QUARTERLY's annual cash awards will go to the stories and poems which are judged to be the best work published during that year, i.e., in any of the three issues of each Volume. The winners of the awards will be announced in the Summer issue.

FALL 1958 PUBLICATION

Olivant

Rt. 4, Box 186
Fitzgerald, Ga.



LI SAO of Ch'u Yuan, a credible
prose trs. w/ Intro. & Notes by
Jerah Johnson (Nov) \$4.00
(Japan printed)

SHAPE OF THE TANGO, a play and
poetic-prose collection by Vincent
Benedetto (Oct) \$3.00
(Japan printed)

OLIVANT issue 3, works of Holly
Beye, Curtis Zahn, Lloyd Zimpel,
Lee Hayman, David DeJong, Clar-
ence Major, Peter Jones, Rachael
Graham, Carl Larsen, Harland Ris-
tau, David Palmer, Jeanne Bagby,
Yu Suwa, & others, short stories,
poems, art (Sept) \$2.00

Daddy Is a Yellow Tie

The day after Daddy left, Ma'am burned all his things. She set her mouth all ugly and threw his clothes and stuff—even his shoes—into a pile in the yard and burned it. When I seen what she was about, I got all mixed up in my head, and for a minute, it was him she was burning, all sprawled careless in the licking flame, a arm here, a leg there. And I went in to save him, grubbing in the hot ashes, a-hollering and a-crying for him to get up, get up. I grabbed what I could and run till my chest squeezed around my heart like a big hand. Course, I weren't but six then, and didn't know nothing and when my senses come back, I didn't have Daddy at all; clutched up in my hand, only scorched a little on one side, was his yellow-silk tie, still knotted by his own hand. I've had it ever since, hid away where nobody could ever find it and take it away.

And, except for me, that was the end of it. He never come back, and it didn't take long for Ma'am to get Sister on her side, so she hated the very mention of Daddy, too. I got up old enough to do chores, and I done them, and life went right on as if there hadn't never been no Daddy at all. I could remember him a little, but mostly just a feeling, kind of. Daddy wasn't nothing else to me but an old yellow tie and a near-forgot catch in the pit of my stomach. That's all he was until Sister told me he was a geek down at the Good Time Carnival tent, biting heads off of chickens every night of the week for a living.

"That's our Daddy," she said viciously between her teeth, her face jammed close to mine. "I seen him with those squigglin' chickens. He's a geek."

I run out the back door toward the shed, with her laughing behind me; standing there with her hands on her hips like a Sunday School Superintendent, laughing, laughing at me. In the shed, I crawled up in my hammock and laid there, not caring, smelling the dark feed-smell, waiting for my heart to slow down.

Little gold threads of sunlight leaked in the roof cracks and run over me like bugs. Hid in a hole near the roofslant was all my treasures in this world: my marbles in a tobacco can and a book about the Bobbsey Twins on a house boat and that yellow silk tie

GROVER LEWIS is a student at North Texas State College. He has published poetry and fiction in the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, THE NATION, and other magazines.

that had belonged to my Daddy. After a time I climbed up and got the tie and took it down to the hammock. I just lay there holding it, all stirred up about my Daddy again.

I must have dozed off, laying there, for the first thing I knew, I heard Ma'am yelling, mad as a tornado.

"Ollie!" she hollered. "Ollie Jack, come here to me! You hear?"

There wasn't no getting around it; I had hid out from her before, and when she found me, she had like to tore the overhauls off my legs with a peachswitch. For a second, I froze with the guilty tie in my hands; what if she ever found out about it? Well, it weren't much to want, I thought, mad. Nor much to have neither, I answered myself. Still not caring, I hid the old tie under my shirt and went out into the lot, wondering what I had done now.

She stood by the kitchen door, wiping her hands on her apron as I slunk across the yard. She was mighty mad about something.

"Where you been to?" she snapped, commencing to shake me by the shoulder.

"Just out in the shed, Ma'am," I said. She give me a final yank, harder than ever, then turned me loose. I shuffled my feet to keep the hot sand from burning so.

"Stand still while I'm talkin' to you!" she snapped. "What was you doin' in the shed?"

"I don't know," I said, looking down.

"One of these days, Ollie Jack Morgan," she said quietly, "I'm going to burn that shed down to the very ground. Do you hear me?"

She was powerful mad, all right. I wondered if Sister had told her about Daddy; that would have started her off sure enough.

"Yes'm," I said. I vowed right then to hide my treasures someplace else, in case she did take a notion to fire the shed.

"Don't think I won't do it!" she threatened.

I didn't.

"No'm," I said. That sand was about to burn my feet to ashes. I wiggled my toes slow, but it didn't help much.

"Now, sir," she said, "what was it I told you to do, and here it is the middle of the afternoon without you even started?"

Well, that had me. I thought as hard as I could, but I couldn't recollect a thing. It was something, but I'd forgot.

"I don't know, Ma'am," I owned up, ashamed as I was.

"Then . . ." she popped my cheek ". . . maybe that'll teach you to listen sharper."

It smarted, where she smacked me, but I wouldn't let on. The worst thing was looking at her face, all pinched up, looking like an old china plate about to bust into a gillion pieces.

"Now," she said, "you march yourself right out to the garden and finish hoein' the truck like I told you to. And if I catch you

moonin' about that shed before you're finished, I'll whup you." The screen door slammed shut, and she was gone back inside, still mad.

I hopped for the well and doused a bucket of water over my feet. Sitting there, squishing my toes in the cool ooze, it come to me what had happened; like always, I got thirsty the minute I picked up the hoe. When I went inside for water, Sister got hold of me, and running away from her, I forgot what I was about. Seems like my head don't work right when I get wrought up.

I went on back to the patch and commenced chopping at the weeds. Pretty soon, here come a trail of doodle bugs, marching like an army. I wanted to stop and play with them awhile, but I knew what Ma'am would do if she caught me at it. "Go about your business, old doodlebugs," I said. "I ain't got time for you today." But one of them winked at me sly as you please and I bent down to rool him over so he would squinch up into a ball; that's good luck for sure.

While I was teasing that old doodle, it come to me what to do. There just wasn't no way around it. I had to go down to that carnival and see if my Daddy was there, and if he was really a geek like Sister said. It flashed in my mind what Ma'am would do when she found out, but I couldn't help myself at all. No amount of whippings in this world could've stopped me; I made up my mind and I just had to go. As if he knowed what it was all about, that bug curled into a luck ball. It's a sign, I told myself.

That's when Sister found me, kneeling down in the dirt playing with that old doodle when I should have been hoeing the truck.

"You just wait till I tell Mama, Mr. Smart," she said smugly.

"Go on and see if I care," I said. But I did care. If Ma'am got onto me, I might not get to go.

"Well, I will in due time. And she'll whup you good!" she said maliciously.

"If you tell her, I'll tell on you, too. I'll tell about how you meet those big boys up in the woods and I'll tell what you do, too." I never could bring myself to stand up to her before; now I had to. I just had to, and it didn't make no difference how.

"You little sneak," she said kind of scared. "You shut your nasty mouth. You ain't seen a thing."

"Yes, I have. And I'd tell it." I was holding my breath; Ma'am never would have believed me and I knowed it.

"Well," she said slyly. I won't tell if you won't."

"All right." She looked mighty relieved, but I felt that way myself. I knowed then that she wouldn't dare stop me from going, so I told her what I was going to do, about going to the Good Time Carnival.

"You're sure going to get it when Mama finds out," she said, and I could see that made her feel a little better.

"You ain't to tell, though," I said. "Because you know what'll happen." It felt good to turn the tables on her.

"Well, how're you going to get in, Smarty?" She just couldn't be satisfied to leave me be. I could have hit her with the hoe then; I could tell she knew something that I didn't, something important.

"Why, I'll just walk up and go in," I said.

"It costs money, dope. Costs twenty-five cents a head. I know because Wilmer Earl took me last night. They won't let you in without you pay, and you ain't got twenty-five cents. You ain't got any money at all." That seemed to satisfy her and she strutted around as smart as you please for a minute.

"Well, I'll get it somewhere," I said, not just sure where.

"I doubt it," she said gaily. "I doubt that very serusly. Besides, they might not let you in because you're so little."

"How do you know it's Daddy eating them chickens?" I asked. Maybe she's just mistaken, I thought. It might not be him at all.

"I remember him," she sniffed. "Besides, Mama's got a picture of him hid away in her dresser drawer." I didn't know that. I would have been wanting to see it if I had. Why, I thought, a feller's got a right to see his own Daddy's picture. She should have showed us that, anyways.

"Sure it's him," Sister said. "I couldn't never forget that drunk old bastard."

"You get on out of here," I said, waving the hoe. I would have hit her, too, but she jumped back.

"I can't hardly wait till Mama finds out," she hissed. "You'll get it good then."

I waited till she was out of sight around the corner of the shed before I dropped the hoe and lit out running across the field. It felt good to run free and feel the cool air blow against my face. I struck out for the woods towards the Nigger's house. By the sun it wasn't more than four o'clock, and I figured maybe I could stay there till it got night and time for the carnival to commence. Maybe the Nigger will give me the money, I thought.

Sunspots dappled the green water ahead of me as I waded up the creek; with the little willows arched across the top, it was like walking in a dark tunnel. The stream headed-up from a fresh-water spring over in the next county, and the water was always icy cold, even in mid-summer. By the time I crawled out at the deep bend above the Nigger's shack, my legs was blue clear to the knees.

I walked slow on up to the fish hole and set down, dangling my feet off the edge. I looked about for them bluecats that usually

nosed-up when I come without a line, but this time nary a one was to be seen. I felt so low I didn't know what to do; I reckoned the Nigger was my one chance. Why, I couldn't even call to mind no other friend. If he wouldn't help, there just wasn't no help to be had.

After awhile, sure enough, here come two of them bluecats slipping through the green-deep water just like they was greased. Makes you feel good, kind of shivery, to see something like that, wild and loose and only you watching, only you and them fishes knowing what's happening. I watched till they flicked their fins so that a dapple of sun caught it and turned a patch of the water gold for a second before they disappeared. There wasn't no use in putting it off no longer; I made myself get up and scale the bank.

By the time I got up to the shack clearing, I was ready to turn around and run off and forget the whole thing. Then I could almost hear Sister's voice in my ear just like she was there and telling me again: "... That's our Daddy ... because I seen him right in that Good Time Carnival tent ... " There can't be no running away for me, I thought. Till I see for myself, I won't never get no rest.

The Nigger was setting out on the stoop when I come up, reading out of a big dog-eared book.

"Evenin' to you," I said.

"Set," he offered, and I done it. Neither of us said nothing more for awhile, and he went back to reading his book. I thought of all the things that can happen to a feller to mix him up; seemed like with me, I didn't even have no choice. That didn't seem the right thing, somehow, to catch a person up in a hold he didn't have no will about. That was more like taking advantage or cheating.

"Now here is a thing," the Nigger said, commencing to read slow: "'If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps—it is because he hears a—different drummer'."

"Sounds pretty," I said. "Like the Bible."

"That was wrote by a feller name of Henry David Tha-row."

"What happened to him?"

"Well, he went off in the wilderness, too, just like Jesus."

"I never could understand that," I said. "Now why would a feller run off from the whole world? Maybe a bandit would have to do it, but why would a good feller?"

The Nigger studied awhile.

"There's different things to run from, boy, and different ways to run. You'll find it out when you get your growth."

"I wouldn't run away atall," I said. "I'd try my level best to facé up with whatever it was chasing me."

"You're just a young'un, boy," he said. "You wouldn't be skeert of the bee cause you ain't been stung yet."

I chewed that over a minute. I thought I seen what he was aiming at, all right. Something cold blowed down my backbone;

that carnival, my Daddy . . . I shoved it all out of my head. What did they have to do with bees, anyways?

"But," I stuttered, "they's times you get drove . . . a feller can't always hep hisself, can he?"

"Them's the times to watch," he said darkly, "for the old bee won't be fur away then."

"Would you run?" I asked.

"Yes, I done it many's the time."

"What from?"

"Hurtin'."

"Well, I could stand that—they's medicine."

"No," he said, "no. There ain't even a name for all the hurts a man can feel." And rubbing the dead stump of his cut-off arm, he walked off toward the well. I knowed I had said something wrong, but I couldn't quite put my finger on it. I was ashamed for it, though, and it made me feel sorry for the poor, sad feller, all alone with never no company but me, way off there in the wilderness. Why, he's like that Tha-row feller, I thought, of a sudden. But no, it come to me that Henry David Tha-row must of been a white man, if he had wrote books and the like.

Anyways, it didn't seem to make no difference when he come back. Polite as you please, he brought me a dipper of cool spring water. I thanked him and drunk it down at a gulp.

The sun was beginning to dip now, and a wind whistled sad as a hobo through the trees. It won't be long now, I thought, till the Carnival commences. I studied the Nigger's face for a long while in the fading light; he won't let me down, I thought. He had about the nicest, kindest face you could ever see, with giving in it, instead of taking. There was a sadness there, too, and a lonesomeness that minded me of a song I heard once, sung by a darky woman:

"I stood up on a high old windy hill.

I looked down on the place where I used to live . . ."

That's how his face was.

"You better be gettin' on, tareckly," he said. "Your ma'll be worried for you."

"Well," I said, "I ain't goin' home tonight."

He looked at me quick, but didn't say nothing.

"Besides," I went on, "Ma'am wouldn't keer. If I died this night, she wouldn't mourn nothin' but a lost field hand."

"Well, now," he said, "is that a fact?" He leaned back and studied me for a minute. I begun to fidget around.

"What are you skeert of?" he asked sudden. "Why, I wouldn't hurt you . . ."

"Nosser, it ain't you," I said. But, Lordy, I was getting a fright! They was too many things to try to hold onto at once, bees and

Daddy and the Carnival all racing in my head like chips in the creek. Then I couldn't hold back no longer; I know now how a fruit jar feels when it blows up.

Of a sudden, I was bawling aloud and couldn't stop, right there in front of the Nigger. I got up and commenced to walk off so blind that I couldn't see where to set my foot, but he caught my hand. "There, boy," he said gently. "Don't cry now. What's troublin' you, Ollie? This ain't no simple hiding your ma give you, is it?" he asked.

"Nosser," I said, mopping my runny face on my sleeve.

"Well, tell me about it then, boy."

So I couldn't help myself. I told him the whole story just like it had happened. I told him about my Daddy, what I could remember and what Sister had told me about him. I even showed him that old yellow tie. I was real flustered when I got to the place of the borrow of twenty-five cents and said twenty-five dollars instead, but he finally understood what it was that I meant. When I was through, he set thinking, holding the tie in his hand.

"She said it was him, ey?"

"Yesser." We was in shadow now, the night lengthening all around us. The creek cut a dark gash up the valley; behind us, the tin roof of the shack ticked the quick change from hot to cool.

"You think she was lyin'?" he asked gently.

"I don't know." It all seemed so weird, the whole day spread like a new scar on my mind. The thing was, it all made me feel so helpless.

"Tell me now," he said sharply. "What if it is him? What's goin' to happen if that man down there is really your pa?"

The question made shivers run over me; I had dodged thinking about that all day. What if it was him? Could I just sidle up and ask him to come on home where he belonged? I didn't know. The only thing to do was to cross that bridge when I come to it, and I told him so.

"Boy, can't you see you're going to get hurt at it?" he asked earnestly.

"I just want my Daddy back, is all, Thomas. I want to set things right again, like they was."

"Oh, but that's it: you can't never go back to a thing like it oncet was! It just ain't there no more, Ollie . . . Ain't nothing left but old cuts to wrench open . . ."

I couldn't quite get what he meant. Daddy was as real to me as the palm of my hand. If it was him, I owed it to myself to see; if it weren't, I hadn't lost nothing.

"Can't you see?" he pleaded. Then: "No, course you can't. You're just a young'un and not afraid. You ain't felt the bee stinger yet."

"Thomas," I blurted, "if it's that old twenty-five cents—I mean if you ain't got it to lend right now . . ."

"No, it ain't that," he said patiently. Out of an old pocket purse, he dug a handful of change and gave it to me. Then he picked up the tie again, and smoothed it with his fingers.

"Maybe it won't be him," he said low, as if to himself.

"And maybe it will," I said. "And that's the reason I'm beholden to go. I can't hardly help myself."

He didn't say nothing for a long time. I squirmed around on the stoop, hoping he'd say: "Why, it's all right. Go on down there and see if that's your Daddy, and if it is, why, he'll go home with you and everything will be all right. Ain't nothing to worry about." But he didn't say it. Over by the creek them frogs begun to sing a sad song, and way off, I heard hungry crows cawing.

"I can see you got your mind made up to it," Thomas said.

"Yessir."

"You'd best be on your way then so's you won't be late." He was leaning way back in the shadow and I couldn't see his face in the dark. I hoped he wouldn't be mad at me.

"Thomas," I said, suddenly bashful, "I hope to tell you I appreciate what you done for me. I promise to pay back every last cent of what I owe to you, and I hope you won't hold me no grudge for goin'."

"Grudge?" he asked, kind of funny. "Course not. I hope you find what you're chasin' after."

"It's only my Daddy," I explained.

"Course it is." He sounded all choked up like he was about to cry. I played like I didn't notice because I didn't want him to feel bad in front of me. I tucked the tie back in my shirt.

"Well, I'll see you later, I guess," I said awkwardly and begun to back off.

"Be strong, Ollie," I heard him say. "Take keer for the bee stinger."

I could tell he didn't expect no answer so I turned and started to walk down the slope to the creek. Over the tops of the trees, I saw the moon peep up, all silvery and shiny. I was on my way now, with no backing out. I turned once to wave goodby, but I ain't sure Thomas seen, it was so dark.

It had been a long day and I was commencing to tire out. I hadn't et since dinnertime neither, so I decided to hit for a berry patch that I knowed about on the way to town, just about due to be ripened out. In the back of my mind I wondered what I would find at the Carnival tent. A chill shook me so that my teeth chattered. I weren't sure the whole day wasn't a bad dream; well, I would keep a sharp lookout for the Nigger's bee, keep my eyes wide

open and not get hurt. That's all I could do, I reckoned. Still, the fright begun to stir in me like a paddle churn. When I waded the cold creek, I could feel his gentle eyes watching me as I went, even in the dark.

I snuck around back ways to get to town, and it took me most an hour to get there. I still had a handful of them wild berries when I seen the lights of the Carnival from the pasture I was crossing. It come to me of a sudden about the money Thomas had loaned me; what if I had lost it? But when I stuck my hand in my pocket to see, sure enough, it was all there, safe as you please.

When I got within a hundred yards, I could hear every single thing that was going on. They had roped off the whole of Jerden's lot and pitched right smack dab in the middle was the biggest old tent I had ever saw in my whole life. It had all kinds of funny pictures drew on it, and from where I was, I could see a right smart of them. I was a little rusty on my reading, but I could make most of them out. All they told about was midgets and fat ladies and Fira, the Girl Sword Swallower and a real live baby in a bottle, all of which any fool could of seen the picture of. I looked and looked but I couldn't see nothing that resembled my Daddy in the slightest, nor did any of them signs say anything about a geek.

Standing there gawking as I was out away from everybody, a man like to walked right over me in the dark. He was trying to button up his trousers and having a time of it, too, judging from his cussing. Then when he bumped me, it startled him bad and he jumped back. "Who is it?" he asked like he was scared to death.

"It's only me," I said.

"Oh, a kid," he said relieved. "Boy, you scared me. I got hi-jacked that way oncet over in Louisiana." One of the lights from the tent flashed for a minute and I got a look at him.

"Just walked out to take a leak, see? Fellow brushed me in the dark and the next thing I saw was stars, sure enough. You havin' a good time, kid?"

He wasn't nobody I knowed. He had a real white face and a little mustache, and he was wearing a leather jacket.

"I ain't done nothin' yet," I told him. "I'm lookin' for Lester Morgan. He's in that Carnival yonder, but I don't see his name nowheres."

He squinted at me hard. "Nobody of that name in that Carnival. I run that Carnival there and I don't know nobody by that name."

"Well, my Sister said she seen him last night." Maybe she had lied to me after all, I thought. I held my breath—

"Wait a minute," he said. "Maybe you mean Leck. I'll be damned if I can recollect his last name, but maybe that's him."

That didn't sound like him at all to me, but I reckoned I would go in to see anyways. Maybe this Leck fellow would know where I could find Lester Morgan at. Lester Morgan, that was my Daddy.

"Can I see?"

"Sure," he said "C'mon with me. I swear to God I'm glad you wasn't another hi-jacker."

So big as you please, I followed Mr. Good Time right up into that crowd of folks. Them fellows out front in the hats and white shirts sure did make a lot of noise hollering out about "Hurry! Hurry!" and see the show "before the seats is all gone." They never did talk about a thing except what was wrote and drawed all over the side of the tent, which anybody with good eyes could have saw without looking twice. I meant to ask Mr. Good Time about that, but it was all I could do to keep up with him.

When we passed them little stands with the hot popcorn and icecream and pink cotton candy with lemonade to match, my tongue just about watered out of my head. I was sure hungry, even though I had just et at least a bushel of berries.

We didn't go in the front door like I had expected, but he led me on around to the side of the tent, where part of it was curtained off from the rest. He held the flap for me, but I stopped.

"Well, you comin' or not?" he asked. "What are you waitin' for?"

"Well Sir," I said, pulling my change out of my pocket. "Do I pay you right here? That's what my Sister said, that you pay at the door."

"Well, this ain't the show part. This here is the living quarters."

There was straw and sawdust everywhere on the ground, and big old trunks scattered around. They had curtains fixed real nice into little bitty rooms where Fira and all the rest of the Carnival people stayed when they wasn't working, I guessed.

"Put up your money, kid. Say, where'd you get all of that anyways? It ain't cotton time yet here, is it?" he asked.

"No, sir; a friend give it to me."

"I sure wisht there was more kids around with a couple dollars in change like that."

I could usually recognize pennies and nickels and now and then a dime or two, but Thomas had give me bigger coins so that I didn't know how to count them up, though I can count to a hundred by ones. I couldn't figure if he had done it a purpose or just by mistake. I shoved it all down deep in my pocket and made up my mind to take it back to him soon as I could, just in case he got to worrying.

I followed him on back of the tent, to the very last curtain. Inside I could hear groans and somebody tossing about. "What do

you want to see him for, this Lester Whats-his-name?" Mr. Good Time asked. When I didn't answer but just looked down at my feet, he shrugged.

"Well, maybe this ain't him, but you can look and see if you want."

"Is this here the geek?" I held my breath. Whoever it was inside that curtain sounded like he was dying. I never heard such awful carryings-on.

Mr. Good Time looked at me real hard. "Who sent you down here, kid?" he asked sharply. "If it was that nosy sheriff, you can just run right back and tell him we ain't usin' no geeks. I know it's against the law, and I'm damned if he'll catch me at it. Go on back and tell him that."

"I just come to find my Daddy," I blurted. "Honest, I ain't even saw the sheriff."

"Your Daddy?" he asked. "Your Daddy?"

"Yessir."

"Good God," he said kind of low. "I didn't know something like that could be a daddy. C'mon, I'll rouse Leck for you." He pushed aside the curtain and I followed him, my heart drumming in my chest.

It was real smelly and close in there, and the first sniff like to made me sick to my stomach. There wasn't nothing in the whole place but a man on an old cot without no covers at all. It was him that had been making all the racket, and he was still at it, tossing and groaning and mumbling in his sleep. He didn't have on a shirt of any kind and I could see his ribs as plain as day. I begun to feel better because I recollected Daddy as being right strong and heavy-made. It was terrible to watch him, though, and I expected he was dying.

"What's wrong with him?" I whispered.

"Well, he's just sick, I guess." Mr. Good Time stood a minute like he didn't know just what to do. Then he leant over the cot and commenced to shake the man.

"Leck," he said, a-popping him on the cheek with his hand. "Leck, goddamit, wake up now. You hear me? Get up, there's somebody to see you."

I thought the man's head would roll right off his neck, the way Mr. Good Time was shaking him. I could see his face then, the way his head was shaking. There wasn't much light, but there was enough.

"Is that you, Booker?" Leck said thickly. "It ain't time yet, is it?" He set up but he was still shaking all over, just like he had a chill.

His hair was all matty and kind of grey, and it hung long down into his face. The skin on his jaws hung loose and stretchy in folds

under his growth of beard. He was dirty, too, and I guessed that was from rolling around on that dirty cot because I could see he had throwed-up on it. I couldn't say a thing for looking at his eyes; they was blue, all right, but not kind at all, just wild and mean like a hurt dog gone mad. He ain't my Daddy, I thought, and my head hurt from the loudness of it.

He set straight up and stiffened. "Booker! Booker!" He screamed like we wasn't there at all. "It ain't time yet, is it? I can't do it right now, Booker, oh God, they peck so. Just give me a drank!"

Mr. Booker Good Time slapped Leck twice across the face. "Now you hush, hear me? There's people around in front."

Leck fell back on the cot and commenced to cry, sobbing so that it hurt my chest just to listen. "Just gimme a drank, that's all I want . . ."

"That ain't him," I said out loud. "My Daddy wasn't nothing like that. He was strong and big and had coal-black hair and dancy eyes; that ain't him at all." It ain't, I thought, it ain't cause it couldn't be. That sick man would be the last one in the world I would confuse for my Daddy.

"Well, you go on out then, kid," Booker Good Time said. "And listen, don't you say a word about this to nobody. Don't say nothin', hear? Stop in and see the show if you want. Tell the man Booker said you could."

"Yessir," I said.

"Gimme a little drank," Leck said. "Just one, Booker, just one . . ."

"You shut your mouth," Booker said disgustedly.

"I've just got to have me a drank," he moaned. Setting up a little, he leaned over towards me. "Little boy," he whispered craftily, "You'll get me a drank, won't you? I can tell you're a good boy. Go on, hon, run get me the bottle like a good boy. Go on, hon," he coaxed.

No, I thought, no. Don't call me that.

"What?" My ears rung like my head was filled with bells. Oh, no, don't let it be . . . My stomach rolled over.

"Just do me that favor, hon," he coaxed, his eyes sweeping the tent roof wildly, "and I'll give ye a purty."

"Whut's yer name?" I hollered. I didn't want no answer; I wanted to run and run and never find out.

"Here, boy," Booker said. "Quieten down there."

"Tell me," I yelled, "I got to know!"

"Just a drank. Just a little," he pleaded.

"You're him," I accused. "What made you do it, Daddy? How could you do such a thing?"

All the poison rushed up in me; that thing on the cot was my Daddy. But how could he be so changed? It ain't fair, my mind screamed. I felt my head spinning. Of a sudden, I was fumbling for the tie, beginning to bawl; through the tear haze, I reached for his hand and tried to make him hold on to it.

"Take it, take it," I hollered. "It's yours, I don't want it no more."

"Here now . . ." Booker said.

"Take it," I screamed at the thing, beginning to hit at his slack face. "You had no right! It weren't fair!"

He rolled over, but I was after him in a second, my hands pounding. "Sister was right," I blubbered. "A drunk old bastard, a drunk old bastard . . ."

A hand grabbed at me, and yanked the tie away. There was a swish, then something hot and heavy clouted my ear, and I was sprawling onto the floor. I started to kick out, but my feet only paddled air; another clout across the mouth froze my yelling.

"Here, now . . ." I heard Booker say.

"Get up!"

I flinched. It was Ma'am.

"Can't you hear, boy? Get on your feet—I won't whup you layin' down there!"

It was Ma'am, all right, the peachswitch still raised like a hammer over a nail. Sister, I thought, Sister told.

"Don't, Ma'am," I hollered.

"Run off, will you?" she stormed. "I'll teach you. I done my best, now you go ahead and run after that drunk sot who never raised a hand for you all his days . . ."

"I found him," I pointed, "It's him, there. It's Daddy . . ."

That stopped her dead.

On the cot, Leck floundered like a shored fish, strangle sounds hacking out of him. Ma'am turned and stepped closer; "Just one little swaller . . . OH, PLEASE!"

"Go on away, Ma'am," I said. "I'll just stay here with him by myself."

"Hush," she said, looking down at the moaning man.

"Now what is this here." Booker Good Time said.

"Leave him be," I told Ma'am. "I'm the one wanted him. He's my lookout . . ."

Ma'am didn't pay me no mind. She was still looking down at Leck. "Pore, pore thing," she said, and I couldn't tell if she was disgusted or what. She whirled to Booker:

"Why ain't this man got a doctor? He's sick."

"No," Booker said, "now, he's just a mite hungover. Too much to drink . . ."

"Too much to drink," Ma'am repeated strangely. She reached a hand down, but drew it back before she touched Leck. He didn't pay her no mind, only flopped over again.

"I mean for him to have a doctor," Ma'am said, "else I'll have the law down on you."

"Well, now," Booker said, "ya'll get on out of here. Get on, now."

"I'll stay," I said, getting up. My knees was burnt raw where I had landed on the floor. "Daddy," I reached out, "I'll take keer of you . . ." I felt like if I touched him, I'd crumble into pieces.

"Stop it," Ma'am said harsh, grabbing me so that her fingers dug in. "He ain't your Daddy."

"Ma'am?"

"Listen to me now," she said slowly. "He ain't no kin of yours. Your Daddy," she looked back at Leck, and I seen a shudder grab her, "he's far off in a foreign country."

"Ma'am, please don't lie to me," I pleaded. "I've got to know." If it was only true . . .

"Why would I lie?" She glared at me, mean as ever.

"It's true, then," I breathed. "It's true." I felt something run off me like water; it was like putting down a load. I would of cried, but there wasnt no tears left in me.

"Get out, I'm tellin' you," Booker threatened.

"Mind now, the doctor," Ma'am answered sharp, pushing me toward the flap.

"I just wanted him back . . ." I begun.

"Hush, don't you think I did, too?" she answered, and shoved me on out.

My head felt spinny as a top. What was all this? All them years, had she . . .?

"Time to get home," she said roughly. "Here, take your tie."

I took it; except for some wrinkles, it wasn't hurt none. It come as a surprise to get it back at all.

"Pick up your feet when you walk," Ma'am said, and I done it, even though she had dropped her switch.

I was mighty confused, and couldn't seem to make heads nor tails of none of it. What about the Nigger's bee? I thought. I weren't sure if I had been stung by it or not. They was a gillion questions in my head that I couldn't seem to answer. Well, the Nigger would help, I told myself, but still in all, I reckoned maybe I never would piece it all together.

"What foreign country, Ma'am?" I asked.

"What?" she said, startled out of some deep thought. We walked on, and it was a long time till she answered.

ROY MacGREGOR-HASTIE

Crisis in Contemporary Criticism

With the abdication of Auden in 1939 and the subsequent disillusionment of the other leaders of the "social reference" movement in English language poetry, there was little incentive in the forties to re-establish poetic premises; the Apocalyptic reaction was scarcely an establishment, and by the end of the 1939-45 War most of the poets in England, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Canada and USA had retired to the obscurantism of a personal private hysteria and lost contact with each other and with the society of which they were supposed to be the literary vanguard. There was a post-war crisis in English poetry, just as there were crises elsewhere, in the economic, social and political sectors; the economic and political ones have passed, even if only to be overtaken by other crises, but there are few signs of a re-awakening to relevance among the young writers in Great Britain and the USA; Australia and New Zealand have gone their own way to maturity, South Africa and Canada are busy with other "human disciplines."

It is easy to condemn contemporary youth and, indeed, there is not even the merit of novelty in doing this; it is easy to suggest that there is less likelihood of High Poetry being written today than a hundred years ago for political and economic reasons; it is even easier to assume that this is not a major cause of social unrest, and hope for the best in the near future. Something must be done to help the young writers in prose and poetry whose problems of communication, private and public, are apparently too great for them to convert into resolvable literary equations. And this conclusion has led many people to the belief that the crisis in contemporary literature, and more especially in contemporary poetry, is a corollary of the crisis in contemporary criticism, prose and poetry: the two are somehow inseparable—when the one passes the other will pass with it.

It is not difficult to find evidence of a critical crisis; a glance at *TIME*, *THE NEW YORKER*, the American quarterly reviews (*KENYON*, *HUDSON*, *PARTISAN*, *SEWANEE*, etc.), *THE NEW STATESMAN*, *THE SPECTATOR*, the *TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT*, *THE LONDON MAGAZINE* and

ROY MacGREGOR-HASTIE, *Vice-President of the Poetry Society of Australia and former Editor of THE NEW NATION*, is now a writer for the *LONDONER*.

ENCOUNTER will confirm the suspicions one had on reading elsewhere of the attitude of the critics of Dylan Thomas' early poems, and (in a different way!) to the digests of philosophy, literature and art which flow, thinly disguised as novels, from the pens of Colin Wilson and Stuart Holroyd.

T. S. Eliot, in a "Message" to the first issue of THE LONDON MAGAZINE, wrote that the second of the functions of a little magazine was "to provide critical valuation of the work of living authors both famous and unknown." In a survey of five years of the LONDON MAGAZINE's short life, Mark Roberts (Lecturer in English in the University of Sheffield, ESSAYS IN CRITICISM vol. VII No. 2) assesses the failure of John Lehmann to achieve what, presumably, he set out to do; a selection of the phrases Mr. Roberts uses in this connection gives some idea of the tenor of the assessment: "... one soon notices that a number of reviewers simply offer descriptions of the contents of books, descriptions so innocent of critical comment, or even implication, that one can form no idea of whether the books are worth troubling to read. A more extreme form . . . is the habit of talking about the subject of a book and virtually ignoring the book itself . . . too many ephemeral novels and far too many travel books are noticed . . . the writing too often lacks a cutting edge . . . all too often unusually bad . . . a certain lack of scrupulosity in the use of critical terms . . . literary criticism commonly leaves almost everything to be desired."

Mr. Roberts goes on to speak of the limitations of the TWENTIETH CENTURY and ENCOUNTER, and elsewhere the short coming of other periodicals I have mentioned are analyzed at length.

It would seem that literary criticism is in a parlous state. John Wain, whose criticism is often frighteningly ill-informed (c.f. his quarterly "review" of the little magazines, which he conducts with anything but an adequate knowledge of the 200 or so worth reading) makes this comment:

"Meanwhile, good criticism is frighteningly rare. Speaking for myself, I have found it impossible to trust to the judgment of the people who amongst us have charge of this important function. So many of the people who make a living, or even part of a living from having their opinions of books printed and circulated, the people whose collective impact constitutes 'literary opinion' do not—to be frank—possess even ordinary competence."

Why is it that good criticism is frighteningly rare? There is some truth in the assertion that nations at the end of an imperial era are uncritical in every sphere of human activity, for obvious

reasons, but as far as one can judge from the recent achievements in the natural sciences, the ingenuity and inventiveness of the English and American peoples have not diminished. Possibly the first reason for the decline in contemporary criticism is that it has emulated the divisions of economic activity and divided and specialized itself. Until the beginning of the twentieth century the "critical evaluator of the work of living authors" wrote at some length of the work he was evaluating, gave some account of its subject matter, assessed the style, language, and tone of the work in question, and related the whole to the context of human activity, past and present, literary and non-literary; his writing was itself creative, in that he tried (and often succeeded) to reach the same coincidence of thought and feeling at which the poet (to particularize) had conceived the poem—his reportage of the process was a prose equivalent of the poetic experience established within the framework of the poem, and within limits, gave some account of the stature of both the writer and the writing, based on his experience.

But the twentieth century saw the coming of mass literacy promote a demand for mass-media communication—for a "popular" press, for "popular" books, and "popular critics" to comment on those books; as the middle and upper classes retreated to a position of defensive activity, aimed at prolonging their hegemony, so did the working class start its reading, not in the vulgarization of creative literature which had been willingly offered them while there was no fear of their achieving political, economic and social equality, but in the gutter press and the cheap novel. The middle class felt a need for a semi-vulgarized press, and founded its Reviews, hired its own critics and left the critical evaluation of their country's High Poetry and Prose to such academic critics as could find the time and money to establish serious literary journals.

The reviewer, the literary journalist whose causerie replaced the careful analysis of the critic, was the answer to the middlebrow question "How shall we show our superiority to the masses and yet not mystify ourselves in doing so?"

This is not to say that the middlebrow reviewer had not appeared from time to time in the more reputable journals of the nineteenth century; writers from Shelley to Henry James suffered at their hands. "The blocks of remplissage," James said, "are the dummies of 'criticism'—the recurrent, regulated breakers in the tide of talk. They have a reason for being, and the situation is simpler when we perceive it . . . the organs of public opinion must be no less copious than punctual, that publicity must maintain its high standard, that ladies and gentlemen may turn an honest penny by the free expenditure of ink."

Walter Allen, a contemporary and unusually honest reviewer has this to say of his trade:

"... books have to be reviewed even when there are no books to review. And the reviewer, as a journalist, must work in the normal conditions of journalism. Books are reviewed because they are news—for the same reason, in other words, as developments in foreign affairs, football games and productions of plays are reported. First of all, then, a book reviewer is a reporter. And as a reporter, if he is a regular reviewer, he is under the normal disadvantages of the reporter. He will often be writing against time; full consideration of what he is writing may be impossible; he must make immediate judgment knowing that very often it will be a snap judgment."

And this 'journalist' writes for what purports to be the journal which encourages young writers, assesses the merits and defects of their work, helps them to a higher creativity; bearing this in mind, there is something to be said for the UNIVERSITY AND LEFT REVIEW's description of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION as the "aging prima ballerina of the Social Revolution." But one cannot say that it is a healthy thing for one of the few reasonably intelligent weeklies to "assess and encourage" under the conditions Mr. Allen describes. Most of the middlebrow (and especially those middlebrows who consider themselves a cut above the readers of the "popular press") get their secondhand opinions of contemporary literature from the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, THE SPECTATOR, the TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT and the other pseudo-literary journals. Small wonder that the standard of writing is slowly falling to the standard of contemporary reading, under the influence of those people who write "against time" about writing.

If this idle causerie, written for a self-conscious minority in Britain is typical of contemporary criticism, deplorable though it is one must prefer it to the American reviews—both the mass media ones to be found in TIME and THE NEW YORKER, and the lesser fry. Here is what Mr. Allen, who is as we have seen an honest man, and "appears frequently on the famous Third Programme of the BBC," as we are told by NEW WORLD WRITING, has to say about the reviews in TIME:

"TIME differs from the NEW YORKER . . . (it) tells you: Here's the inside dope, and nothing's secret. The brash cocky style is part of the illusion by which omniscience is created. TIME's book reviews set out to be reports rather than criticism, but the reports are slanted, and through the angle of slanting, values are expressed. . . . I often find the expression of them almost embarrassingly vulgar."

The NEW YORKER is slightly better, more intelligent and less embarrassing, even to Mr. Allen; the other review periodicals, THE NATION, THE NEW REPUBLIC, THE REPORTER use the book-note method of squashing into as small a space as possible the maximum of irrelevant comment, including as much as a tenth of the space devoted to the publishers name, and the price of the book.

One last point must be made. The reviewer is typical of the lunatic fringe of the literary world which exists by reason of the existence of the writer, and yet treats the writer as if he were privileged in being allowed to associate with them. One suspects that many of the slanted reports one reads both in England and the USA are slanted after consultation with the reviewer's own personal interest in maintaining good relations with the magazine and book-publishing world. The publisher has expended a certain amount of money in putting a book into print (one of the considerations affecting his reader's appraisal of the manuscript having been the probable reception of the book by the reviewer, and not its literary merit) and doesn't want to lose it; a bad review can diminish the sales of a middlebrow book, and will almost certainly blacken that reviewer's name—and book publishers and magazine publishers are normally on good terms.

If the reviewer has made it almost impossible for an author to get a fair assessment of the worth of his book or collection of poems, then at the opposite end of the critical spectrum, the responsible end, the academic critic gives him either an unintelligible opinion or writes for a periodical which reaches about one half of one per cent of the people he wants to read his work, with all its faults and virtues. The danger of being in the position to which the irresponsibility of the reviewer has driven the serious critic is that he will spend so much time and effort attempting an exhaustive non-review type of assessment that he will go to the extreme and produce what amounts to a shortened text book. And there seems to be no reason why an intelligent person should not enjoy reading an intelligent book from time to time. Most serious critics are what are called academic critics, university dons who do not work under the conditions of journalism and have no commercial axe to grind, but though they *are* serious, and especially in America, well worth reading, they are so far from the ordinary everyday life of the people who make up the vast mass of members of the society, that their criticism is often adequate to the minorities to which they belong, but inadequate for the vast *majority*. The relevance of the work under analysis is something they cannot divine or even deduce. They lack the contact atmosphere premise. When they come out of academic hibernation, as some of them have done recently, and become, because of a certain charm of manner "popular figures"

on the television screen or over the air, they seem to be posing amusedly for a nonacademic, and therefore essentially frivolous world which is made up of intellectual and emotional dimensions quite different from their own and those of their colleagues.

But from time to time, in spite of the hazards of "professorishness" and the "conditions of journalism," one might expect a critic or school of critics to emerge, unscathed and adequate for both the social-literary function and the more individual critic-author relationship of literary intimacy. What seems to prevent this happy event is a lack of any sort of criteria other than those proper for scientific analysis or the writing minute; the insufficiency of the preparation of reviewers for their self-imposed task of directing public taste needs no emphasis—how they imagine they can find a set of aesthetic standards without having first found the origins of those standards in some metaphysical system or subsystem no one will ever know.

Possibly they approach each new important work they are given to review in the same spirit of unconscious optimism in which Paul set out for Damascus, and assume that an inability to discuss the author's literary and social intention (why he wrote the book or the poem) is no handicap. Similarly an academic critic whose knowledge of natural and moral philosophy has been gleaned rather than discovered is again a not uncommon find: nobody expects a critic to make a life-time study of philosophy on the offchance that he will one day be given a piece of literature to criticize and appraise from every metaphysical standpoint, but at least a critic should be sure of his own position, and should know something of the common ground he shares with writers who subscribe to other systems. Unless an author's metaphysical position is at least comprehensible to the critic (and though the two most common positions, Marxist materialism and Christian idealism, are common enough in nominal frequency, few non-Marxist understand the ramifications in the aesthetic sphere of Marxism and Christianity) then that critic will be unable to evaluate the author's intention, the aesthetic value of his work seen in relation to his metaphysics (from which he has deduced his aesthetic position), the necessity, social and personal of the work in question or its general historical relevance.

He will be scarcely able to estimate the relevance of a particular work to the author's work as a whole—and this is important in these days of much talk and little said, much writing and little literature—to be able to say of a writer that this work was necessary, that work was unnecessary and frivolous or irrelevant in intention. Unless a critic can assess the worth of the poetry he is not likely to be able to make any definitive judgment of the poetry. A poet's value in society increases as he becomes aware of the proper scope of his

activity, and his poetry should be judged in the context of that activity. By this I do not mean only that:

"... (a poet should be) able-bodied, fond of talking, a reader of newspapers, capable of pity and laughter, informed in economics, appreciative of women, involved in personal relationships, actively interested in politics, susceptible to physical impressions" (Louis MacNiece)

though MacNiece's emphasis on the necessity for social contact as a source of emotional input is important. It is with the context of a poet's output that a critic should be concerned when evaluating an addition to that output. Apart from his poetry, a poet should obviously write a good deal of prose, explanatory prose, relating his poetry to the other artforms, relating its form and manner to theirs and setting his poetry in its social context as a cause. And if he is constructive in his High Poetry, in the sense of constructing harmonies out of disharmonies, then he must destroy, too, to clear the air for his creation; he must write satire, poetic and prose, though preferably prose; he must, too, write what one could term "background"—accounts of the occasions of his poems, evidence of the contact he has made with society at all levels, and at every geographical extreme—and any limitations in his experience are of course relevant when assessing the worth of his work as a whole in a rapidly internationalizing society. A critic must be familiar with the work of the poet in these genre, and be able to measure the adequacy of the poet in each one. He must be able to say "Here is a poet whose poetry can be read in the extremes of political and economic prose contexts, who publishes in Socialist and Capitalist magazines, on both sides of the Iron Curtain; here is a poet who is widely travelled, and is familiar with the social context into which his writings should fit—he has told us of the occasions of his input and justified his output. And here is his preparation, his satire. Taking the whole and viewing it as the literary activity of this poet, and finding nothing extraneous to it (no guide books, novels, or other paraphernalia) it seems likely that his activity will be worth careful study and attention." Surely the question "Is this necessary?" is the first a critic should ask when given something to appraise.

The lack of another of the basic criteria in an era of word change and confusion is one which can be blamed on the literary myopia of a predominantly military and economic Anglo-Saxon world. Of all the language groups with a pretension to culture, English is the only one without a supreme court of appeal, an arbiter of admissibility, pronunciation and syntax. There is no equivalent of the French or Italian Academies, and as Sir Lacon Threlford,

President of the Institute of Linguists said some time ago, this deficiency in our cultural constitution makes it more difficult every year to evolve and maintain critical apparatus which can be used throughout the widely dispersed English speaking community. A British Academy was established in 1902, and receives a Treasury Grant to help it "promote . . . philological studies." But it has not even begun to press for the establishment of an Academy (perhaps even itself) with the authority of the French Academy or the Spanish Academy. Without one of the few objective criteria an adequately functioning academy would make available to the contemporary critic, it is small wonder he has sought ways in which to "avoid committing oneself to a critical judgment."

Lacking either objective criteria or the preparation for the evolution of subjective criteria, the critics and reviewers or near-critics who pass judgment of a sort on the new writing published, today and yesterday, must, if they are not extraordinarily insensitive, be aware of their own inadequacy. And, of course, often they are not only badly equipped, they are the wrong people. To particularize in poetry again, a poet can absorb the sort of emotional punishment necessary to his artform for a number, a finite number of years—then his mind and body are insufficient for the role he expects them to play in his creative life. When he passes the "critical age," he is the ideal critic—perhaps the only judge of poetry who can find the common ground between conflicting subjective and objective criteria; he can give to the poetry he critically evaluates a participative objective criticism no other type of person can. And this argument applies equally, of course, to the other artforms (though painters, potters and musicians are frequently inarticulate).

Until the gaps in the critical framework in which our communication problems are set, are filled and intelligently filled, then publishing will continue to be a matter of chance, writing and reading a commercially exploited accident. And at a time when its very existence is threatened, in face of the onslaught of the concepts of utility, culture will be something towards a definition of which we are, with Mr. Eliot, moving uncertainly and painfully slowly.

BARRISS MILLS

Infants' School

We wait in the wet courtyard
for school to begin again,
as the small London faces
and naked knees run in and out,
shouting meaningless children's phrases.

A few geraniums droop in boxes
in this wilderness of flagstone,
brick, and iron railings. The sun
(glancing in for a moment, like
the headmistress with her whistle,
her controlled voice, and the little
messages and errands) just touches
the corner where the flowers are.

A window-cleaner, with rickety
ladder and black rags, spreads
the grime thinner over the windows
that invite the weak daylight in.
Here trees and grass gave up
their struggle long ago, and the flowers
bloom less fiercely than the bombs
that ripped the next door house out
from behind its wall, propped now
with timbers till the city's
cycle of reclamation reaches
and engulfs this quiet corner.

But man is an urban animal,
and the merry children swarm
where stone flowers eternally
and the vegetable world gives up the ghost—
running and shouting harder now
as the noon-hour flickers and wanes
and the headmistress' whistle looms.

BARRISS MILLS, author of a *Vagram Chapbook*, THE BLACK AND WHITE GEOMETRY, teaches at Purdue University. He has had poems most recently in the SATURDAY REVIEW, APPROACH, and HEARSE.

O God, Be Kind

"If a man knows the law, he may settle himself in a shanty in the pine forest, and men will and must find their way to him as readily as if he lived in the City Hall."—EMERSON

If the little and rural county of Creekwater had been publishing a "Who's Who in Creekwater County" for only the past ten years the name of Prater Whitlock would not have been included. Yet, if almost anyone thirty years old or older had been asked, "Can you tell me where I can find Mister Prater Whitlock?" then the stranger would have been rightly directed the way to Prater Whitlock's small house, rundown, in the wooded area about three miles north of Sand Point; and, were it night, the stranger would have found the old man reading one of the classics, or the newspaper; at nearly any time the stranger would have found this Mister Whitlock somewhere within calling distance of the shanty at the head of a road that only sawmill trucks and the old man's infrequent callers used anymore.

It was a night in mid-February, and the pine trees which crowded the two-room house with a lean-to kitchen were next to lifeless and filtered the black coal smoke from the fieldstone chimney which supported the cabin at one end like a fat buttress. It was a black night, and not much filtering was necessary except to capture the smell of smoke from a coal-burning pot-bellied heater which might attract a stranger.

The electric light flooded the room buttressed by the rock chimney, but was consumed on the outside through the windows by the dense thicket of loblolly pines before it shone sixty feet into the night quiet stillness of the winding sawmill road from Alabama Highway 9 the several hundred yards to the old man's house; the highwayman could not have seen the light.

The old man Whitlock read Napoleon's "Retreat from Moscow" in the bitter winter of nearly a century and a half ago from Leo Tolstoy's novel, *War and Peace*. The copy he read was an abridged pocket-book edition of the great classic he had bought for fifty cents at the drug store in Yanceyville, the county seat. (It had been Monday of last week when he rode over to the county seat with his cattle-rich nephew, Dade Whitlock, who stopped by the

TOM BYRON SAUNDERS, from *Alexander City, Alabama*, is a senior at the University of North Carolina. This is his first published work.

old man's house in his new Chrysler. The nephew was thoughtful to the old man, and would stop by sometimes to see if he cared to drive to Yanceyville with him for the morning or the afternoon or the whole day, depending on the cattleman's business there. So the old man had gone along with the rich middle-age nephew Monday morning of the week before and spent the day in the county seat town where he chewed tobacco with friends of thirty years ago when he, Prater Whitlock, was county tax collector, a position of high regard and esteem in Creekwater County, and still a member of the county gentry—but the Depression of the Thirties made a pauper of him, and later forced him from his mortgaged plantation to the small house owned by his nephew who let him live there for free.) He would not finish the book tonight, but would soon place a faded book marker at the end of Napoleon's Retreat. It was a forced retreat from Moscow because of the harsh cold and famine of the bitter deep Eurasian winter, the old man thought as he carefully placed the marker, like mine from public life was when the late Depression hit me and the rest of Creekwater County and Alabama and the nation. It was a forced retreat, and Napoleon's and mine were separated by a century and nearly two decades, but both were forced.

After he had placed the pocket-book classic with the faded marker at the end of the Retreat on a table beside his bed, and had closed the damper of the flue from his heater so there would still be red coals and a little heat left the next morning, he heard a heavy car door slam and the plank steps to his front door give to the careful steps of a man.

"Mr. Whitlock," he heard a voice, a bit guttural and indistinct, call.

"Yes?" answered the old man. "Who is it?"

All that could be heard was the still crunch of the grit on the top step. It was like the moment of nothingness just before two worlds meet when one is flung from its orbit. For a minute neither of the voices seemed to be strong enough to outcry the late night's silence.

"It's the son of an old friend," answered the man from the night outside.

The old man scratched his head, asking himself, What friend's son? and opened the door to the night in which the son of an old friend crunched the grit with his expensive shoes on the top step to the cabin.

George McLain, a tall man of forty-five and dressed in a blue tweed overcoat, extended a slender hand, clutching the old man's warmly.

"Ahh, George McLain," sighed Mr. Whitlock. "It's good to see you, my boy. But isn't it always!" And the old man laughed a

greeting to his young friend as any man twenty years the senior of his guest might do, and invited him into the warm cabin. Then as if a very reminiscent mood controlled him tonight, the old man recalled aloud, "That was two summers after I was defeated in the May Democratic primaries for reelection as tax collector. And that was the summer after the summer when I started remembering summers, each one a little hotter and a little harder to endure than the one before. But it was not all qualms in the summertime then, Young George." He stood for a minute longer before pointing to a chair for his visitor, beckoning, "Sit down, young fellow."

Seated now in a cane-bottom chair with slatted back, George McLain, Jr., United States Congressman, said nothing, letting the old man talk. I will talk later, young McLain thought.

"I was a member of your father's church in Yanceyville, and knew him very well. George and I were friends. I still owned Burnside Plantation then, and I recollect one afternoon that you drove your father out to see me . . . and didn't you stay with him for dinner?"

"That is correct. And I remember wondering why a man like you cared to live alone in a big house like Burnside." (The young man did not ask his white-haired host whatever happened to Burnside, for he remembered his father's telling him that Mr. Whitlock lost it in a mortgage, and that whomever it was that the place had fallen to had moved a family of tenants into it, and that the big house of Burnside Plantation burned sometime back in the Thirties. But he knew it would make Mr. Whitlock sad and lean again on his memories that were gone in substance, and were no more than a legend, if he mentioned Burnside to the old man again.)

(Just as the young man did not choose to mention the present condition of Burnside, the old man made no reference to McLain's distinguished record for Southern liberties in the Congress of the United States the ten years before last year when he refused to seek re-election from the rich plantation belt of central Alabama. The newspapers throughout the district and the state gave McLain editorial praise for his record, but it was as though the man really meant to withdraw from public life, for he had pursed his lips when reporters from the papers wanted stories about him. The old man remembered reading the newspaper praise of McLain, but he was not to be awed and outwardly impressed by the factor of success, since it had once glittered so glaringly at him before he learned that some glass can be cut to imitate a diamond when not examined closely—that was how the future had looked once, before the glass was chipped, and it had not been a diamond at all. He also knew that George McLain was being talked to run for governor next year, and that one of the prominent city dailies was boosting him already, a year and three months before the primary elections.)

What is his business here with me this late at night? the old man wondered, opening the damper of his pot-bellied heater so the fire would burn lively again. He stooped for a shovel of coal from the scuttle. He felt that McLain was astray in the night, and lost here, and saw that he still wore his overcoat around his slender man-form seated in a cane-bottom chair before the pot-bellied heater. The old man observed the younger man's worn face with purple shadows under nervous eyes that were fixed for a moment on the plain wall behind the heater.

Several ten fifteen twenty quiet minutes shortened the time until midnight, young McLain still in his overcoat, and the fire in the ragged heater responding to fuel the old man of the woods had added.

Getting up, the old man went to the lean-to kitchen and plugged in the electric coffee percolator. In a few minutes he returned with two coffee mugs, the sugar bowl, and cream pitcher to the room of rough knotty pine ceilings where the pot-bellied heater roared by then. And the agile and white-haired host did not understand why his guest had not removed his overcoat. The thermometer on the wall calendar said 85 degrees Fahrenheit.

"Let me have your overcoat now," the old man said, breaking the long lostness of the former Congressman who turned and looked up at him, saying, "That'll be fine, sir. Fine if you take my overcoat, I mean. . . ." shattering his own numbness at the shanty of this cautious friend of his father. Taking the overcoat from the man, the old man laid it across the bed in the room carefully, then returned to the kitchen for the electric pot of coffee.

He poured the coffee slowly like he remembered the butler at Burnside used to, then seated himself again in the cane-bottom chair opposite the silent man.

Lighting a cigarette to smoke with his coffee, the son of the late Reverend Mr. McLain watched the blue flame from his sterling encased cigarette lighter, holding it up for the old man to see. "This is a gift," he said at last, directing his host's attention to the lighter as its flame burned steady like an Olympic torch being relayed to the arena. "A very close friend of my Washington days gave it to me." Then he handed it to the old man.

"It represents something all right," answered the old man at last. "Who's Morris?"

The old man's sharp blue eyes met the keener darker ones of his visitor. He thought the young fellow's eyes looked far away, recessed behind their purple shadows. "Who's Morris?" he asked again, as he eyed the name engraved on the lighter. And as the younger man answered, the old man saw that the abstract focus of the eyes across the makeshift coffee table from him did not change

and cease to be far far away, far beyond the walls of the humble shanty in the deep Southern woods.

"Morris Jackson," said young McLain, very distinctly. "He knew me better than anyone else in Washington. Yet we were never seen out together. He would usually call by my apartment, or I by his. And it was always late, and after all the party-goers were home." He observed the old man as he craned his usually straight and aristocratic neck toward him as he said it was always late. From the haze of the distant focus, McLain had seen the old man's neck jerk a little bit when he said it was always late when he and Morris had seen each other. At last the visitor said, looking down at the floor as he did so, "He was a fellow Congressman. A Negro Congressman, sir, from one of the Northern states."

A startled expression shone abruptly on the wrinkled old face, its tender lines nearly puckering now. But he had always spoken cautiously, and was careful of what he might say now. So he was silent for a moment, but the younger man of another generation felt the intensity of a barrage that only silence can intensify. Not verbal barrage, though. Something louder. Something that thumped anew in McLain's chest and stomach and hands, only his eyes holding the secret in their dreamy distance. The old man sipped his coffee and rose to refill the two oversized cups.

The steam from the new coffee was a vapor like that of a time-approaching problem that the young slender visitor could not see through clearly; that was why he had looked up this old man of whom he had heard his minister father speak with such respect so often. "I'd have to ask Mr. Whitlock," the son remembered his father having said when he would run gamut a question of government or politics or law. And now the son searched for a way to ask Mr. Whitlock.

"I don't know what it is you are wanting, my boy," spoke the old man to young McLain at last, "but I know it's something. I see your father in you there. What is it you're wanting to ask me? Go ahead, and know I'm your friend as I was your father's."

"It isn't a matter of knowing or finding out for sure if you are my friend as you were my daddy's," the former Congressman answered. "It isn't a matter of getting to know you, sir. It isn't that at all."

And the old man saw the purple shadows under the young man's eyes grow purpler, or was it the lustre that coffee steam or sweat gives to a worried man's problems? And the eye shadows of this man McLain almost glistened beneath the dark eyes wet hollow-like in their cavities beneath a brow wrinkled young. He had known this man for so short a time tonight, yet he could see the deep dark subtle man of a deceased minister father in the son. (The minister

father of the young man who sat opposite him now had had great confidence in him, and this confidence had been such that the old man knew it, felt it, yet could not have observed it so soon in the new McLain; but now this new McLain's presentation of himself seemed blunt because he had learned it thirty years before from the other McLain whose confidence the old man had innately felt, not observed.)

So young McLain did not leash the genuine confidence he felt in the old man, but trusted himself with the old man's friendship with him like his father before him. He let the white-haired and old Mr. Whitlock see a confidence in him beyond the black purple shadows of his deep nausea. The old man will find out, anyway.

Realizing soon that the young man's confidence was his so soon, the older man did not know whether it was good or not, whether it could be good or not, but he knew that something of the young man was in his power now. The young man's destiny, perhaps, or something of it, anyway, seemed, and indeed was left to the old man. He had never felt so clumsy before, so unsure, and so almost afraid. Tonight? he wanted to ask God. O God must it be tonight? yet, daring not to pray a prayer that would be for another retreat. And he knew tonight would mean a difference, a turning point in young McLain's destiny. And then he prayed, O God, be kind to the destiny destined tonight.

The silence instead of conversation between the former tax collector and the former Congressman did not belie the new and very late closeness of the two, but almost overwhelmed them. It was like the prelude to the head of an argument which would surely be followed by an affirmative answer, the older man sensed. And tonight. So tonight.

"I'll ask you again, my boy. What is it you want to ask me? I know it's something. Ask it and I'll see if I can help you."

McLain became relaxed, so relaxed that he could pour his retirement out to his friend, his friend so soon. "Thank you, Mr. Whitlock. I've been approached by several members of the state legislature and by a couple of our state dailies to run for Governor in the Democratic primaries next spring. That is a year away, sir, but it has me bothered. And the reason it has me bothered already is that they do not know my stand on the day's state political issues."

"Which issue is it that you've changed on?" asked, very inquiringly, the man who held part of a younger man's future and part of a state's destiny, very possibly, in his hands tonight. "You must have changed on something, my boy, or they wouldn't be in the dark on where you stand." For a minute he was silent, running a hand through his thick white hair. "Your voting record while you were in Congress was followed closely by the state papers, and

the interested voters knew how you stood then. And your speeches between sessions of Congress that you made at ground-breakings and centennials and state professional club conventions were written up in the Birmingham papers. I followed you, and knew pretty well how you stood on the issues then, and the dominant one then is the dominant one now."

Suddenly the old man shuddered at what he had said, wondering aghast with certain fear that, yes, young McLain has changed. But how has he changed? It cannot be. And he looked into the idealistic mysticism of the shadowed eyes, not thinking he saw the evanescence of an older resistance than himself to an issue long paramount in Washington. But the man whom the years and economic depression had faded was looking through faded eyesight, possibly. He did not think about that either, as he tried to figure out if the young ex-Congressman could have changed his political theories so radically. Yet, he knew that he had.

Seining for alternatives, the wise Mr. Whitlock knew there were none, and knew that George McLain was no longer the steadfast and adamant advocate of . . . of . . . of segregation of the races. He had thought it, but he was not sure he could believe it, nor ask his distinguished guest if it were so. He did not have to ask, though, for he knew the answer. It was written on the tenseness that pervaded the room in the shanty in the winter woods.

The old clock which Prater Whitlock had brought to his little house from Burnside in 1930 chimed twelve times. Midnight. Another day. Yes, the old man thought, it is a new day. A radically new day.

"You are right, Mr. Whitlock," said the slender and tired-looking McLain as he got up from the chair and began pacing the linoleum slowly. He lit a long cigarette nervously and dropped the match to the floor. "The issues are still the same, even the dominant one. You are right in assuming that they are, sir." He sat down again, taking deep and heavy inhales from his long strong cigarette. One of his eyes twitched, too. "Yes, Mr. Whitlock, the dominant issue, the one that everyone is interested in, is still the same." He had repeated it to buttress himself for what he would say before tonight should greet the dawn peacock. As he had repeated himself that "Yes, Mr. Whitlock, the dominant issue is still the same" he had seen the seated figure across the room stiffen, not coldly but hurtfully. And he knew what the old man was thinking: that this thing of integration which this new McLain stands for now would be the Hesperus of a culture that bred its timid imposter.

"Say it, my boy," urged the old man tenderly. "Say the word, the word that is the paramount issue nowadays. You are not afraid of it, are you? You mustn't be, dear boy. Don't be afraid of it to me." (But neither could say the word "segregation" outright now.)

It was almost as if George McLain were saying, "D-d-don't make me say it yet, Mr. Whitlock."

Steeling himself, the white-haired man, almost askingly, but too convinced by now, said, "You want the two races to start mixing in the public schools and in other public places. You believe in integration of the races—in mixing the white man and the Negro in public places." The old man felt himself burn a while after he had said it. It was the first time in his life he had ever really said it with any positive application to anyone he thought actually believed in integration of the races as an institution.

"I believe in it," admitted the young man whose temples had greyed prematurely blue. "I know that I could never be elected Governor of Alabama if I told the voters that. Yet, I could not run for the office bewildering myself and fooling them."

"Now I wouldn't say 'Don't plan on not running yet,' young fellow. Just don't talk about it to the press for a while. Perhaps the year between now and the qualification deadline for candidates will wear the feeling off that you seem to have for racial integration. You have a great chance to be elected Governor, my boy—or you will have if you run on the platform your backers expect you to."

The smoke from George McLain's cigarette curled blue gnarls adjusting temperament, still soft and gentle like the two men spoke, against the dark knotty pine ceilings of the small room.

I'll run for Governor anyway, he thought, and it won't matter whether I win or not. I know I won't change my mind about integration—but I can't tell Mr. Whitlock that. But I can tell him that regardless of the way the tide of the state's public opinion is running then, that I will run, that any man has a right to run for Governor. At least I'll have the small Negro vote, if the vote is anything. But the Negroes still think that I'm still against them and integration, and that I believe in white supremacy like I always did. And to himself he marvelled that a man could have changed so radically. It was a radically new day.

Of a sudden McLain remembered the threatening letter he had received the previous week. Its message flared before him: "They say you is running fo guvnor nest year. But befo you does run for guvnor you better fust be sure that you can liv thew it." For several minutes the letter remained hot before his mind, like a branding iron to a calf out West. The letter still fresh, it burned at his heart like acid; then he thought back to the writer of the letter, considering him an ignorant bastard. But even bastards' children deserve good schools and good other places to go, and good other people to be with, he thought as he tried compassion for the author of the letter, and for whatever force or forces might have been its instigation. He wanted to love the one whose threat he had received. He thought he could show his love by working toward the betterment of the other

race. Trouble would come either way, and McLain faced the cold certainty of it, feeling that God would be kind. And he lent a silent prayer to the night.

Composure and the lack of the old nervousness characterized him then, yet he could not meet the blue eyes of Mr. Whitlock. He was afraid he might confess that integration at its best would bring modern violence, he knew not the form it would take, but that it would be violent once begun in actuality. So he looked down at the patterns on the linoleum. And he knew that he could never believe in segregation again, and that he would not lie that he did, neither to the old man nor to the voters next year. He pressed the letter of acid to the back of his mind, forgetting it in the confidence that he would try to help the writer of it and that God would be kind.

Then he remembered that his great host had said to him that "You have a good chance to be elected Governor . . . if you run on the platform your backers expect you to."

Young McLain was very steady and composed, for he was sure of himself now and very slowly lit another long cigarette. He could look at the kind old man's gallant eyes now. He did so as he said, "But I will not run on the platform my backers—whoever they are—expect me to. Besides, they are probably not my backers; they are the issue's—and I could only admire them for that, their belief in a thing, not a man. Besides, Mr. Whitlock, I could never run for Governor, preaching something I could not and would not ever push, such as the long continuation of segregation in our state."

His cigarette hung very loose between his fingers, and dropped to the linoleum. His steadiness and composure of the minute before fled. Only his affirmation of an idea remained steadfast now. And the man who had spoken drew up, shivering in the wetness of his own fear of social ostracization by a town, and possibly by a state, for neither knew him at all, he knew. His fellow townspeople in the rich old plantation belt would darken their parlors to him and pull their draperies tight. He would cease to be one of them, one of them who were so dedicated to the everlasting support of segregation of the races so as to "forever prevent the mongrelization of our race." The shadowy dark woods and town lights of discontent beyond the shanty of Mr. Whitlock would not be his to roam any longer. It was like a man without a home.

The old man drew into himself for a moment, then relaxed and breathed deeply, sighing. The big clock said a quarter to one. Already? And the destined destiny of the young man seemed apparent, or the course that would take him to it, anyway. It was then that he realized that the destiny of the former Congressman was not his to wring or shape or to even assist in shaping. It must be the elements', the night's, maybe, he thought. But not mine.

"Well then," sighed the old man uneasily, but reconciled. "If you feel so strongly about the matter, you wouldn't be any good the other way—feeling obligated to support something you wouldn't be believing in. So I suppose your mind is made up now not to run. Right, my boy?" The old man hoped the boy would say, "Right."

"I'm not sure, Mr. Whitlock," declared young McLain. "For, you see, an issue can be swift like the time, like the Supreme Court decision nearly three years ago outlawing public segregation. What I mean is that the state might realize by then, by the time of election next year, that it is not strong enough to combat the law of the land. In that case it would cease to be an issue."

The young man saw that the old man's face became a puzzled grimace etched copper-like on its brow, but he need not keep the truth from his wise and understanding counselor of law and politics. Looking at him, son to father, McLain stated simply, "I will run for Governor if the time is right, and if it looks conducive to a change from race antagonism to a moderate element like I would represent. And if the conditions are not right for me to seek the office as a moderate, then I will run, anyway."

A decision depending on the pendulum of public opinion had been announced privately with the undertone of "The public be damned" if the pendulum is not in sway.

On the highway at the edge of the woods of the shanty a big Cadillac stopped, and a man in working clothes and leggings ran until he saw the light in the shanty of Mr. Whitlock reflect on a new Buick parked near the door. And as he crept into the trees along the woods road the rest of the way toward the shanty, a strong wind like those which push pendulums came out of the north to bend the taller pines around the old man's house. Mature pine cones spun to the earth, a couple of them hitting the tin roof of the shanty earthward.

A voice crouched in leggings called above the wind toward the house. "Mistuh Whitlock, tell yo' vistuh dat dey's somebody out 'ere dat wonts tuh see 'im. Jes' tell 'im tuh come tuh de do' fuh a minute."

The message from the black night settled on loblolly tree trunks and on the needles on the tossing limbs, and enough of it settled in the room with the pot-bellied heater that the two men heard it plainly. The sounds from the outside rung, reverberated in the old man's knowing ears, but settled thump on the young man's instantly. The two men seated before the heater looked at each other tensely, as if knowing.

Every room in every house is pin-drop quiet at one time, if for just the fraction of a minute that seems half an eternity when the

pin does not drop, and when the wind outside suddenly lifts its pinioned forest erect and still, and when the winter life that usually makes noises in it is hushed, and the intruder is dispelled, losing his footing for the temporary half an eternity that is a minute or less in fleeing.

Gunpowder in shells becomes limpid then, like a squirming little river fish caught under a fresh tonnage of clay turning into shale in the millionth of a second of eternity's barrage of the natural and the created.

Dark hands that hold a shotgun outside among the loblolly pine trees become frozen, with the gun monumentally and momentarily relieved of its potency and cast against the black knee in overalls under leather leggings.

One man inside a shanty silently and nervously and subconsciously draws deeply, heavily from a cigarette lit before time suspended.

An old man's brow remains fixedly creased over eyes that gaze aghastly, wildly at the silent hums of blue cigarette smoke from the younger man's cigarette. (And the cigarette becomes like an only unplucked bud from before the momentary freeze suspension of all else.) The old man's hands are folded, not quivering, but folded tightly across his crotch.

A thousand voice volumes were lodged in numb throats—the young man's, the old man's, and that of the man outside with the gun. The Negro man crouched outside grew more numb, the gunpowder in the shells of his shotgun was limpid, and dropped with the gun to the silent tremor of the earth. Ah, the gods controlled the elements tonight, levering majestically the hand that raised a shortening cigarette to a pale man's purple lips, then bearing the blue exhalations of smoke on the crest of the night that had become three o'clock in the morning before the dawn peacock should flap suddenly out of the east.

Slowly, like a giant that is aroused too early in the morning from his sleep, the forest around the old man's shanty raised its boughs of loblolly, at first quivering and sweeping a domain for leather leggings against the cold; finally all the boughs, with all the enragement of the giant awakened too early from his sleep, hurtled to and fro against the others until the biggest funnel of the elements was leased with its fury upon the dark forest around the lit shanty when the electric lines to the shanty were broken by a tree that fell, dispelling the old man and the young man into the darkness of the black man who had resumed calling:

"Mistuh Whitlock, ah sey fuh you tuh tell dat McLain felluh dat he's wonted out 'ere. Wonted now."

Inside the room of the shanty lit now by the glare from the

pot-bellied heater, McLain lit another cigarette, getting the light from the butt of the other one that trembled between the thumb and index finger of his right hand.

Outside there were two shining eyes concentrated bitterly on the door, lest it should open.

Inside the shanty the coolly nervous voice of McLain told the older man, "That destiny of mine has been destined here tonight, Mr. Whitlock. I have decided for sure—I will run for Governor in support of racial integration, firmly believing that it will never result in racial mixture. And I thank you sincerely for letting me talk to you." Then McLain rose from the cane-bottom chair beside the embering heater and reached for his overcoat, putting it on. With the cigarette between his lips the young McLain turned his back toward the old man as he reached for the door knob, and said, "I had to find you, Mr. Whitlock. You were the only person I could talk to about the matter." Opening the door to leave, he looked back once more at the old man in the light of the embering heater, and noticed that he was still seated and still covered his crotch with folded hands, and bade, "Good night," the cigarette still between his lips.

The dialect of the man who had called "Mistuh Whitlock" fuh his visitor, dat McLain felluh, tuh come tuh de do', was silent now as the door opened to belch the McLain fellow into the night and its and his destiny.

The whites of two eyes shone white in the dark, and gauged the man in the doorway lit only by the glare of the embers in the pot-bellied heater behind him. A black finger pulled the trigger of the shotgun aimed at the man's heart.

Chewing his cigarette, McLain fell backwards inside the door and into the room where the old man sat. His neck was spattered and his chest was spattered by the pellets of the shotgun blast. The blood streamed down his collar to the worn linoleum of the old man's floor while the man who had called in ambush fled by way of the logging road from the shanty to the highway where an automobile waited to take him home, his assignment completed.

He spoke to the other Negro man who sat at the wheel of his Cadillac. The other Negro man reached into his wallet and pulled three crisp five dollar bills from it, handing them to the man in leather leggings beside him.

"Thank 'ee," muttered the voice that had been clear and distinct from its ambush a little while before.

"Aw, forgot it," said the educated Negro who drove the big Cadillac from the highway entrance to the old man's shanty. "One thing's for sure," continued the educated one, "that felluh McLain won't preach segregation to us any more." As the grin on his broad face became a gleefully erupting guffaw, he burst, "An' he won't

ever get tuh be Gov'nor, either." He guffawed again, belligerently and coarsely as he drove his Cadillac north out of Creekwater County.

Back in the shanty the old man fumbled for the car keys in the dead man's pocket, and, finding them, left his silent visitor lying in the fresh blood on the worn linoleum before the pot-bellied heater, and drove the new Buick to Yanceyville for the sheriff.

And as he drove, Prater Whitlock wanted to pray, "O God, be kind."

JAMES BOYER MAY

Of Sage, and Ruined Temple

My youth, my never-lasting youth!
(So dreamed the hoary brother to the plinth . . .
he pleading, dreamed beneath that ghost-now column,
crumbled, unerect, gone bloodless . . . as
the mating stone, dry-cold, denies the worm . . .)

Restore, restore! oh, try what replica?
(Never can a root be born . . . and always,
always must ripe soil re-clasp the rock.)

What ages unto ages passed down man
his penile menacer to daily death!
What eons must be prickled by what suns,
before an earth has cooled to mold the roughage
for entablatures then manly held and writ upon?

JAMES BOYER MAY is probably the most read of the "minor poets." He is also Editor of TRACE and a respected voice in criticism and fiction as well. Three volumes of his collected works were published last year and reviewed in the last issue of the CAROLINA QUARTERLY.

VICTOR CHAPIN

Masquerade

Because Cabin Class deck space was limited on the *Arabia*, the passengers' chairs had to be pushed so closely together—side-by-side and one behind the other—that Millie Pedersen could not enjoy lying in hers. When she did, too many bare feet, not quite clean, were propped up to receive the sun; and the merriment of her fellow tourists, whose precious vacation days were now almost spent, had a desperate sound that depressed her. As a result, she occupied her chair only for an hour in the mornings when Guy, her husband, and Arnold, her son, were playing in a deck tennis tournament. Though Guy had never said he wanted her to watch them play, she knew it pleased him if she did; and she hoped her being there would help Arnold, for he was not an athletic boy and the tournament, she knew, was an ordeal for him. Now, on the sixth day of the crossing and the fifth of the tournament, she watched more intently than she had on the other days because earlier in the game she had seen Arnold stumble as he reached out to catch the rubber ring, and she had felt a strong, chilling premonition of disaster that she had since been unable to forget.

This was the last day of the tournament. Guy wanted to win. Millie knew that for certain, though he had never said so. Guy always wanted to win, whatever the contest, and usually did. Yet, he was reserved and correct rather than aggressive and outgoing. Millie was aware that the Guy she knew was not the one others knew and she often wondered what kind of man he would have seemed to her if they had not loved each other. To her he was tender, gallant—never quite intimate, but always attentive. He was not handsome, but distinguished rather, which was, she thought, more important and, certainly, more attractive. His superiority to other men seemed obvious to her wherever they went. It was reassurance on this point that Europe had given her. They had met a great many men in the various countries they had visited, some of them very exalted in one way or another, but none of them had impressed her as Guy did. He had remained for her the only true aristocrat she had ever known.

Watching Guy and Arnold, side-by-side, tossing the ring back to their opponents across the net, she wished Arnold had not had to

VICTOR CHAPIN is the author of two novels, *THE HILL* and *THE LOTUS SEAT*, and many stories which have appeared in *DISCOVERY* NO. 3, *THE REPORTER*, *THE PARIS REVIEW*, *FOLIO*, *THE ARIZONA QUARTERLY* and other magazines. His new novel, *ROAD COMPANY*, is to appear in October.

play with his father, for Guy made him appear to be an even more awkward and indifferent player than he was. It was to be expected that at fifteen Arnold would be awkward, but Millie was distressed that he should also be indifferent. She could not believe it was shyness alone in him that made him behave as he did. She could only conclude that he was the victim of an adolescent diffidence that would pass in time. All during this trip across he had wanted to play Bridge with a group of middle-aged schoolteachers who had befriended him, and he had carefully avoided the young men and girls of his own age who were aboard. During their vacation in Europe he had shown real interest only in theatres, forcing them to attend plays in Paris, Zurich, and Vienna when none of them could understand the languages they were spoken in. She had seen that Guy was becoming more and more annoyed with Arnold and she thought it was a good thing they were on their way home. Normally, Guy and Arnold did not see very much of each other, and she was able to protect them each from the other: Arnold from Guy's severity and lack of understanding, Guy from comprehending too soon how different his son was from what he wanted him to be.

Millie had been very clever with both father and son, for she knew it was only because they each loved her that they loved each other. She had been able to make them respect each other in order to please her, though she realized it was probably jealousy of her that was responsible for the latent antagonism she knew existed between them. She had made them behave well toward each other and she had the satisfaction of knowing that the father and son who were so different were exactly the kind of husband and son she wanted for herself. Now, however, she had moments of doubt when she wondered if Arnold did not need something from Guy that she had unwittingly made it difficult, if not impossible for him to get.

Her attention was fixed on the game but she could not tell how it was going. Then she saw Arnold grab wildly for the ring and, missing it, fall to his knees on the deck. The spectators groaned and then applauded. Millie understood that the tournament was finished. Seeing Guy and Arnold run to shake hands with their opponents, she realized they had lost. Even at a distance, she could feel Guy's reaction. He was apparently calm and his face was expressionless, but she knew he was furious. He did not look back at Arnold, or speak to him, but strode across the deck to her. He sat down in his chair beside her, lit a cigarette, and stared at the sea. While she waited for him to speak, hoping he would get control of his anger before he did—for she dreaded all extremes of emotion—she watched Arnold as he limped down the deck and disappeared into one of the salons.

When Guy did speak, it was not with anger so much as determination.

"The boy's a hopeless duffer," he said. "I wouldn't mind losing if he cared. But he doesn't care. We've got to do something about him, or God knows how he'll turn out."

"He's grown so fast. . . ." Millie murmured.

"I grew fast, too, and I wasn't like that."

"And he's so self-conscious."

"So was I, but I had to get over it." Guy lowered his voice and leaned toward her. "It's time now for him to show us what he's going to be. Two more years and he goes to college. That means on his own. He's got to be ready."

"Two years is a long time, Guy." Millie tried to sound reasonable and deferential, rather than defensive.

"Not very long. Not long enough for what Arnold needs."

Millie put out a hand. She held it in the air just above Guy's knee until he realized it was there and took it. When he had, she asked: "What do you think we should do, then?"

"Send him away to school."

"But you know he doesn't want that." Millie spoke involuntarily. She had fought this battle with Guy before: every year, in fact, and she knew from experience that what Arnold wanted, or thought he wanted, did not interest Guy. He only gave in to Millie when he was persuaded that what Arnold wanted was really what she wanted and, therefore, what he wanted himself.

"The city's no place for a boy Arnold's age," said Guy. "Damned unhealthy, as a matter of fact. All he gets from this school he's in now is a lot of fool ideas. What do they teach him that's useful? What are they preparing him for? A military school is the place for him. It's time—high time—he began to learn what life's about."

"We chose this school together," Millie protested. "We agreed it was right for Arnold. You know what they told us when he took those aptitude tests."

"Yes—we fell for that. But in spite of what they said, Arnold's not a good student. He doesn't study: he mopes and daydreams. He needs discipline, that's what he needs, and it's the one thing he doesn't get in large doses from this school."

"Discipline?" Millie repeated the word questioningly and let it stand alone. She knew what Guy would say next and felt a surge of resentment toward him when he did say it: "I was a mess until I went into the Army. Best thing that ever happened to me. Of course, I didn't want to go, but I've always been grateful for it since."

This was one thing Millie could not discuss with Guy, for she was unable to find virtue in anything military, and Guy's insistence

that his military training had done everything for him did not convince her. She thought it had probably taken something away from him, but since she could not say what it was, this was not an argument she could use.

"You like to think that," she said lightly. "But it isn't true. You forget I knew you before you went in the army."

"You can't protect Arnold forever, you know," Guy said abruptly, ignoring her comment. "There's the draft now. He'll have to serve eventually. Far better for him to be prepared for it."

"If that's so, why not draft him now?" Millie kept her voice light, but Guy, knowing she was upset, did not say any more; instead, he arose and went to lean on the ship's railing. Millie lay back in her deck chair and watched him. He was slim and strong; so complete in himself, she thought, that he did not understand anyone like Arnold who was not. Then she looked round and saw Arnold come back on deck. He looked over at his father and came slowly across the deck to sit beside her. His face was flushed and he had a serious, intent expression in his pale but penetrating blue eyes. Millie loved to look at him. His head was beautifully shaped and his face was sensitive and charming. But not a weak face, Millie thought. Despite his clumsiness and great size, he suggested delicacy and elegance. Millie knew he possessed these qualities and was determined that nothing should prevent their full development. Arnold looked like her, she knew, and he was like her in many ways. She recognized herself in him so often. It was a delightful, heart-warming experience, for it compensated her for the self-expression she had never had.

"Well, darling?" she asked brightly. It was her way of inviting intimacy, and it never failed. The tone she used had an immediate effect upon Arnold whenever he was excited or upset. It expressed the deep confidence she had in him and knew he had in her. It happened now: Arnold, hearing her tone, relaxed, and his frown gave way to a smile.

"Dad's disgusted," he said.

"He wanted to win," Millie answered.

"It's just an old game."

"Dad thinks you don't try as hard as you might."

"I tried."

"But not hard enough."

"Yes, I did. I tried."

Pulling herself up, Millie sat erect and looked at her son inquisitively.

"Dear," she said. "Don't you mind about losing?"

"I suppose so," Arnold replied faintly.

"I mean really."

"Well . . . if Dad minds so much."

"But *you* don't mind?"

"No."

"That's what Dad can't understand."

Arnold tapped his fingers on the arms of his deck chair and squirmed uneasily.

"Well, I can't help it," he said. "I don't care about games. I've tried to see what it proves if you do, and I can't, so why should it be a crime if I don't?"

Millie sighed.

"Dad wouldn't like to hear you talk that way," she said.

"Smart-aleck talk?" Arnold asked.

Smiling, though she had not meant to, Millie nodded her head.

"That's exactly what he'd call it," she said. "But I do wish I knew what you wanted to do," she added, her voice serious again.

"Do you mean for a life's work?"

"No—now. You *have* been moping around, you know."

Arnold, reacting at once, jumped out of his chair and stood over Millie. "He wants to send me away again." His voice was high pitched, and now, distressed and excited as he was, it became shrill. "That's it, isn't it?"

Not wanting to answer directly, Millie reached out and, taking Arnold's hand, pulled him down beside her. "Dad didn't want to go away to school either, when he was a boy. But he did, and so he thinks it's the right thing for all boys to do. It would please him if you'd talk about it with him . . . consider it, or at least pretend to. You have a way of ignoring him, you know—of discounting beforehand anything he says. It hurts his feelings."

"But we can't talk," Arnold protested. "He always gets mad when we try to."

"Maybe that's partly your fault, dear."

"I don't see why. Besides, why should I have to go to a school just because he went to it?"

"Oh, he doesn't mean you should go to his school. In fact—" Millie stopped abruptly.

"What?" Arnold demanded.

"He thinks maybe a different kind of school."

"What kind?"

"Oh . . . something more modern, I guess. He hasn't told me if he has a definite one in mind."

"But I don't want to go away to school at all."

"I know you don't, dear."

"You promised me I wouldn't have to—ever."

"Yes, you're right. I did promise."

"Do you still promise?"

Unable to meet Arnold's pleading look, Millie fixed her eyes

on Guy's figure at the rail. He was puffing on his cigarette, gazing across to the horizon.

"Why are you so sure you wouldn't like it, Arnold?" she asked. "Why are you afraid of going away?"

"I'm not afraid."

"Of course you are. I understand it. You're young, and more sensitive than most boys are, I think. But there's so little for you to do in New York. It's not a place for a boy your age. You don't really make friends with your contemporaries. You're with us and our friends all the time. That isn't right."

"But everything I care about is in New York."

"Yes, I know." Millie held out her hands in a gesture that expressed more than she could allow herself to say. "Dad would like to see you care about more things than you do. More of the things he cares about, I mean. It's natural for him to worry and be upset when you don't."

"Are you going to make me go?" Arnold asked in a challenging voice that was now sharp and cutting.

Millie winced.

"Of course not, darling," she said quickly. "I just want you to be nicer to your father."

Just then, Guy left the rail and crossed the crowded deck to his family's group of chairs. Seeing Arnold, he nodded, and looked away. "Are they bringing tea?" he asked Millie.

"Soon, I think," Millie said, looking at Arnold.

Arnold blinked and cleared his throat.

"I'm sorry I flubbed it, Dad," he said, his voice strained.

"Doesn't matter," Guy mumbled.

"I knew I shouldn't have entered the tournament. I didn't want to play."

"Then why did you for God's sake," Guy asked, anger already apparent in his voice.

"Because you wanted me to. I thought you'd be pleased if I tried. I didn't know you expected me to win."

"We should have won. We would have, too, if you'd kept your mind on the game. You could be a good player if you wanted to make the effort. All the men said that. You've got a long reach and you can be fast when you bother to pick up your feet."

"I try. I try." Arnold's misery could no longer be concealed. To defend himself against it, he became angry and petulant. "I don't want to be fast," he said. "I want to be left alone."

Putting up her hand to restrain Guy, Millie cried out: "You mustn't speak like that to your father, Arnold!"

Guy pushed her hand away.

"Don't interfere, Millie," he said. "We won't come to blows. Arnold wants to be left alone. All right, I accept that. I've tried

to leave him alone. But no one ever gets left alone for long. He's got to learn that. Let him stay in his dream world as long as he can. It's all right with me. But don't be surprised when he gets badly shaken up."

"Not so loud, dear," Millie whispered, looking around to see if the other people on deck were watching them. Assured that they were not, she smiled tenderly at Guy. "We have to be patient with our boy," she said. "He'll be a winner, all right, soon as he's grown up, no doubt of that. He's already a winner at Bridge, aren't you, dear? He wins all the time from those silly women he's so fond of."

Millie was a very pretty woman with a natural chic and a spontaneous charm that made her appear to be more sophisticated than she was. "Dad's such a worrier," she went on lightly. "Always has been. Whenever there's been a problem, he's expected only the worst. Whenever any little thing went wrong at the office he'd come home and tell me we were going to be bankrupt." She looked at her son and winked, then smiled at Guy. "Now look at us," she cried. "We've seen Europe. We're going back to a lovely comfortable home. Let's not spoil it by quarreling. We're all very lucky, you know." She took Guy's hand. "I know *I* am. I've got the strongest, handsomest husband in the world, and the dearest son."

Soothed by her warmth, Guy and Arnold smiled at her, then at each other. Millie, reassured, relaxed in her chair again.

"There are so many unhappy families," she said, "that *have* to send their boys away. Let's be grateful we're a happy one."

She got up from her chair, smiled a smile that encompassed her husband, her son, and all the other passengers that might have been looking; then led the way down to their cabins.

That night, the last of the voyage, was to be a gala. Special foods, favors, entertainment were to be provided in all three classes. Millie and Guy were to go up to First Class for dinner and dancing with some friends whose names they had found on the passenger list. Arnold, very much at a loss what to do with himself, played Bridge all the rest of the day with three of his middle-aged schoolteacher friends. They sat at a table in one corner of the salon, and rubber followed rubber until it was dark. Then the women ordered cocktails, which they drank while they played. Soon they were very jolly, and their bids became more and more reckless. They teased and petted Arnold, whom they adored, which both pleased and embarrassed him. The women were Miss Effie Smithson, from Syracuse, Miss Agnes Root, from Dayton, and Mrs. Clara Marsh, a widow, from Wilkes-Barre. Effie Smithson and Clara Marsh were short and plump, Agnes Root was tall and thin. All three wore rimless glasses.

Arnold was relaxed and confident with these women. In their company, he was gay, witty, sympathetic. For the first time in his

life, he was, with them, a complete social success.

During the third round of cocktails, Arnold was urged to sample one, and he finally did take a sip of Effie Smithson's martini, just to see how it tasted. The three women laughed delightedly and hoped that even such a small amount of alcohol might have an amusing effect.

"He's going to be tipsy," Effie Smithson shrieked.

Agnes Root knocked on the table.

"Do you know what this is?" she asked solemnly. "Contributing to the delinquency of a minor!"

"We'll all be put in the brig," Clara Marsh said.

They laughed and clutched one another. Arnold laughed, too. He was part of the joke and part of it, at least, was his. He was happy to be included in this gaiety and, because he had been consistently winning at Bridge, felt a sense of triumph that compensated, temporarily, for the uneasiness he had felt ever since he had lost the deck tennis tournament. But even as he felt happy, his intelligence was detaching himself from the emotion, telling him that these three women were very bad Bridge players who never gave it their full attention; that they were, thanks to the cocktails, noisy and foolish. He should, he told himself, leave them and go back to his cabin; but there were three older men sharing the cabin with him, and the thought of their bad, sometimes embarrassing jokes, and the direct, frankly appraising way they watched him when he was changing his clothes, was enough to keep him from moving. Since Millie and Guy were going to be in First Class that evening, the only way Arnold could avoid being alone was to stay with Effie, Agnes, and Clara. He persuaded them to go to dinner promptly when it was time for their sitting, hoping food would settle them; but a different wine was served with each course and though each of them ate a good deal, they drank, too, and their spirits did not flag.

All red-faced; and two of them wheezing, the three women led Arnold to their cabin after dinner.

"Costumes for the masquerade," Clara Marsh proclaimed.

"We'll win all the prizes." She pointed to Effie, Agnes, and herself.

"First, second, third. Doesn't matter who takes what so long as we get them all."

"Don't forget fourth prize," said Effie, pointing to Arnold.

"What'll it be?" Agnes asked.

"I've got mine," Clara announced. She reached into a closet and produced a sheet which she draped around herself. Then she opened a drawer, brought out an ice bag, and tied it over her head. Finally, she produced a hand-printed sign and hung it around her neck. It read: TOMORROW MORNING.

Her friends were delighted.

"First prize!" Effie cried.

"No, sir!" Agnes protested. "I'm first prize. I've got my Spanish shawl from Madrid and castanets. I'm Carmen."

"Carmen was fat," Clara said.

"Fat in the opera, yes, but not for real."

Effie clapped her hands for attention. "Look at me. Look at me," she demanded, holding up an Alpine hat—green with a red feather—and a pair of undersized lederhosen. "They're for my sister's boy, but they fit me."

Clara and Agnes beamed approval.

"First prize," they both said.

"And what'll you wear?" Effie asked Arnold.

"I don't know," he said.

"You have to be something—you can't just be you. That's not allowed."

"I haven't got anything."

"Let's dress him up," Clara cried.

"What in?" Agnes asked. "All we've got is girls' clothes."

"Then dress him up as a girl." Clara said the words and then looked at Arnold. "He'll make a beauty," she said thoughtfully. "Look at that complexion."

"Yes," Effie agreed. "He's too pretty for a boy. A boy doesn't need to be pretty. Make him a girl."

"I won't wear anything," Arnold said. "Or maybe I'll wear a red ribbon across my chest and be an ambassador."

"You know," Effie proclaimed, "I bet we could fix him up so no one would ever guess."

"Think so?" Agnes asked, eagerly.

"Uh-huh. We could say he was some movie star slumming from First Class. I bet they'd fall for it."

"Let's try."

"Oh, no, I don't think so," Arnold said.

"Don't be a spoilsport. Leave it to us." Agnes grabbed his shoulder and pushed him toward a wardrobe that had a full length mirror. The three women rummaged in drawers and suitcases and pulled out scarves, blouses, skirts. They draped them experimentally on Arnold for an hour until they found what they needed. By snapping two rain capes of glazed rubber together they were able to make a skirt big enough to fit him. A third rain cape served as a jacket and they found some flat-heeled beach sandals he could get on his feet. They tied his hair in a scarf and painted his face. Then, as a final touch, they screwed large silver hoops on his ears. The total effect was striking. Arnold looked like a woman, an eccentric one, perhaps, but certainly beautiful. Clara, Agnes, and Effie were fascinated by their creation, and Arnold, staring at him-

self in the mirror, felt a pleasing sensation of freedom, for he had been transformed from himself into something else. It did not matter to him what that something else might be. The mere fact that he could look so different implied that he could be different. By pretending not to be himself he was already beginning to be free of himself. So it seemed to him now as he regarded his transvested self in the mirror.

"What will we call him—I mean *her*?" Clara asked.

"Arnoldina?" asked Effie.

"He looks exactly like Rita Hayworth," Agnes announced.

"Okay—Rita," Clara agreed. "We'll introduce him as Miss Rita Arnold. Only whatever you do, Arnold, don't talk. And don't dance if anyone asks you. Just stick close to us and pretend you're shy and don't speak the English. We'll see how long before people catch on."

"You really think I'll fool them?" Arnold asked. "Could I just go up and come down again without anyone knowing?"

"Sure," Clara insisted. "Your own mother wouldn't know you. Now walk around, and try to be graceful, you big lug."

Arnold walked up and down. It was not difficult for him to be graceful, for he was Saint Joan, Major Barbara, Hedda Gabler. He held his chin up and his stomach in. He was anyone except Arnold Pedersen, and the sensation of escape from himself was so great that he felt intoxicated.

"Wonderful. . . . Let's go up," said Effie.

"We've got to get dressed," Agnes reminded her.

"What about him?" Clara asked. "Even if he is a girl, he's still a boy, and he can't stay in here while we dress."

"Wait outside," Agnes ordered.

Out in the corridor, Arnold walked up and down. One of the ship's officers came toward him and, when he was abreast of him, touched his cap and smiled. Arnold laughed aloud and quickly turned his back so the startled officer could not look again into his face. He was excited and triumphant. This was a game he could play easily and naturally, without being required to win or lose, one or the other, over and over again.

Clara, Effie, and Agnes, arrayed as Hansel, Tomorrow Morning, and Carmen, came out of the cabin. They herded Arnold ahead of them and climbed the stairs to the deck where the masquerade was already in progress.

Arnold glided across the deck. There was a moon, and its light, shining on the glazed material of the rain capes, illuminated him, giving him an almost translucent look. He felt that he was being watched. There had been a great deal of noise—from the three-piece band and the masqueraders—but now it seemed to abate as

he followed his friends past the dancers and the spectators to a corner where they could sit together.

But then Arnold heard the noise increase and move toward him. Suddenly, he was surrounded by young men. They were grinning and hooting.

"Arnold, Arnold *darling*," one of them said.

"Shall we dance?" said another.

"You're divine in the moonlight, Miss Pedersen," a third shouted.

They danced around him in a circle and blew paper snakes in his face. Then they tickled him with swizzle sticks and pelted him with cotton snowballs. They puckered their lips and made loud kissing noises while one or two of them called out obscenities that made Arnold cringe, though he did not quite understand them. Frantically, he looked around for Clara, Effie, and Agnes; but they were not there. Finally, he saw them beyond the ring of his tormentors. They were laughing, clinging to one another, flourishing their arms in the air with each renewal of their gigantic mirth.

Arnold felt a choking rage that was so strong he staggered from its effect. Then he charged, head down, like an enraged animal. He butted the young men that surrounded him and beat at them with his fists. They responded with glee, pushing him back and forth from one to the other, slapping and kicking him, until, exhausted, he stumbled and fell.

Face down on the deck, he did not try to move. He felt the motion of the ship and heard waves break over its prow. Strangers helped him to his feet, but he did not look at them. Panting and sobbing, he ran across the deck and down the stairs. His cabin was on D deck and he had to run down several flights. On each landing there was a wall-sized mirror, and as he rushed by, he saw himself reflected. After the last flight, when he was close to his cabin, he stopped. There was no one in the corridor or on the landing and he was there alone with his image. Staring at himself, he saw that beyond the wild eyes, behind the rouge and powder, there was something mysterious and strange. Now he stared at himself fascinated, terrified not by what had happened to him on deck but by an unsuspected part of himself that was revealed now in the mirror.

Shuddering, he turned to go. His cabin was only a few doors down the corridor; he started toward it, but then the door of the cabin next to it opened—Millie and Guy's cabin—and Arnold stopped. He tried to move, to turn and run, but he could not. He watched Millie come out into the corridor, look up and down, then move toward him. She almost went past without recognizing him; but when she was beside him she looked at him with startled curiosity. Then she wheeled around.

"Arnold!" she gasped.

He looked into her face and she into his. For a long time they stared at each other without speaking. Then Arnold covered his face with his hands and ran to his cabin. He threw open the door and rushed inside. The door slammed and the lock snapped into place.

Millie went to Arnold's door and knocked; but he had seen in her eyes the confirmation of his guilt, and he would not answer.

Shivering, Millie stood in the corridor, holding in one hand the mink stole she had come down from First Class to get; but she could not now make the effort to put it over her shoulders. She knew she should do something immediately—beat on the door or force the steward to open it for her—but she remained immobile. She knew that Arnold needed her now more than ever. What had just happened to him could not have happened, she told herself, if she had not somehow failed to protect him. But his painted face with the panic-widened eyes had been so arrestingly grotesque that she could do nothing now but stand there and remember it. Then, all at once, she thought that this grotesque distortion of her son had a terrible reality that was in some inexplicable way part of her own reality. It was her duty now to protect Arnold; but she could not do it, she realized, until she had been protected. She would not know how to comfort Arnold until Guy had comforted her. She shook herself quickly and turned away. Hurrying down the long passageway back to First Class, she tried to think of what she would say to Guy, and when she reached the grand salon and saw him standing alone on the other side of the room, she began to tremble. For the first time since she had known him, she was afraid of him, because she needed him as she never had before; and this gave him a power over her she had never meant him to have. Because she could no longer explore her own way with Arnold, Guy's way would have to be followed. She did not believe in it even now, but she did believe in Guy; and that would have to be her comfort.

"There you are," Guy said when he saw her coming toward him. "Just in time. I was afraid you wouldn't be."

"Just in time?" she echoed.

"For the balloon dance."

"Balloon dance?"

"Yes. You tie a balloon to your ankle. So do the other girls. Then the couples dance around and the men try to break the balloons. Couple left at the end with a balloon, wins."

There was a burst of music and a man shouted something into a microphone. There was a bustle in the room and all the men knelt to tie balloons to their partner's ankles. Guy tied one to Millie and then pushed her out on the dance floor.

"But Guy," she protested, "I can't. Not now. . . ."

"Pay attention," he answered. "It's your job to keep your balloon out of the way while I attack the others. Got to watch like a hawk or they'll get us!"

A couple whirled by and the man made a lunge with his foot at Millie's balloon. He came dangerously close and Guy cursed under his breath. Then he danced Millie back and forth until they were abreast of another couple. He stamped with his foot and a balloon popped. With a small cry of triumph, he whirled her into the thick of the rotating couples. He stamped and kicked and cursed as he lunged at their balloons, and Millie, stumbling and gasping, had to follow.

But then she began to watch carefully, for she realized she had best pay attention to her balloon, or someone would step on it, and they would lose. This, she knew, must not be, for the man she needed now had to win.

SARAH WATSON EMERY

Requiem for the Future

Doors that were shut to our fathers we found ajar
And came in forgetting to close them.
Some ran to the butler's pantry seeking the bar
Or climbed the wide steps to the wings
Betting the lady-in-waiting wore no negligee.
We entered the throne room wishing to be kings
And in a secret closet found a display
Of plastic diadems meant for a clown.
They had come in the cereal boxes.
We knew how to live in a palace, we thought,
In royal manner—though we were little foxes.
Unlike a bad king we were too many to be caught.
We sat for our portraits with no thought of abdication
And blotted out our crimes with bureaucracy's blotters.
Some slumped on the stairs like tramps in a subway station
But we sit proudly, something more than squatters.

SARAH WATSON EMERY, a Chapel Hillian, has had critical essays published in the EMORY UNIVERSITY QUARTERLY and poems in VERSE CRAFT and other journals.

Tom and Letty's World

Walking up the sidestreet which led to the tenement house at the end of it, old Tom became alert to every sound, straining, and his eyes held the view of The Block tight and whole, afraid to miss the least pigeon-flutter over its roof. Then he pinpointed his gaze, as he drew to the place, seeking out some sign in that haven that would tell him about Letty . . .

He saw her at once and knew her, in the window. She did not wave or even smile. She sat still and thin—that's all his bad eyes could tell—very still and thin, and she looked like waiting—and that's all.

When he climbed the stairs and entered the room, he stood in the bedroom doorway and looked at her to see what change had come over her. Now he saw her black hair was too long and mere string around her long, thin, ghostly face; and her eyes were darker than he remembered—too sad and suffering—dark for a twenty-six-year-old girl.

"What time'd you get here?"

His eyes made out how skinny her legs were, how long she seemed, though she was sagged in a hunch. And then he saw she was not just hunched, but she was holding her arms half concealing and half protecting, very softly, over her belly, and it was her big belly that made her look so skinny all over, and so hunched.

"Maybe two hours ago," she said. "I'm beat."

"You got the key?"

Turning over her right hand, she opened it, holding the key out.

"You eat?"

She shook No to him.

"Sleep?"

Again she shook No, only now she began to sob quietly, looking away from him without moving her hands away from her belly.

"I'll fix you something, then you can sleep," he said, backing into the kitchen.

"No."

"You got to eat," he said, stopping.

"I'm beat. I'm so beat. Tom . . . ?" His name. He fidgeted

H. E. FRANCIS, a native New Englander, has been published in the ARIZONA QUARTERLY, PRAIRIE SCHOONER, FOLIO, FOUR QUARTERS, POINTS (Paris) and its POINTS ANTHOLOGY. Other stories are to appear shortly in QUIXOTE and the SOUTHWEST REVIEW.

inside—without moving one flutter outside, not a quiver—when she said it, his name, painfully, like reaching out without moving.

"All right. Sleep then."

He closed the door and sat down at the kitchen table for a time, thinking. Before him the curtains draped a sunlight gray, the brightness heightening the obvious dust. He drew up, squint-eyed, examining the contents of the room: everything neat, set-to, nothing out of place, as far as his eyes could see. His gaze skimmed over dust-laden pictures, stained scarfs, the shoe-marred floor and rugs still unshaken. The gas-stove was grease-smirched and streaky where, working over it, he had spattered grease in undefined designs on the dead-looking wallpaper behind. But he realized now, slowly, there was no longer a need to lie; it wasn't neat and trim as a woman could make it, no man could keep it good as a woman, and he was grateful for Letty lying in there and the cleanness her fingers could make . . .

He went to the cupboard, where he kept his bills and letters stacked behind a pitcher, and took out her letter, which was on top of the only other one he'd received in the last two weeks. Now there was time to read it again. He wanted to make sure of what it said, fearing to say the wrong thing to her if he didn't. He got out his magnifying glass, and spreading the letter, he laboriously lippped the words, hissing through his loose teeth in a half-whisper.

Dear Tom,

Its a long time I know, but Im always thinking of you. Tom I am going to have the baby and theres no place to have it and I got no money you know that. I was a waitress in a joint where I got some good money but he et it all up in food and then drank some too. I cant help it Tom, please dont get mad. You always are so good to me Tom—like a father. You know I never had one I remembered. I cant remember. The man at the dive I worked in says I got no right asking him for help but I dont know what could I do so he said git. Im so sick Tom. Why do I care except its my baby not even his anymore the way I feel. Just mine. Tom I want the baby and I wont be no trouble Tom. Just quiet and nice. Like always Ill do the work and clean good and git out quick if Im in the way too much. Please Tom tell me alright. Im waiting and Im so big now its just time thats all. Write to me quick and tell me.

Love from Letty.

He read it twice. After, he put it back behind the pitcher, then sat down at the table to wait for her.

She slept for three hours, but she came into the kitchen looking as if she had not even gone to bed yet. It was getting dark and the neon sign over the grocery store below went on, casting a stale red into the room. He put on the light.

"I'll get the supper," he said.

So in the morning the retired floor-lady living on the second story let her gossip-mouth full out to everyone. She was the first to see Letty.

"And don't think she didn't come up those stairs with the pride standin' out in her big as the belly, and ever so slow! She'd had all the time in the world to speak to me. You think she done it? Not big Miss! Like she never knew what I was, standin' there head o' the stairs, or even seen it was me. Just like them kids goin' by when they're wantin' a nickel to catch the ice cream man. Only her just comin' like she's carryin' the whole world on her and got no time for nobody. Well, just wait. She'll come to old Mrs. Dirk for somethin' 'fore she's through. She'll be wantin'. Then you'll see how come I can get mad too. And be a snob! Why, she ain't got nothin', else she wouldn't be hangin' on that old man's neck!"

Mrs. Fiorelli sat silent, showing her upset nature in strange clutches of her hands that made the fingers go white. Mrs. Dirk, watching the bloodless digits, could tell from them what her friend Bella was thinking, just how deeply she was feeling.

"Phoebe . . .?"

Mrs. Dirk swung round in answer to the distant call in the apartment of Sarah Enright. The voice came from a long, narrow entry that ran into a kitchen beyond. Drawn shades cut the sun into a mid-morning gloom.

"You want me, Sarah?"

Mrs. Fiorelli moved close to the screen with Phoebe. Both sought the sound within the room.

"Come on in. It's open. Frank's gone. Had the gas on for baking. The heat drove him out."

The intimations in the voice tantalized Phoebe, those few words of invitation holding the irresistibility of a kind of cobra musc for her, so that her thoughts rose rapidly, snake-like, her head quivering with the undulations of knowledge to be imparted. She saw the thought. She saw how they would both take, give, until, like batter in the heat of them, it would spread, giving her delight as it grew.

"You *heard*!" she said, leading Mrs. Fiorelli into the gloom, where intimacy lay shrouded in gas heat and drawn window shades.

"I *saw*!" Sarah said.

"You see . . .!" Phoebe flung triumph at Mrs. Fiorelli in this oracular reinforcement from Sarah. She *saw* how I was snubbed! Now what did I tell you. Where were you, Sarah?"

"In the bathroom!" The little room, with its window beside the door in the hallway, faced unashamedly toward the doorway to old Tom's apartment.

"You weren't!"

"Yes I was too. Heard every footstep. But not a word—a single word."

"There wasn't any. Besides, you didn't need to."

Glowing, her watery eyes roamed to the stove. Her anticipation swelled, watching Sarah now with all the same thrill she had when she chased mice, flagellations of fear inside her as she raised the great grease-black frying pan, struck the mouse suddenly . . . its glorious little squeak in the big hollow room, its tail a flat unfinished circle quivering. . . . She waited.

"Tea?" Sarah asked. "Yes, we'd better have our tea now."

Phoebe sighed in one tremendous, disguised belch that loosed the torrent within her. Titillations ran down into her unmoving toes, and her eyes showered love upon Mrs. Fiorelli's smiling, knowing face as Phoebe waited for the launching of the morning talk.

"Yes!" She laughed a peal which rang through the room. "Yes, what a lovely idea!"

Someone had finally told the Spanish woman on the uppermost floor that the little miss was back.

"Prenada?" she shrilled the pregnancy out so that her son Pepe giggled, beating on his drums. He beat it out. *Prenada. Pren-ya-da. Pren-ya-da. Pren-ya-da.* Distorting the word, he beat it into the drum. It boomed out into the yard. After a few minutes of it, he set the drumsticks back into the window-sill, snuggled against the screen so they wouldn't be lost. He swung himself around out the door and made the three-at-a-time leaps down the three flights of stairs into the yard.

Slick chick—get little chick,

he croaked in English, mocking his own guttural.

Little chick in big chick, in slick chick.

Slick chick make little chick.

The kids crowded around him. "Aw, make like a chink," they urged. He squinted, pulling his eyes out into slits from the corners, with his fingers. He huddled them close around, laughing with a joy-mania that crowned his own rhythm. He beat with his hands on his knee-worn jeans:

Slick chick—get little chick.

He beat and beat, with their laughs like a blossom of noise in the yard, and his hands slapped with delighted, insane glee: *Pren-ya-da Pren-ya-da Prenyadaprenyadaprenyada . . .*

"Pepe! Ven aca en seguida!" The shrillness clipped short. He stared, gulping the words in. "Tom esta! Tom esta!" she warned in fury. Her words shocked him. He ran back into the entry without looking back to see if Tom really was there. He peeped back round the hall door, but Tom, drifting on heavy feet across the yard, went into the shed. Pepe twirled exultantly back into the hall

but, making the usual three-step lunge, stopped for a moment when he heard the shed door, like a tremendous clout, bang-to. He listened for the fluttering of wings of the pigeons frightened by the bang, as they flapped up, out of the glassless shed window. . . .

On the next Thursday afternoon Letty let in the boy from the apartment above.

"You forgot your apples in the store. You musta been real scared," he said.

"Oh, thank you—much. Yes, I *was* scared. It's not good to fall when you're in my condi . . ." Abruptly she withdrew, holding the apples she had forgotten, remembering that he was a boy, young, and . . . what kind of talk was that to be almost telling a boy?

"I fell—once before," she said. "Sometimes you can get hurt bad. You got to be careful. Want one?" She held out the apples.

"You're having a baby, aren't you?" he said, shaking away the apples with his hand.

Her eyes flagged and she clung tight to the bag as if losing it, warm all over inside her, and then—since she felt hot suddenly—she knew she must be blushing. She'd never believed that was possible anymore. But she was. Then it began to subside, getting cooler, dripping inside though, like a bath when you step out of hot water.

"I know you are," he said. "Oh, I'm not that young. I'm already fourteen. You don't have to be mad. I didn't mean to make you sulk."

"I'm not sulking. I'm surprised."

"Don't be. We have babies all the time in The Block. Can't you hear them crying all the time? I got to go. I got a kid brother needs taking care of so Ma can shop. She goes Thursdays. It makes me sick, but I got to do it. My name's Louie. What yours?"

"Letty. It's short. My name's ugly—Letitia."

"Letty's good. We're both with Ls, huh?"

"Yeah."

"I got to go. Maybe I *will* have an apple."

He swept one out of the bag before she could move at all.

"S'long," he said, but quickly he flipped his head back over his shoulder—pert, questioning; and his smile was blatantly clean.

"I'm coming back. Is that all right? Sometime?"

Laughing, she threw out an arm, meaninglessly, confused, erratic. He read acceptance into it and turned clear of the door. She listened to his feet leap up the stairs as she closed the door, until there was no sound and she was standing in quietness, holding the beautiful red apples. She let them slip down upon the table and roll out and lie still. She stared at their red beauty without seeing them, except

as a red blush that covered the whole table and the walls, because she had started, slowly, inevitably, but with a sudden tremendous relief, to cry over herself because she had laughed. She was so happy because she knew she could laugh, she wasn't dead inside, she could live if she could laugh . . . so she sat down and cried good because she had laughed.

The women had a hunch Letty would'nt come out unless she had to. She had emerged, rabbit-like, walking with delicacy and care (though for all that overcarefulness she'd tripped in the grocery store anyway), as if she had hidden for a winter and had at last come out to find nourishment. They were almost right—the Dirk trio—telling the rest of the house, in their busy calls, that she would not come out.

They waited for almost two weeks after her arrival before they saw her the second time, and then it was only briefly: to descend the stairs as she had once before, only now her black dress was sharp-pressed and hung in smooth drape. She whisked it quietly into the cab after (it startled the women) Louie Spizza opened the door, took her hand and helped her in. It was gone an hour when she was driven up to the door in another kind of taxi, yellow, and she got out—this time without Louie's help—and without so much as a glance up at the windows, where always somebody was sitting on the corridor benches, she went in.

Louie came to her when, having laid out the black dress for a blue one she had made herself, she had been home for almost two hours.

"I shouda knocked," he said. "Huh?"

"Yes, you should always knock—anywhere, Louie. You *know* that."

"Well, how is it?" he said.

"Oh, *Louie*," she grimaced, though it was a repressed smile which jammed wrinkles into her face that did not deceive him.

"Well?"

"It's all right."

"They saw me," he said. "My mother's mad. She certainly don't know I'm here. 'F-she did! I've had it."

"You . . ." She held her hands together whenever she mentioned it to him, whenever he mentioned how "they" felt. Fierce pictures of their motion, if she did not hold her hands, entered her head. She saw the women above, fleshless and marred, torn like chipped papers in a wastebasket, torn by her words and her anger. "You should stay home, Louie. Your mother's right. It's not nice you coming here if she says not. She'll think it's wrong."

"But that's nothing. I like you."

"I know. I like you too."

"We're good friends."

"Yes, you're almost the best I have."

"Can I listen?"

"Now, Louie, I told you. Someday you'll see, all of it, and you can hold it and play with it all you like, but there's no sense you wanting all the time to listen to it."

"Please . . ."

His winsome face already ducked beside her chair. Gently, as he lay his head in softness against her belly, her hand touched his thick honey-bush hair.

"Gee . . ." His eyes rolled up in wonderment. "I can hear."

She sat, wordless, stroking his hair with a gentle roll down over his ear tips.

"Someday I'll be a doctor 'n help ladies have babies. You think so?"

"I'm sure," she said. She held the rhythm. She did not want to lose the beat, his breathing, her blood-pound, the instinctive measuring of her strokes over his honey hair . . .

"You sure?"

"Yeah, Ma. A lotta huggin'. Kin I g'wout now?"

"And Louie—he was sittin' by her? That right?"

Bulging big over her daughter Esther, Mrs. McMahan leaned ponderously as if gripping her words.

"Yeah. An' she touched him like a kitty an' rubbin' him jus' like he was all fur."

In the girl's stare-blue eyes, Mrs. McMahan saw it as if Esther had brought it back daguerreotyped for her to examine.

"And she was touchin' him with her hands?"

"Touchin' his head, Ma."

"And he was touchin' her right back, was he?" Roaming, Esther's eyes lost the picture. There was a wild darting in them as she listened tensely to the sound of gaming shouts below. Her head swayed toward the window. Her legs twitched.

"Kin I go, Ma?" Her face was one sudden distraction as Mrs. McMahan caught her arm suddenly and made her stand still, waiting. But her fingers flicked, catching at the white scallops in her dress, and her stomach was quick.

"You said you saw them two there, lovin' each other up, Esther McMahan. Now you tell Mommy just exactly how it was—you hear?"

"Ma, they're playin' out. Ma . . .!"

"You hear me now! I want to hear it all!"

"What, Ma?"

Esther was lost now. The quick exuberance of discovery, gone, was replaced by a creeping anxiety to play, erasing the sudden can-

vas Mrs. McMahan had seen there, that quickly discovered narrative where details sprang pin-sharp in her mind.

"Esther!"

"Ma, I wanna play. Please, Ma."

"You stay right here till I say you're ready to go. I'm not through with you yet!"

She held the power in her hand. She saw the girl and the old man, Tom, and then she saw the girl and the young man, Louie . . . It bristled in her. She held the knowledge here in her hand. It was as if the bed were in her head, for she knew Tom had only one bed and there were two people in the tenement, the girl and the old man . . . And now the boy!

"They're playin' games, Ma. They're waitin' for me. I kin her 'em. Ma, they're callin' me . . ."

"Esther . . . Now listen here, Esther . . . Oowwww!" She screamed as Esther's teeth bit into her hand. She yelped again, throwing her hand violently up to her mouth. Then it lunged out.

"ES-terr!" she yelled, and her arm in one circuitous sweep, like a frog's tongue after a fly, rolled around her and scooped her up. Holding Esther between her knees, her legs clamped tight, Mrs. McMahan struck.

"I'll spank your little ass for that—good!"

"I wanna goooo . . ." Esther's voice rose, sending her woe out in sharp, spasmodic shrieks, as in a jumbled code from a strange, not-understood land . . .

The next day—the thirteenth after her arrival—Letty gave birth in the County Hospital to a seven-and-a-half-pound boy, which she called Tom—for Thomas—after his grandfather. On that same morning a letter coincided with Letty's departure for the hospital. Tom stuck it in his pocket, and after the day at the hospital, he took it out to look at it with his magnifying glass. It was from Gerald, his son, and it was addressed from the college where Gerald taught in the Humanities. That always surprised Tom—a son who could teach when he himself could scarcely speak properly, blundering in words. Well, it was how you acted anyway, he'd told Gerald. Good words don't cover actions. Actions were silent words anyway. Gerald always had a lot of words.

Dear Dad,

The business of teaching keeps me unbelievably busy, so that it seems I scarcely have the opportunity to write to you often enough, except to mail your monthly check. By the way, I hope you received last month's check mailed on the twenty-seventh. But that is not my immediate reason for writing. Another problem has cropped up, one which, I fear, may have more overtones than I

should like. It has to do with Letty. You'll remember her, I'm sure. You ought to. Some months ago—almost a year, really—she came to the city to live. She spent a good bit of her time coming to my apartment, hoping I would renew the old flame, but that old feeling died a long time ago, as so many things have. But women aren't made the way we are, and she kept plaguing me. She came to the place, at first saying she wanted to keep house for me. She called whenever she thought I'd be in. Or she came in person. She even managed to find out what times I had classes so that she could meet me after them. I tell you, it got pretty hectic after a time. Then she said she'd become pregnant. Or maybe she was long before that—I don't know exactly when—but she came to me again to tell me. Me! No, it wasn't mine. She refused to accept that, however. And she refused, too, the money I offered. She got a job in a local restaurant—really low, peopled with all sorts of late-of-night drunks and truck drivers. I don't know what happened, but she quit it recently. She's even stopped plaguing me. I write all this to tell you, Dad, that she may be up to play you for a soft touch. I know how kind-hearted you can be, but if you were to do anything for her, she would hang about your neck until you finally couldn't get rid of her. I couldn't have that, as you know. It would mean that in a religious college such as this one, if they got wind of it, I would lose my job. Although there are few people who know much about our circumstances, it is always possible that they may hear in some way. I've got to be firm with you, Dad. Please, for my sake, do not accept the responsibility. She's young and able and, indeed, there are places where she can easily put the child should she feel pressed to it. I cannot emphasize how important this is to me. I know your ways, and I must tell you now that I would really stop the allowance I send you every month if I felt it was working toward our downfalls. Don't be angry, Dad. Perhaps she won't even go near you. But I felt I should write this to let you know that she is about somewhere and that I cannot afford, indirectly, to assume the responsibility. Without the check I do not think she could be kept on the little you have monthly. It's not enough for you. It sounds cruel, I know, but I think you will understand.

Write to let me know how you are.

Fondly,
Gerald.

Only forty-five-year-old Mister MacLeod, the pensioned invalid, maintained a silent defense of Letty. He fancied himself a poet and, sitting in the window over his notebook, he caught sight of Letty whenever she went into the yard. During these brief glimpses his mind had fastened onto her as a new inspiration to his

poetry, the beauty of love that survived destruction by all those in that house who defamed her. So in his mind he lit a candle in her defense . . .

As she crossed the yard to empty the garbage, he bent forward. He had not seen her since the birth. But she had not changed. Despite her leanness, she was bright with a full, soft look, and she moved with a born grace. He drew back, quick. For—looking up as if to embrace the glory of the day—she saw him. She smiled. He nodded. Then she sauntered up the steps into the house. He had feared she might speak. And, idealist that he was, he could not bear to have his ideal brought too close, for speech would destroy—and then what would he have? Yet the sight of her goaded his wretched awareness of his own literary impotence. He seized his pen and wrote *I must stop writing poetry. She is more perfect than any poem I could ever hope to write.* And, frustrated and worn, he gazed out into the clear, passionless sky . . .

On the seventeenth day the landlady came—that little Italian woman, so skinny, so quiet and dark, who owned the house. So unlike the Italians she was—except in that quick impression of eyes so dark and brooding, so deep and soulful in that little head—that her skin was lacking in oil and her energy was not boundless and food did not affect her weight. She was an unfattened twig, sapless, with something in the fluid of life cut off, drying her.

Letty answered the door. Full of glow, the girl's face was younger now than when she came, softened by a kind of pleasure that she held out to the beholder. She did not know the landlady.

"Hello. Tom's not here," she said. "He's out back, I think, making screens in the shed."

The woman stood there silent for a moment, not quite sure, apparently, what she was to say.

"No, no matter. I talk to you," she said.

"Come." Letty's hand encouraged her forward.

"I'm the owner," the woman said, as if that would explain why Letty's actions were all wrong, wondering why she was not rebuffed. "I'm the owner," she repeated.

"Yes, it's nice you come to see us. So few come. I never had a landlady to visit us. It's nice."

But the woman appeared not to listen. Her eyes were a wet shine in the light from the morning sun as she saw the object lying on the table under the window.

"Ooooh! You haven't seen—It's little Tom."

The woman moved away from her, closer to the baby.

"Tom?" Her eyes turned up to Letty, inquiring, until the girl flushed consciously.

"Yes. After old Tom," she said.

The woman approached the baby, enveloping it with incredulous eyes. Then . . . she reached out and touched the soft velvet flesh. "So . . . warm," she said.

Letty lifted the child. "Here . . ." She thrust it carefully into the woman's arms, pressing it close to her, wondering why at first the woman was startled, almost resistant, before she rolled her arms about the child, pliantly. She murmured, talking in sounds that were quiet but as intense as whimpers. Again her eyes rolled up to Letty, exploring the girl's face, falling down to her fleshy breasts, the fullness . . . She thrust the child back to Letty suddenly, as if a deep spasm had shot pain through her, and her eyes grew larger and she scowled deep wrinkles into her face as she turned toward the door.

"You go," she said in a sudden swing, distantly, upon Letty. "Everybody talk. You can't live here. He can't live here with girl not married. See?"

Letty was close, pleading, holding the baby with sudden unknown meaning, telling her, "Oh, please, I know what they say. But please, not Tom! Don't do anything to Tom. I'll go. That's easy. But he's . . . old, he can't find a place and move easily, and he loves it here. He loves them all, even after what they say, because he just doesn't know, he can't hear. He likes them all—you. Yes."

For a moment the woman seemed to waver, gasping as if in revelation at the baby, at the girl offering to leave without Tom. "Good man . . ." she said.

"Oh, please! Nothing to Tom," Letty urged. She held out the baby as if he too were pleading.

But the woman flared, her eyes large and her hands still, and it came out all in one fast gesture as she moved without looking back again, then said weakly, "You go—and baby. Not Tom. Too much talk." Ever so weakly. But as if she had failed to show it, summoning up a strong reserve, she closed the door with a heavy, vibrating slam that reverberated violence and finality along the corridors.

The women in The Block asked even Mister MacLeod—point blank—if he did not agree that the girl should go—as she *was* going, that very afternoon. The only man in the building who did not work, he knew they would ask—he knew when he heard the first rumblings of her immorality affecting children, weak husbands, the irreligious and the unmarried.

It was widowed Mrs. Dirk who asked him: "Would *you* have her around?"

Neither the Portuguese on the first floor nor the Spaniards on the top floor, nor Sarah Enright nor Mrs. Fiorelli had to say a word.

Neither did the MacMahan woman nor the forever-quiet souls who lived in the apartment next to hers. But Mister MacLeod felt the terrible speech in their silence like pressed walls about him. No, he did not think she should go. Why pandar to their tastes? Yet . . . his tongue cleaved to his mouth. For he must go on living among them; they were his time on earth now. He could not betray them. They stood like strong walls about him. And feeling the strength of people in agreement, he said instinctively, "No, it's not right. I wouldn't."

Instantly his words fell like seeded things into the fertile musings of the women. Yet he felt suddenly dizzingly empty. *I have betrayed my own feelings.* His own voice came like a chill wind into him. His emptiness grew in his sight to terrifying proportions. *I didn't speak the truth, and I can't, I can't.* He hobbled down the corridor, away from them, filled with the sickness of his lie. Tears came into his eyes. Judas tears burned him as he heard the women: "Come see her go." "What do you suppose she'll take?" "Anyone know where she's going?" "Where?"

He hurried—down, down three flights, feeling his way, out into the backyard, where the fluttering souls of pigeons flapped their wings over a dying grapevine . . .

At three o'clock that afternoon a very small moving van drove up before The Block and for only thirty minutes two men made trips into Tom's rooms. They took only a few things from the apartment, most of which Tom had made himself.

The whole house heard the boy Louie call out "Goodbye! Can't I come see you?" and then a soft hushing in Letty's voice, some indistinct words, and "Can't I come see you *anyway*? Please . . .?" His voice raised into a high, strange pitch that was not talk or laughter . . .

"Poor Louie," Letty said tearfully, going down the stairs.

She came out carrying the baby in her arms, but outside Tom insisted, so she handed it to him. The landlady was there at the doorway to bid them off. She did not look at the girl, merely took the envelope she knew Tom would hand her on his way out. Then he told her:

"My son will come for the things. They are his. Please see that they are taken care of."

"Yes." But she withdrew hurriedly into the darkness of the long corridor, though they did not know if she was still there then, for they did not look back.

Beside him, Tom could see the yellow boards moving in a smooth flow as he walked. There was no need to look. He knew they would be there, some behind tissue-thin curtains, some in windows, some just listening from other rooms . . . the women, the long-lived-with neighbors, the . . . friends. He smiled so that

she asked, "What?" but he didn't hear that any more than he did the whispers and talk above him. And he knew he did not have to look at the house, big, bosomy, the mother and slut and thing it was in his own mind. No look, no sound could change what it was even now in his own life. No . . .

"We'll walk," he told the driver. "It's not far. Here's the key. 127." He hugged the child close and smiled at Letty. "You'll like the place," he said. "Small. Cheaper. And not so good. But you're such a good worker, Letty."

"Yes," she said, not able to say more. But with him she felt . . . high, easy-walking, and aware that all those people had never seen him, and never even known old Tom at all.

She said, "Dad . . ."

And he heard. "Yes, Letty, I know," he said. "Yes."

At the corner they stopped. Tom took the other envelope out of his pocket and, holding the baby close with one arm, held it out to her to mail. She dropped it in the box, unaware that it was addressed to Gerald and that in it Tom had enclosed the last monthly check.

When they turned the corner, Louie drew back in, close against the house, holding back his tears, then ran under the grape arbor to the shed. He stood for a moment cursing in a loud voice all the women in the house, even his mother, for sending Tom and Letty away. He cursed in words he never used when anyone else was around. He cursed until tears dribbled down his cheeks and he could scarcely speak. Then he heard the other sound—of someone else breathing heavily. Someone else in the shed.

In the dark corner was Mister MacLeod. His somber face was red with hurt and anger and shame. And Louie turned on him to bear the brunt for the whole house:

"You too!" he shrieked. "You! You! You!"

Mister MacLeod rose, moving away from Louie inexplicably, not wanting the boy to touch him. But Louie came near, his red eyes accusing in fiery rage.

"Louie, don't," he whimpered. "Don't Louie . . ."

"You!" Louie went on, almost speechless. Mister MacLeod moved toward the door, feeling the word like pain. His face wrinkled in a wilderness of despair.

"No, Louie, don't talk like that . . .," he said, still now, facing the boy as if between them the whole world had been laid bare and there was no secret left to unfold.

But there *was* one. Louie knew. Ceasing, gathering himself up, Louie came toward him, close. The man stood there almost like a dog, swaying. Mister MacLeod raised his hand in suffering; and in suffering he said, "Please, Louie, *don't* . . ."

For a moment Louie thought *I'll tell him. Then he'll know and he'll be ashamed—like them when they find out.* But he felt the tears rising again.

"Louie . . ."

"Go away! Go away!" he cried.

He heard the door bang as he ran up the ladder into the loft, with the pigeons. Out the glassless window he saw part of the house, bleached in the sun. And now with the aching stronger in him, he did not want to make them all ashamed. They were like Mister MacLeod anyway, hurt and shamed and ugly. "Tom. Letty . . .," he whispered. Somehow he didn't care about the others anymore. For *he* knew, and Tom and Letty knew—and that's all that mattered. No, he would not tell the women. They did not deserve to know about the bed. Decisively, he crossed the room and crept lonesomely onto the secret bed where Tom had slept every night since Letty's coming. . . .

JANE M. EVANS

Small Beast Finds Love Near the Equator

No crackle of twig, no snort, gone is my dark
Animal, swung from sight by his natural
Rhythm, as any black panther quenched by river
Pads the sweet, remarkable grass, home to the pack
Home to the pawing, tumbling cubs; beside his silent mate,
Tail high, uncompromised. Stranger than hyena
I must be remembered, drowsily, after some distant
Slumber, several continents later.

"Hoo teru,"

Ruminates Owl, idiot witness, ringed to his branch,
Moonlit. "Hoo," I sing back, newly feathered and
Flooded in shyness, foundered in respite.

JANE M. EVANS, from *New York City*, has been previously published in the AMERICAN POETRY MAGAZINE and the CAROLINA QUARTERLY.

TANER BAYBARS

The Explorers

In front of the oceans and the waves,
while the waves swallow the sprays that they spit
and move towards the shore bleeding from the bites of the sharks,
will they wait so patiently?

I mean the wives and the children.

When did they sail? O the moons changed one after another
and they never came back.

Perhaps the whole crew and the brilliant explorers
daring with the sun and at night shivering with terror
under the whistling stars, and
the groans that no mouth was big enough to create—
perhaps they all willingly committed suicide.

I, too, waited for the explorers.

At every dawn my fingers felt a blue pebble, I squatting
on a mass of unsettled sands, my eyes
pirouetting on the surface of an indigo sea.
But they never came.

What land was to find and plant the colorless flag?
What land, indeed, of spices or tobacco or gold;
or a land where they kept in a sacred box
the venereal kiss?

Pan died yesterday, today the Pole Star is dead.
And the four directions and their offsprings
no longer listless in the dark or mad in the rain
rule the compass
and this compass now is the Pole Star's grave.
But I with many wait for the explorers to return.
A whiff from unknown breezes;
skins tanned or whitened with violent suns;
another page from history's metamorphoses.

Did they commit suicide?
or did the ship shy and die like a horse
when in the afternoon
their elongated shadows fell on the foams?
or, knowing that there was no land to discover
did Death choose them?

TANER BAYBARS, born in Nicosia, Cyprus, now lives in London. Author of a book of poems in Turkish (1953), he has also been published in several periodicals in Turkey. His English work has appeared in Cyprus, England and the U. S.

I Was Young Then

I was young then, and the world was a sickness, and its fever was mine (for it is not, as the sleepers believe, the old, but the young who are sad on this earth). I was young then, and every moment was the moment of death, and of love undiscovered among grasses crystallized with dew. I was sad then, young and sad in my joys and sorrows uncaressed by the sorrows of other lips, untasted in sweetness and rawness by ripe mouths like my own. I was dying then, and in my dying I could only bid death hasten. All was not light then, as slumberers think, who have not known the baptisms of youth; all was bleak, and darkness silver-sprinkled, cheating its promise. Oh it was a bad time, when I spoke into my chambers and found no solace but the twisted echo of my dreams. Life all crumbled then, into the moment of no light, of sound without sound. And I was afraid, blackly, blackly afraid.

The streets sang rich then (as I walked hollow, hollow), with all loves not my own, with all whisperings, all seethings gazing me skulking by, not my own. And that night I was young, as I walked the sultry streets of love, of spring love and rapture, not my own. Breathing was the night then, against darkness, jeweled with the splendor of deception, haunted in strands of starlight lost shifting in the sky. And in the streets were songs, songs . . . For I was young then, and all spires slanted against a sun too fiery, a night too dim of stars, and too, too starry.

Now in my heart that night were strummings and despair, entwined in struggle to beguile my soul and slice the spoils between them, smiling. And in her face was a look of death, oh no mask, but a face the face of death, the eyes surrendered to their hollows. Do not call her who sat beside me in the booth beautiful, because she was not, nor pretty, save when dimples flanked her smile. Nor the perfumes fragrant, for they were too loud, as was her profession loud about her body naked under wraps. But I sat then, and against the stirrings in my heart I knew that she would die, and that I would die, that we would die, and our dust mingle earthly in the grave. Yes, I was young then, so young then.

There was a gulf, and I shy strove to seal it, against her laughter, for she but wanted drink to pour clandestine into a pot. She laughed, and laughed, but not loudly, for her laughter was not laughter at

ROBERT CLARK, from Los Angeles, California, is a senior at the University of North Carolina. This is his first published work.

all, but despair. And in her darkness was a gleam against my gleam, and despite loud scents I laughed and mated eyes with her eyes which said to me: my body only, but not my soul. Yes, I have a soul, but it is mine, and none of you. My body only, not my . . . She was not stupid: sentences from her lips fell crisp and smooth, and there was in them no smartness, though she laughed, and denied. And I said:

Do not act for me. I do not want laughter false in your depths. And she ceased. And without saying she said: my body, but not my soul. My body only.

And I said aloud:

Do you think I care for your soul? Do you think I want your soul? Do you think that I cannot see your denial? And do you think that if I do see that I care, really care at all?

Yes, she said, you care.

She was not smiling now, and the dimples had dived beneath her cheeks.

You think, I said, that I care?

Yes, she said, you all care, all. You all care, without really caring. But I have said enough. Come.

Death was sleep, that I knew, and yet I cried it aloud and still could not do, could not do. Since death was sleep, black sleep, why could I not now splash futility against her face, seeking her soul?

Come, she said, and she was not smiling.

Wait.

No, come. Come on, or I shall leave you, and you have spent money. Come.

Wait, I said, and took her hand. She looked at me, unsmiling, waiting.

Can I buy your soul? I asked. Will money buy your soul?

She tossed her head, unsmiling. Come, she said. Come on.

Wait, I said. Will you trade your soul for mine? Soul for soul?

And my body? she mocked.

Your body I shall buy. But your soul, will you trade?

Come, she said.

There was a face behind a door disappearing. There was a silence of soft steps along carpets. Scents rustled from the shifting folds of her skirt, scents deep and strong, false scents and then she turning smiled and said you can buy my body, but not my soul.

It was a sour smile, a smile of fear forgotten and yet not forgotten in the twist of a torture.

I had seen them in my mind melt before, always beautiful, but now there was no melt, but coldness only, against the dark.

For the night, I said.

The body, she said, or the soul? And she laughed, mocking.

But in her was a seed of passion for me, as the smoothness of her limbs locked me in desire, and joyous cleansed my soul of lust. And delicious were those lips ripe and sweet as fruits, maculate though they were with the spittles and the spumes of lost lovers in the night. Our seeds burst in sunfiery bloom, and we ebbed sleepy into gauzy pools of softness. But after fire only ashes litter the dark, grey and unseen, and there was the echo and the night beguiling and now I stirred her who was my touch and drowsy said I have caressed your soul and I do not know it. Will you now trade soul for soul?

She did not laugh now, or mock me smoothing her flesh.

You have bought my body and it is yours and of you, and this body you may caress until your passion is spent. But my soul is my own, and never, never will you touch it, you who have stolen my body.

But you have sold me your body.

Yes, and you have stolen it.

But—

Yes, and though I like you my soul is inviolate. Never, never will you touch it.

Dreams gushed from my heart then, in geysers of gold against the shield of her soul. She listened, and her eyes were open and shiny in the dark, there beside me in the very dark. I was young then, and I told much that I would not tell now, would never tell now. She too was young, but she was old, and she listened to my words golden in the silence. And I had words then, many and bitter words, for I was young. And she listened, in the dark.

And when silence was once more the night, I kissed her and my lips whispered still you will not, you will not even now breathe out your soul, the soul of your love?

You have told me what I could not hear, she said, and I can tell you nothing.

But do you not understand how it is: the moment, the darkness, the ever-darkness brooding black—

It is you, she said, who do not understand. Now you must make love to me, or go to sleep. Morning will come, and then you must leave.

Her words were death-words drowsy on my soul, seeping insidious into my heart. And where now was she, beside me scanning the dark? And where had she been? And where had I been? Such were my questions, so young was I.

So now madness, because night was long, and sleep, and here was a breathing concealed in shining eyes, and I covered those eyes with lips and crushed that breathing frenzied to my own and it was again smoothness in the spreading and locking of limbs and smoothness, smoothness, and in explosion my cheeks were wet with

tears not my own, my face sad with crying, not my own. And I rejoiced to be a comfort, for it is rare that one can be so, or never, never. But I was young then, and was a comfort, in my knowing of darkness. And yet she shoved me away, and slapped my face crying, she crying oh do you not see what you have done? Can you not see? Are you blind, blind.

Then there was sadness sadder than sorrow, and the dark swirled about me smothering waters, waters silent and stern as sleep forever. But I was so young that I swam the dark, smoothed softly her skin with fingers of feeling, fragile fingers frightened. And she said do not touch me. You may keep your money, but do not touch me—never, never again. Go away from me. Go far, far away from me.

The dark was silence, and breathing. I was sad then, and as I swung in the dark a finger touched my back and she said no, no stay.

But you told me to go away.

No, stay, she said. I am sorry—but you should not have done it.

Our skins touched as we talked and I said but what have I done? Did I not speak from my soul, dreams of my heart?

You do not understand, she said softly, you are young and you do not understand.

But I shall try to understand, I shall try. And I shall tell you now something more of my soul, something I cannot help: there is love in me for you.

She was silent and then she spoke: you should not have said that; that is what you should never have said. You understand nothing. I like you but you do not understand.

If you like me, I said, and since I feel love for you, why will you not tell me the dreams and fears and sorrows of your soul? Why will you not show them to me?

You have seen my soul, she said, after silence. You have seen it. But that is not true.

It is. You have seen my soul.

No, I said, that is not true.

If you have not seen my soul, you never will see it

That is only true, I said, if you make it so.

I was young then, and I believed what I do not now believe. And I felt what I do not now feel. But I believed and felt because I was sad that the morning would soon come spraying with sunlight the devils of the dark. I did not believe in all mornings, but in that morning I believed. And our flesh wrinkled from sheets was pasty, and our hair flaming, and her back was slim, slashed in sun. And she said sitting on its edge dipping the bed down now pay me and go away.

May I see you again? You have made me unhappy and you know that you have, but I wish to see you again.

You were unhappy before, you are unhappy now. Pay me and go.

May I see you again?

You can come with your money as all the others do, as you yourself did.

I was young then, and too dearly I paid, though mockery waked on her brow, and laughed me into the door, and away. And I walked down the carpet stepping softly and then alone into the street and the morning sun, and they were not mine, not of me. Only darkness was mine, only the darkness, for I was young then.

WANTED

Back Copies

Back copies are available at \$.50 each, except for: IV, 1; V, 1, 2, 3; VI, 1, 3; VII, 1; IX, 1, 2.

The QUARTERLY will exchange on a copy for copy basis a current issue or any available back issues for any of the above numbers which you send us.

THRILLING . . .

is the word for classical music. And now you can enjoy the thrill of owning your own library of the classics. Today is the time to start that collection of the "greats" of the music world. Come in today and choose from brand name LPs the works of your favorite artists at . . .



207 EAST FRANKLIN ST.
CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

In Review

The Living Novel: a Symposium, ed. by Granville Hicks. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1957. \$4.50. The reviewer is at the University of North Carolina.

Hannah Boone Kirby

There is today among critics a strong tendency to expound a belief that the novel is moribund. One can see the effects of this in the widely read book sections which appear weekly in such papers as *The New York Times*, *The Herald Tribune*, and *The Chicago Tribune*. The larger articles are almost without exception given over to works of non-fiction while recently published novels are relegated to back pages, less space, and reviewers of somewhat less than exceptional ability who do not give these works the consideration which some of them, at least, deserve. In *The Living Novel* Granville Hicks has compiled the opinions of ten established American novelists in an effort to disprove the assertion of these critics that the novel as an art form has reached the end of the road.

Insofar as it is possible to disprove such a statement, these writers are successful in their attempt to do so; that is to say, each of them produces a well thought out, cogent and authoritative argument on behalf of "the living novel," backed up by discussions of the various distractions and stumbling blocks which stand in the way of the serious novelist in America today. It is obvious, however, that such an issue is essentially one of rhetoric, and is arguable only on an academic level. In this book we are presented with the opinions of ten men and women who are presently engaged in writing novels, and their consensus is that the novel is not dead.

Consequently, because they are who they are and what they are, their argument is stated largely in empirical terms. Most of these writers equate the

novel with the imagination; ergo: if the novel is dead the imagination is dead also. And for them both are very much alive. Their logical point of departure is that while much of the fiction of today is of an inferior quality, nevertheless there appear from time to time those rare works which are worthy of the tradition of the American novel as established by Hawthorne, Fitzgerald and Faulkner. And as there exists new genius and new masterpieces of the novel form, the novel itself is living and will continue to live.

The real worth of this book exists primarily in the insight which it gives the reader into the works of such writers as Saul Bellows, Paul Darcy Boles, Mark Harris, Harvey Swados, Jessamyn West and the others. For these novelists are, of necessity, observant and perceptive people, and they feel they have something to say which is worth hearing. Their essays are interesting for their personal expressions of how and why each one writes as he or she does. Worthwhile also are the commentaries which nearly all of them make upon the difficulties, distractions and hardships which a writer of serious fiction encounters today.

The book, then, is a timely consideration not so much of the state of the novel as of the thoughts and problems of ten of America's foremost novelists and it is worthwhile, interesting reading for this reason. Concerning his original intention, however, Granville Hicks has given the reader nothing startling, for there is still room for debate on the question of the contribution of contemporary fiction to that category referred to as "classical literature." The simple, naive affirmation that because novelists are writing now, the novel remains alive, does not suffice. The true question is not whether it is alive today, (for it could be in a diseased state and yet living), but whether it is *vital* in existence, and

will the better works of today have meaning to the discriminating reader of twenty, fifty, a hundred years from now. That is the test, and time is the critic.

We Are God's Utopia, Stefan Andres. Translated by Elita Walker Caspari. Chicago: Gateway Editions, Henry Regnery Co., 1958. 85c. The reviewer is former Book-Review-Editor of the *Chicago Review*.

George Jackson

Stefan Andres is not particularly well known even in his native Germany. In America he is practically unknown and will probably remain so despite the easy availability of his novel, *We Are God's Utopia*, in inexpensive paperback format, for this work appeals primarily to the religious mentality. On the inside front cover the publishers describe it as a "truly Christian novel" but the text itself supplies evidence that the fundamental issues are not peculiarly Christian—the hero remembers that his teacher "liked to tell legends which everyone of his listeners thought were undoubtedly of Christian origin and, in fact, took to be crystallizations of the Christian spirit. Then the old man might very well laugh maliciously when he held up the source before their eyes: Taoist, Buddhist, Mohammedan." It is not difficult to guess that this is what Andres himself is doing. His characters speak Christian jargon and some have worn the Roman Catholic cassock, but the novel will find its admirers among the "truly religious," a small group which overlaps but is not identical with the group of the "truly Christian."

The place is Spain. The time, presumably that of the Civil War. The plot is simple: a soldier, captured by the enemy, is imprisoned in a monastery in which he had been a monk; he has several chances to save himself and/or his fellow prisoners, but resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast

of thought; he resumes his priestly duties and dies in a mass execution.

The jailor is "a devil" and also "a human being" who wants absolution from crimes committed in the line of duty, thereby initiating the process by which the hero, his only available confessor, is returned to the priestly role. To the hero the jailor is a personification of the paradox that man can "sin and still keep on believing." The hero's old teacher, an "unspeakably sober mystic," had given one answer to the paradox long before. He denied freedom of action or of faith and "blamed" God for the contradiction. For man the only salvation is to do with love that which he is predestined to do, and believe with love that which he is predestined to believe. For man no utopia is possible; but with love no evil can befall us and the world is ours—but we are God's. "We are God's utopia, but one in the process of becoming." God "needs sin" that he may pour himself out in love. Essentially, the old teacher's answer is the doctrine of continual creation by a Hegelian process of thesis (God), antithesis (the world) and synthesis (love).

Once he has realized that he is not free but a part of life and proud of it, the hero formulates his own answer to the paradox in a slightly different form. "Whoever, while he is alive, can skin himself in a particular manner—it is not altogether a painless process—he has found the right container for the drink of life. He has made a leather flagon of the real truth which belongs to him," and finally, "I am the truth . . . and it shall make me free."

The necessary suspension of disbelief with which one must approach fiction is not as difficult in respect to Andres' thesis—to love or not to love, that is the only freedom—as it is in regard to his characters. They are either strong or weak, there is no middle. The strong characters who have not awoken to the impossibility of freedom of action and belief are those saints, utopians and lovers whose dreams are the prisons into which the weak, unawoke are forced. For the hero's best friend the monastery

Quality . . .

. . . is the most important ingredient in any product. With that ever in mind Burlington Industries manufactures textile products of unsurpassed quality which are used by America's apparel, home furnishings, industrial and retail trades.



EXECUTIVE OFFICES
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

Compliments of

1

CROWELL
LITTLE
MOTOR
CO.

1

Durham Highway

was such a prison which the "defenceless" one had entered because of "definite moral coercion on the part of his parents." Those who, like the jailor, have awoke but are too weak to love are the ones for whom the church and its sacraments are necessary, particularly the sacrament of confession and absolution. The hero, of course, is a strong character. Having decided for love, having been reborn, there remains the practical question of what the action of love is in his particular situation: to escape or to stay, to kill or confess the jailor, or both. But there is no freedom of action, the choices are unreal. To escape into the battlefield is as certain a death as to stay in the prison. The opportunity to kill the jailor is postponed until it is too late. Having given absolution to his jailor and unsuspecting fellow prisoners, the hero, "a man who could not accustom himself quickly to anything, particularly to himself," is shot and sinks into "abyss."

An Introduction to Italian Renaissance Painting, Cecil Gould. New York: Phaidon Publishers, Inc., 1957. 260 Ill. \$7.50. The reviewer teaches in the University of North Carolina.

Jerah Johnson

The most appealing thing about this art history is that it is basically a picture-book. The text here is essentially specific commentary on the 260 plates rather than the usual generalized account of the development of Italian Renaissance painting with an appended collection of illustrations only more or less related to the reading matter.

The principle that has guided the author in selecting the works to be reproduced in the book is that each was to be both characteristic of the painter and the best of its kind. As a whole he has been successful, and the collection is both representative and good—a thing not easy to accomplish. Necessarily, any process of limited selecting makes omission of some individual

painters and even entire schools unavoidable; but here again Mr. Gould has struck a pleasing balance.

The pictures themselves form a skeleton history of Italian Renaissance painting, and of particular benefit is the author's arrangement of them—juxtaposing related works from earlier or later periods so that the reader may have both pictures simultaneously before him for study. In many instances this has been extremely revealing of qualities in both which otherwise might easily have gone undetected.

Mr. Gould believes the supreme achievement of the Renaissance in painting to have been the evolution of the Grand Manner. He distinguishes the Grand Manner from the early Renaissance literal reproduction of Nature on canvas, and defines it as an attitude seeking to transcend the specifics in Nature in order to discern and depict the essential, worthwhile, and true aspects of it. This development can be traced through the High Renaissance to a full statement in the Baroque. It is the re-ordering of the European outlook, the re-settlement of the sixteenth-seventeenth century mind into a pattern of universality. The Mannerists he represents as a late-sixteenth century reaction against the discipline of Renaissance composition, but a reaction which does not fundamentally alter the course of the movement as a whole.

The author divides his book into five chapters. The first deals with the early beginnings of Renaissance painting and its development in Florence and central Italy during the fifteenth century. In the second chapter he considers what was happening in northern Italy during this period. The third and fourth chapters follow the same central-northern Italy geographical division in examining the changes that the sixteenth century High Renaissance brought. And finally in the last chapter he takes up the Mannerist revolt and relates the entire Renaissance movement to the Baroque which was to follow. His "Biographical Index" is extremely useful in

SUTTON'S Drug Store

since

1923

Prescription Specialists

159 E. Franklin St.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Phone 98781

"The high ideals of
good sportsmanship
never lose a game."

—Let's Prove It!

STEVENS-SHEPHERD

The Finest in Men's
Clothing and Furnishings



STEVENS-SHEPHERD

**CONTINENTAL
TRAVEL AGENCY**

117 E. Franklin

S. C. Squires

Most reasonable watch
repair in Chapel Hill

133½ E. Franklin St.

**FOWLER'S
Food Store**

for

ALL PICNIC SUPPLIES

W. Franklin St.

that it gives not only the birth and death dates of the artists, but notes the main areas of their activity and indicates the most readily available special studies on them.

In his Introduction the author hints at the relationships between Renaissance painting and the contemporary "passions for science and for Antiquity," but he was not able, within the limitations set for this book, to explore this further. Often one finds such relationships between art, literature, politics, economics, science, etc. expounded in the general art histories or in specialized monographs, but it might be especially profitable to have such commentary oriented to certain specific and representative works which could be reproduced in a series of plates and arranged in a history such as Mr. Gould's.

With his *Introduction to Italian Renaissance Painting*, Mr. Gould has gone a long way toward filling a need that has existed for several years. His purpose was to present for the general public and the student a short, non-technical introduction to this field of painting which would take into account the progress made during the past generation in specialist studies and make some of the needed re-assessments. Within these bounds he and Phaidon have produced what is probably the best book of its type on the market today. As a piece of interpretive scholarship it is sound, and as a book bargain it is very nearly unbelievable—260 plates, all clear and sharp, for little more than the price of a current novel.

America as a Civilization, Max Lerner.
New York: Simon & Schuster, 1957.
\$10. The reviewer is a journalist in Georgia.

Marshall Strong

For many months we have been looking forward to this book to see what Max Lerner would do with such a vast topic. On the whole it is not disappointing, although much of the

keen insight and piercing analysis that readers have come to expect from Mr. Lerner is hidden, here, within a mass of information about the American people and their civilization. In dealing with such an extensive field, the author has had to rely heavily upon the work of specialists in the various areas, but his own contribution has been to bring together this material into an integrated whole and to follow, throughout the manifold aspects of a culture, the related motives and ideas. And this he has done admirably well.

Mr. Lerner's approach to the problem of analysing a contemporary civilization has been to ask the questions that "one would have to ask about the people of any great civilization" in history. Under this come such things as: their biological stock, their traditions, their natural environment, their social organization and government, their family pattern and education system, their Gods, their attitudes and their fears. The result is a gigantic synthesis, one which is objective and placid. There is little criticism and no crusading in the book. Mr. Lerner here is more of the scholar and scientist than the advocate. It would be very difficult, for example, to determine from this book its author's political position. This objectivity could weaken or strengthen the work, dependent upon the reader's viewpoint. In any case it insures it longer currency.

There is no single theme in *America as a Civilization*. The author views our culture as essentially an "open society" the complex of which is pluralistic. He sees no one group or thought pattern dominating the whole, but many different peoples, beliefs, and values interwoven into one society. His treatment of it, then, necessarily deals with the parts independently, all the while relating these to each other and to his concept of the open society.

This process can be seen in his treatment of literature in our culture. In discussing the place of the Novel in America, Mr. Lerner holds that it has no tradition of offering a balanced por-



SALLIE BLAKE Alterations

133½ E. Franklin St.

Loafers of all descriptions
Dirty Bucks with
red or black soles

Lacock's Shoe Shop

Aesthetic Beauty Shop
personality haircuts

133½ E. Franklin St.

Compliments
of
Julian's
College Shop

COLLEGE
SHU-FIXERY

113 E. Franklin

CAROLINA
BARBER
SHOP

FRANKLIN STREET

ADVERTISING RATES

Full page \$30.00, 1/2 page \$17.50,
1/4 page \$10.00, 1/8 page \$5.00, in-
side covers \$40.00.

We allow a 5% discount on three-
issue contracts.

trayal or appraisal of its society, but that "American novelists play the role of keepers of the social Conscience." He characterizes the novel as a form of popular-psychology teaching by means of which the shop-girls, stenographers, young wives, and college students learn vicariously the problems and the results of various adjustments of personality to life's circumstances. Hence, with all of its criticisms of society—profound or shallow, for the range is great—the novel is, says Mr. Lerner, the art form of an open society.

One of the most interesting parts of the book is the section near the end in which questions concerning America and her culture in relation to the other parts of the world are raised. These are not given as full treatment as they perhaps deserve in the light of the present world situation. Basically, the author believes that our future lies not in our material and technological advances, but in our concept of an open society, our democratic ideal, and our fundamental humanism. And he believes that these ideals will win out over a current fear of ideas and a tenacious regard for property which has temporarily set us at odds against the rest of the world.

When he comes to consider our economy Mr. Lerner recognizes that we face major problems such as that of concentrated corporate power, and the need for relieving poverty, but he believes that the New Deal found the solution to the capitalist boom and bust weakness and that "Americans now have adequate knowledge about how to stabilize their economy" as far as technical problems are concerned.

All in all, Mr. Lerner's appraisal is optimistic and his view of the future is confident. The major criticism of the work would be that he leans too far in this direction. His faith in the American ability to meet and solve difficulties is not balanced by any realistic evaluation of the particulars involved in the present power struggle in the world. And history turns on particulars at least as often as on principles.

